

7817
To dear Janet.

With loving wishes

From

Mabel & Aunt.

Christmas 1940.





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IN THE FOOTSTEPS
OF LIVINGSTONE



THE ZOUGA RIVER
Painted by Dolman on his last journey, and dated 18.11.51

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LIVINGSTONE

BEING THE DIARIES AND TRAVEL
NOTES MADE BY ALFRED DOLMAN
EDITED BY JOHN IRVING WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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GLOSSARY OF BOER AND NATIVE WORDS USED IN THE JOURNALS

WORD.	LANGUAGE.	MEANING.
Rhenoster.	Dutch.	Rhinoceros.
Zoupje.	Boer.	A small glass of brandy.
Kat.	Bushman.	A hole.
Kaiman.	Bushman.	A crocodile.
Vlei, Vley.	Boer.	A hollow, or depression, filled with water in rainy weather.
Brandt.	Boer.	A place where fire has consumed the bush.
Tronks.	Boer.	Gaols.
Veldt-Cornet.	Boer.	A mounted policeman.
Stoep.	Boer.	Step, threshold - platform, or verandah.
Stink-Fontein.	Boer.	A sulphur spring.
Fontein (Fn.).	Boer.	Fountain or water-hole.
Kuil.	Bushman.	A water-hole.
Trek-touw.	Boer.	Drag-rope. A plaited leather rope to which the yokes of the oxen are secured.
Assegai.	Berber.	A Kaffir spear.
Drift.	Taal.	A ford.
Kaffir.	Arabic.	An unbeliever—originally a Bantu.
Hoek.	Boer.	Corner, angle, or hook.
Poorte.	Boer.	Gate, or mountain pass.
Modder.	Boer.	Mud.
Biltong.	?	Strips of dried flesh of the antelope.
Kaross.	Kaffir.	A native cloak composed of a blanket of furs sewn together with sinews.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS
OF LIVINGSTONE

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CHAPTER I

A MEMOIR

“ Let us now praise famous men,
Men of little showing ;
For their deeds remember them,
Greater than their knowing.”

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE words of the well-known Westward Ho ! school song seem, in many ways, to be particularly applicable to Alfred Dolman, traveller, diarist and artist. If he were not famous in the generally accepted sense of the word, yet he was so to those who knew him and treasured his journals and drawings as a miser hoards his wealth. In what degree Fame would have crowned him one can but conjecture—he was only 24 years of age when Fate intervened and cut short so promising a career.

From the existing portrait of him, in oils by some unknown artist, he appears to have been a tall, thin, romantic-looking figure ; a trifle melancholy perhaps, but with the undoubted traces about the

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mouth of the cynic which his observations at times show him to have been.

His personal courage is undoubted. While yet at an age when most young men are still at the 'Varsity or enjoying themselves among the pleasant places of the earth, Alfred Dolman went out into a little known and comparatively uncivilized land, facing risks and dangers that might well have daunted many an older and more experienced man. There is in existence a small water-colour sketch made by him on his first voyage, showing the upper works of the *Zenobia* looking aft with the foresail bellying out "on a wind" in the foreground. Such a sketch could only have been made from a height of 40 to 50 feet above the deck, and then from some point of vantage such as a small spar lashed across the fore-stay as a sketching stool—truly a feat requiring a cool head and a certain amount of nerve. Later we read in his journal that he dragged a live cobra capella out of a hole by its tail and then killed it, as though it were a most ordinary, everyday occurrence to kill one of the most venomous of South African reptiles. The narrative of his adventures on his several expeditions provides ample proof that he knew no fear. One can imagine him saying as a boy, with the "Great Little Admiral"—"What is Fear? What does he look like?"

Coupled with his courage he possessed a determination and fixity of purpose which, at times, enabled him to overcome almost insurmountable difficulties. Lack of water or shortage of food never hindered him on any of his expeditions. On one occasion his



Alfred Dolman

favourite horse, dead spent, was left behind rather than it should hinder his progress. His grief at learning the ultimate fate of the unfortunate animal is sufficient to clear him of any callousness towards animals, as are also his constant thoughts for the welfare and needs of his cattle before himself. His insight into character stood him in good stead in dealing with both white men and natives, and his open nature made him countless friends wherever he went. His unconscious, and often satirical, humour is frequently revealed in his journals—in his description of the priest's house in Madeira, and his welcomes at the hands of the various Boers that he came in contact with. His descriptions of the latter, for the most part, are distinctly unflattering, and, though he doubtless writes of them as he found them, his accounts seem rather tinged with a British prejudice of all things un-English. Nowhere in his writings can one find any trace of the visualist or dreamer; yet one point is worthy of remark. On his first game shooting expedition into the Franche Hoek region he climbed a mountain to see the panoramic view from its summit, and, facing the north, he describes what he sees in his journal as a "Pisgah" view. Taking for argument's sake the Biblical meaning of Pisgah as the mountain where the Promised, but never-reached, Land was viewed by Moses, could Alfred Dolman have had some premonitory feeling that made him so describe the Northern Territory wherein he eventually met his tragic end?

In spite of the mantle of responsibility with which the dangers to himself and to his servants invested

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him, he remained a boy at heart. When he climbs a gorge or precipice—boylike he flings down a boulder to see the result ; when he climbs Table Mountain he takes a little gunpowder with him so that he may proudly flash the signal that he has won to the top to his friends in Cape Town ; mischievously, at one time, he sets fire to the bush and then becomes indignant when remonstrated with by the native inhabitants. As the journals proceed and he becomes older this human trait becomes less and less apparent.

Though not of exceptional physique, he possessed great strength and unbounded energy and his powers of endurance were amazing. He seemed able to go on and on, day after day, with but little water and what there was dirty, salt and brackish, yet never giving in—only once mentioning, and that on his first visit to the Colony, the fact that he had been inconvenienced by “Cape Fever.” In this respect, of course, his knowledge of rough surgery and medicine must have proved invaluable. This knowledge, coupled with its necessary acquaintance with medicinal plants, etc., tends rather to point a flaw in his native servant’s account that he died from eating a poisonous fruit.

He was most athletic—a long swim, or hours on end spent in the saddle, were as nothing to him. In addition, his prowess with the rifle is worthy of note. Not only was he a good shot, but he was also thoroughly conversant with the theory of the weapon, and was continually experimenting with patent forms of bullets, etc.—obtaining successful results when other, more experienced, hunters condemned the innova-

tions as comparatively useless. He frequently mentions having killed or hit animals when "on the run" at distances up to 700 yards, generally with a conical bullet. Travellers are proverbially supposed to be adept at drawing the long bow, but Alfred Dolman's accounts of his various hunting adventures are so bald and ungarnished that they possess the undoubted ring of truth.

His gift of the pen is apparent to all who read the journals—the easy flow of language and power of graphic description need no comment, and his sketches supply the actual colour that the mere words lack. As an artist he showed undoubted promise in pen, pencil and colour. His pen and pencil drawings have a delicacy of touch and a simplicity of line that show his love of both subject and medium. His pencil studies of the Karroo give one a feeling of the vastness and desolation of the desert, whilst his sketch of a herd of ostrich gives, in a few lines, a sense of intimacy seldom rivalled. His water-colour drawing possesses an individuality of treatment and freedom from convention for those days—a time when all was convention on a ground of "mustard colour." The subjects he took were full of interest and colour, and he has executed them with a peculiar style of his own, gaining in vigour what they lacked in technique. The last known sketch that he made, now in the possession of his niece, Mrs. C. Newington, was done but six weeks before his death and depicts, with exceptional charm of treatment, a river scene with dense under-growth on the River Zouga.

Endowed with such attributes by Nature it seems

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reasonable to expect that Alfred Dolman would have gone far in this world. His short life he spent in making himself better acquainted with a semi-known land, the better to fit himself for the task of its exploration. Then, when on the threshold of the goal of his ambition—exploration—he was called away ; but he left behind him an ineffaceable record of Godfearing purpose and perseverance along the unbeaten tracks of the Dark Continent.

Alfred Dolman, the third son of Edward Dolman, of Clifford's Inn, and Elizabeth Dolman, was born on the 19th September, 1827, in one of those red-bricked, green-trellized houses on Clapham Common designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Of his early life but little or nothing is known, save what has been passed on by word of mouth by the family, there being none of his contemporaries surviving. He was educated, along with his brothers, at the Old Clockhouse School, Wimbledon, long since closed down. At an early age he was taken away from school and consigned to the care of a tutor, a Mr. Parsons. His father, a wealthy lawyer and a member of a very old Yorkshire family, decided that to see the world was better than to read of it, so we find Alfred Dolman starting to travel to complete his education. When just turned sixteen years of age he sailed in the *Zenobia*, an East-Indiaman, for South Africa, under the care of her captain, John Owen, his brother-in-law. After the usual six weeks' voyage he arrived at the Cape, and in the following month sailed up the West Coast as far as Ichaboe, a small island to the northward of Angra Pequeña. During his stay here he made the acquaintance of

H. H. Methuen, the African traveller, then on his first visit to the Colony.

The friendship which sprang up between these two men was undoubtedly the deciding factor in Alfred Dolman's life. That Methuen's adventures prompted Dolman to return to Africa and there carve out for himself a career can only be conjectured, but, in proof of the surmise, there are many marginal references in Dolman's original journals to Methuen's journeys.

Returning to England by the same vessel in May, he made but a short stay there, and, possibly fired by Methuen's stories of adventure and prospects of colonization in South Africa, November finds him setting off for the second time for the Cape, in the barque *Emerald Isle*, accompanied by his tutor. During his four months' stay in the Colony he visited the island of Mauritius, making an exquisite water-colour drawing of it, and also, in all probability, made a short journey up country in the Franche Hoek region.

In March, 1845, he once more sailed for England, this time by the East-Indiaman *Gloriana* (Captain Webb), when Fate again threw him into contact with Methuen, who was a passenger by the same vessel. Whether the traveller's stories this time took definite effect upon Dolman's mind, one can but surmise ; suffice to say that in September of the same year, though not yet quite eighteen years of age, Dolman sailed a third time for the Cape in the *Lady Flora* ; this time alone and with the definite object of big game shooting in the interior.

With his departure from England he commenced

the first of his series of journals. From November till March of the following year he remained in the Colony on his hunting expedition, returning to England in the barque *Wellesly* in April. During his expedition he had learnt many things which were to stand him in good stead later on, and his account of the fauna he had met with is a very remarkable one considering his age at the time. From this time (April, 1846) to September, 1847, very little is known of him save that, being possessed of considerable means, he chose to continue to travel for his education and visited France and Belgium. In September of 1847 he sailed in the *Eclipse* packet, for Madeira, where he remained till the following January, when he returned home by the *Comet*. At Madeira, once again, the paths of Methuen and Dolman cross and we find that, during their numerous excursions on the island, the two are almost inseparable. On each of the previous occasions of his meeting with Methuen it had been the precursor of a further journey to South Africa, and this renewal of their acquaintance at Madeira was no exception. On his return to England in February, 1848, he began his preparations for a lengthy expedition into the little-known interior of the Colony. He obtained much information from the writings of contemporary travellers, and to get suggestions for a route for his journey he wrote to Captain Vardon of the 25th Madras Native Infantry, himself a celebrated traveller and a mutual friend of Methuen and William Cotton Oswell, the latter's "most perfect fellow-traveller." From Vardon, Dolman received minute instructions for his route

and also other useful information. That he did not eventually follow Vardon's itinerary is of little importance ; he was bound on a hunting expedition and all hunting grounds were alike to him.

In November, 1848, when just turned 21 years of age, he sailed for South Africa, for the fourth time, in his old ship, the *Lady Flora*. Arriving at the Cape he bought a waggon, horses, oxen, provisions and general impedimenta necessary for a long journey into the interior, and with all his arrangements completed he started northwards early in March, 1849.

The journal kept on this expedition is the most remarkable of all. Everything is dealt with in detail in the most graphic manner, whether it is only his waggon sticking fast in a river-bed or a nocturnal adventure with an enraged rhinoceros. His original diary is spangled with delicate pencil and pen drawings of things that appealed to his eye and, in addition, he executed a number of remarkably vivid water-colour sketches of the country through which he passed. Equipped with the requisite instruments, he lost no opportunity of checking the correct positions of places mentioned in Wyld's map as he passed through them, and, where he found omissions or errors, his ready pencil remedied them accurately from his own observations. In the trackless regions through which he passed he frequently had to steer by compass in the same way that the mariner shapes his course upon the high seas. During the course of his journey he met Dr. Robert Moffat, the veteran missionary of Kuruman, and his daughter, the wife

of Dr. Livingstone. The expedition lasted in all seven months, during which he had penetrated over 1500 miles into the interior—truly a stupendous feat for a young man of 21, accompanied only by seven servants, three of his own countrymen and four natives.

Leaving the Cape in November, he reached England once more by the *Windsor*, Indiaman, a few days before Christmas, bringing with him his numerous trophies of the chase. His stay at home, however, was not a long one. The spell of the Cape was upon him, and, at its bidding, he prepared for an early return to its charms. It is not quite clear what his plans for this, his fifth journey, were, but, from the material available, it is reasonable to assume that he intended to visit, for purposes of exploration, the regions watered by the upper reaches of the Mariqua River. Whatever was to be his destination, one thing is certain, that the forthcoming trip to South Africa was to be one of exploration rather than of big-game hunting. It is possible to see in this determination the hand of Dr. Moffat, whose acquaintance he had made on his recent visit into the interior; in addition, the fillip given to African exploration by the recent discoveries of Dr. Livingstone and Oswell and Murray doubtless added zest to Dolman's intentions.

With his preparations completed he left England for the fifth and last time in the *Agincourt* in July, 1850, and, with his fellow-traveller, H. S. Gassiot, reached the Cape two months later. Here, finding themselves obliged to forsake their original route into the interior owing to the attitude of the Boers,

they chartered a small vessel, bound up the West Coast, to carry them to Angra Pequeña, arriving there early in November. From here they started across Namaqualand, arriving at Bethany in mid-December. During his short trek several additions to Wyld's map were made by Dolman. His own copy of the map, which was subsequently found amongst his effects after his tragic death, contains the names of several towns, and also many ranges of hills along the route, inserted in pencil from his own observations. From Bethany they set out across the Orange River for Cape Town, arriving there in March, 1851. Here Dolman and Gassiott parted, the latter to continue on his own way, Dolman remaining in Cape Town to collect a waggon, oxen, horses and the necessary servants for a long journey into the interior ; for, notwithstanding the adverse reports of disturbances among the Boers to the northward, Dolman, now $23\frac{1}{2}$ years of age, meant to prosecute his researches along the lines of his original plan. Leaving Cape Town towards the end of April, he journeyed northwards to the shores of Lake Ngami, the great lake discovered by Livingstone, Oswell and Murray, two years before.

Leaving the lake in the middle of October he set out for Kolobeng and the south, with the avowed intention of joining forces with Dr. Livingstone in his further journeys of exploration. On the return journey, when some 30 miles from his destination, Kolobeng, his waggon wandered off the track in a storm, and the oxen, unyoked for the night, strayed from the kraal. Dolman, when dawn broke

on the morning of December 27th, realizing he was so near to his goal, bade his waggon driver bring the waggon on as soon as the oxen were recovered, and set out on foot, accompanied by two of his servants, an Englishman and a coloured man, to cover the few remaining miles that lay between him and his destination. That was the last occasion on which he was seen alive.

Dolman's non-appearance at Kolobeng, coupled with the arrival of his waggon without the "master," aroused suspicions, and accompanied by a Captain Shelley and a Mr. Bushe, English traders who happened to be in the neighbourhood, Moyle, a friend and fellow-traveller of Dolman's, set out to search the road by which he should have come, and but 15 miles from Kolobeng they found the remains of Dolman and his white servant. The manner of their death cannot, with any certainty, be arrived at. All that remained were fragments of the skull and clothing : lions had written "Finis" to another tragedy of the bush.

His friends gathered up the remains and took them back with them to Kolobeng, where they received a Christian burial. Some days later, the survivor of the tragedy, the native servant, was discovered at a neighbouring kraal. His accounts of what had occurred on the fatal day were very diverse and unconvincing, which, added to his being in possession of some of his master's property, was sufficient to cause suspicion to be directed against himself. He was subsequently arrested at Colesberg in March, 1852, on the grounds of complicity in his master's murder, but the evidence

was considered unsatisfactory and he was acquitted of the capital charge. No light has ever been thrown on the exact details of the tragedy. The length of time which elapsed between Dolman's death and the arrival of the search party, coupled with the fact that lions abounded in the neighbourhood, precluded all possibility of any reconstruction of the tragedy. The question of the evidence tendered at the magistrate's inquiry is dealt with in detail in Chapter VII.

Many years after the tragedy, in 1912, Dolman's nephew, Frederick Dolman, was travelling in the Colony, and, when passing through Worcester, chanced to meet there Dr. Moffat's son, then an old man of 75. Knowing that this Moffat's father had been a friend of Alfred Dolman, the nephew casually mentioned the tragedy and asked the old man if he had ever heard of it. Apparently he had, but had no more interesting comment to make on it than that it was "one of the numerous tragedies of the bush in South Africa in those days."

Such belongings as Dolman had with him in the waggon were packed up after his death and forwarded to his brother, Frederick Dolman, of Sampford Peverell, Devon. There was amongst these effects, however, no journal, and, from the knowledge of the methodical habits of Alfred Dolman, it is certain that he made one on this, his last and most important, journey. What became of it no one knows: whether it was purloined at the time and is still drifting round the globe, or whether it was in his pocket when the lions mangled the dead body; the latter is the more probable.

Between the two brothers there existed a very deep affection and the tragic death of the younger came as a bitter blow to his brother. When the few effects were sent home to him, he jealously guarded them, together with the earlier journals and drawings, treasuring them as animate relics of the brother he mourned. Although it had undoubtedly been the intention of Alfred Dolman to publish his journals, or excerpts from them, Frederick Dolman, averse, during his lifetime, to reopen the wound caused by his brother's tragic death, withheld them, keeping them for his own eyes and the eyes of his family. Now for the first time an attempt has been made to collect and draw together the scattered threads of Alfred Dolman's life into a tangible whole ; his journals have been set out in their original state ; and such other extraneous information as has direct bearing on his life included : the whole, as a monument to his memory, to the memory of one for whom the sands of life ran out all too soon, yet in their passing accomplished so much in so short a span—*Qui palmam meruit, ferat.*

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST JOURNAL, 12.9.'45-27.1.'46

Friday, September 12th. We arrived on board the *Lady Flora*, Indiaman, at half-past three p.m. Weather cold and fine. Only a few passengers had as yet come on board.

Saturday, 13th. Early this morning the steam tug took us in tow and carried us as far as the Queen's Channel, opposite Margate, where we anchored for the night. Wind easterly and very cold towards evening.

Sunday, 14th. Got the ship under weigh at seven, the wind now blowing S.W.—dead foul. About eleven a.m. a smart squall struck us, and laid the ship over so that the ladies began to sing out. There were five lady passengers and six gentlemen. We passed an immense number of vessels going up Channel, having evidently been detained by the late easterly winds. Dropped anchor at 7 p.m. in the Downs: a slight swell from the westward.

Monday, 15th. Weighed anchor at 7 a.m.: wind easterly; at eleven o'clock it fell dead calm: anchored. A fair wind sprang up at 2 p.m.—up anchor. In the afternoon we had a strong breeze from the N.W. Exchanged colours with a Dutch frigate, and landed Midshipman Brown, and Mr. Ford, the Captain's brother, at Dover.

Tuesday, 16th. Strong breeze from the S.W. with wet weather: 3 p.m., the wind increased with a heavy swell; the ship off Hastings. Later blowing fresh and a heavy sea: vessel rolling violently, and pouring with rain. Reefed topsails and set storm-mizzen.

Wednesday, 17th. Still blowing strong, the weather very cold and damp. 3 p.m., blowing hard with a heavy sea. Close-reefed topsail and foresail. Passed several ships running up Channel. The Ower's Light eleven miles distant.

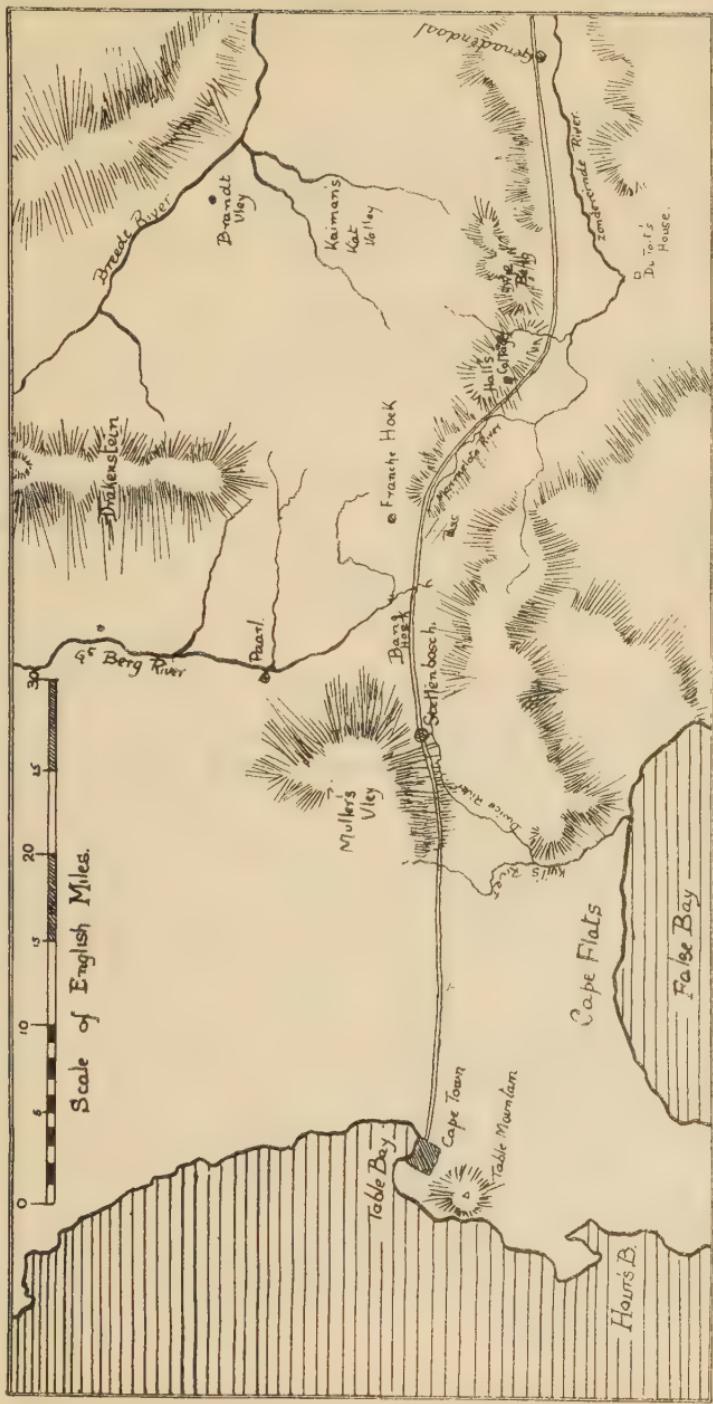
Thursday, 18th. The weather as yesterday. Thinking of running into Spithead.

Friday, 19th. As yesterday; the ship off Brighton. We had a very distinct view of the town as we sailed within a few miles. Slight breeze from the N.W., shook out reefs from the topsail.

Saturday, 20th. Fair wind from the southward. At 9 a.m. we landed the pilot off the Isle of Wight: sent a letter home. As we sailed past we could see very distinctly the green hills and all down the coast, which was very beautiful. St. Katherine's Lighthouse was also visible: this light is placed near a dangerous reef of rocks, on which many vessels have been lost. 3 p.m.—a smart squall with heavy rain. In the evening our fair breeze left us and shifted to the S.W. again. Reefed topsails: ship off Portland.

Sunday, 21st. Blowing fresh. 9 a.m., a very heavy squall: close reefed topsails. Saw the Start Lighthouse. Not being able to weather the point of land,¹ we tacked ship. At 3 p.m. nearly a dead

¹ Berry Head.



J. L. Long

SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE FIRST JOURNAL OF ALFRED DOLMAN

calm with pouring rain and heavy swell. Blowing strong from the N.W. at 9 p.m.—set the storm-trysail.

Monday, 22nd. Dead calm—fine weather. At noon the grey cat, a favourite, fell overboard and was drowned. Immediately after this an easterly wind sprang up: made all sail. Saw the Start Light.

Tuesday, 23rd. Wind easterly and very cold. Began to rain about 11 a.m. and breeze freshened. Ship clear of the Channel at last; heavy swell with the wind increasing.

Wednesday, 24th. Wind east: weather much warmer but very damp. This evening we caught a hawk upon the mizzen- topsail yard, where he had gone to roost. Falling calm and wind heading us—in studding-sails.

Thursday, 25th. Wind east and gradually increasing. Passed a schooner sailing as ourselves.

Friday, 26th. Fine breeze from the east; weather becoming much warmer. Nearly had my head broken by a studding-sail boom, falling from aloft. A homeward bound vessel passed us quite close.

Saturday, 27th. Wind east. Saw great quantities of Mother Carey's chickens, or the stormy petrel.

Sunday, 28th. Wind east. Saw two large grampus (a small kind of whale) and many small fish. In the evening the breeze freshened, saw several flashes of lightning towards the southward. Our distance from Madeira about 100 miles.

Monday, 29th. Michaelmas Day. Last night we had some heavy squalls of wind and rain. About ten o'clock we could barely distinguish the Island

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of Madeira, but we gradually approached nearer, when at 2 p.m. we had a beautiful view and could plainly discover several convents and houses scattered here and there. I took a sketch of the island, this being too good an opportunity to lose ; in the evening we had a concert in the steerage for the first time. The instruments were two guitars and an old cracked piano, a perfect compound of discordant noises ; I cannot say much for the performances, but in the middle we were interrupted by a heavy squall which effectually broke up our party.

Tuesday, 30th. Very squally all last night, wind S.W., weather fine and warm. Caught a small grey owl in the rigging and it was immediately stowed away with his companion, the hawk. Saw a schooner on our larboard beam.

Wednesday, October 1st. Wind S.W.—at 5 p.m. a dead calm. We had some music upon the poop in the evening and some of the passengers amused themselves by waltzing, and dancing the polka.

Thursday, 2nd. Still calm. A schooner in company. At noon a light air sprang up and gradually increased.

Friday, 3rd. Gentle breeze. Saw the Island of Palma (one of the Canary group), at the distance of 60 miles. This island is exceedingly high, being about 3000 or 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Towards evening the wind freshened : set all sail.

Sunday, 5th. Steady Trade and fine. Performed Church Service on the poop.

Monday, 6th. Fresh breeze : wind E.S.E. ; weather wet and cloudy. 100 miles from Cape de Verde.

Tuesday, 7th. Breeze fresh, weather gloomy. We had an excellent view of St. Antonio (C. de Verde), the land is very high and rocky, and rises like the top of a mountain from the water. About 3 p.m. it fell dead calm, being under the lee of the island. Sighted a barque and a brig.

Wednesday, 8th. Fresh breeze. At 12 o'clock we saw the Island of Fogo at a great distance (60 miles). Wind increasing. 9 p.m., a hard squall. Shortened sail: weather looking unsettled and heavy; furled topgallant-sails, and reefed topsails.

Thursday, 9th. Last night very squally: raining in torrents and no wind. 11 a.m. a very heavy squall, the weather hot and close. Saw two sharks following the ship. Evening: coming on squally, wrote home.

Friday, 10th. Light airs and calms. Four vessels in sight. Saw a shark. 2 p.m., a heavy squall, falling calm and lightning to the southward.

Wednesday, 15th. Slight wind. This morning I caught a stormy petrel, with a line of silk trailing astern of the ship. It was about 14 inches from wing to wing, when placed upon the deck it seemed to have lost nearly all the power of raising itself in the air, and made several attempts before it flew away. At noon we also caught two bonitas, one of which we had for dinner. It tasted very insipid and dry. In the evening we saw a large shark, cruising about the vessel. After a short time we succeeded in hooking him. When brought on board, he measured 10 feet in length.

Thursday, 16th. Dead calm. From curiosity we

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tasted some of the shark caught yesterday. The flesh was very soft and flabby, and not at all nice. I hooked another shark this morning, but could not secure him. Heavy rain and little or no wind.

Friday, 17th. Light wind, several vessels in sight, one of which signalized that she wanted a surgeon. Accordingly our doctor and several passengers went on board. The captain was lying ill and had been so for several days, and having no doctor on board, he physicked himself (which made him worse). We gave him some medicines with their necessary directions and soon afterwards left him astern. The ship was named the *Success*, of Liverpool.

Monday, 20th. Light airs. At 10 a.m. I shot a shark through the head with a bullet. He kicked and floundered about for a short time and then disappeared. In the afternoon we saw some very large dolphins and bonitas. Evening, dead calm.

Thursday, 23rd. This morning we at last got the S.E. Trade wind after being becalmed exactly 14 days near the Line.

Friday, 24th. Fine breeze and clear weather. At 11 p.m. we crossed the Equator. Put the ladies in a fright about Neptune coming on board and shaving them.

Saturday, 25th. Breeze freshening. At noon 90 miles south of the Line. This evening Neptune signified his intention of coming on board and shaving such of his subjects as had now for the first time passed the great boundary of his watery dominions. Accordingly, at about 4 p.m., he was ushered on the quarter-deck with his wife, Amphi-

trite, the constables, barber, doctor and other attendants, preceded by a band of music, pouring forth not very melodious strains. After having made a speech suitable for the occasion, "His Majesty" gave directions that all the intended victims should be secured forthwith, and separately brought forward under the break of the forecastle to undergo the process of shaving, which is as follows. First, the unfortunate is placed upon a plank, before which is brought a huge tub of salt water. He is now deluged with buckets of water from all directions. The doctor immediately prescribes a pill, a delightful mixture, which he crammed down his throat. Then the barber anoints his face well with a foul composition of tar, fat and other delicacies, and flourishing a long piece of tin hoop, in lieu of a razor, he proceeds to shave the unfortunate wretch. Now Neptune interposes, and informs him that he is duly initiated into all the rites and mysteries of his service, and then orders that a dose of salts be given him. Immediately he is half drowned with buckets of water, and shortly he is set free, upon which he seizes a bucket in his turn and joins in the fray around him. This is the method they were all served. One man, a negro, took refuge upon the main-royal yard, from whence he threatened to throw off anyone who molested him, but he was soon enticed down by the chief officer. After all was over an allowance of grog was served out to all hands and the sports were finished with the daylight.

Thursday, November 6th. An immense quantity of sea-birds flying round the ship. Caught five Cape

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pigeons with threads trailing astern. Breeze increasing.

Friday, 7th. Fresh breeze. Last night some unknown mischievous person cut down Midshipman Rufus by the head, and put out his collar-bone.¹ Numerous birds following the ship.

Saturday, 8th. Light airs, the weather is now getting cold. This afternoon there was a row amongst the ladies.

Monday, 10th. We caught an albatross this morning with a hook and line. 10 p.m., a strong breeze.

Tuesday, 11th. A fresh wind: a ship in sight. Saw several whales. Distance from the Cape 1000 miles.

Wednesday, 12th. Early this morning the ship nearly ran down a whale asleep. It was at first mistaken for breakers as the sea was dashing over it. In the afternoon the sailors harpooned a huge porpoise. Distance from the Cape 900 miles.

Thursday, 13th. Calm and heavy swell from the westward. We had some shooting to-day at the albatrosses which were hovering round the ship. In the afternoon, one of the "cuddy"² servants (a native of India) was seized with an epileptic fit that lasted some time. We hooked an albatross

¹ The practice of "cutting anyone down" is a well-known form of practical joke amongst seamen. It consists of partially cutting through the rope from which the hammock is suspended. The weight of the owner, when he gets in, is sufficient to break the remaining unsevered strands and bring hammock and occupant "down with a run." Care is usually taken only to cut the rope at the foot-end of the hammock, since to let the occupant down by the head is likely to be attended, as in this instance, with disastrous results.

² Saloon, or the captain's mess.

this evening, but he escaped by diving. The clouds looking very black and squally all round.

Friday, 14th. Calm. Caught three albatrosses with a hook and line. We set one of them loose with a copper plate round his neck, bearing the ship's name. At noon a fresh breeze from the southward. The crew employed getting up two six-pounders from the hold for signals.

Saturday, 15th. Strong breeze; expecting to land on Tuesday.

Monday, 17th. Fresh breeze from the S.E., very cold. Uncomfortable dinner to-day, on account of the ship's rolling so heavily. Wind increasing.

Wednesday, 19th. A gentle breeze from the S.W., tacked ship. Very hazy all round the horizon. About 3 p.m. we had soundings upon the L'Aghulhas Bank with 65 fathoms. Saw some gannet and shoals of fish. The water very phosphorescent. Tacked ship: distance from Table Bay 57 miles, from the shore 25 miles. Many hopes and fears concerning our landing to-morrow. Very heavy dew in the evening.

Thursday, 20th. Light airs from the westward. At 11 a.m. we had our first view of the land. The weather still very thick and hazy, and the Cape Fly-Away continually appearing. This phenomenon consists of a thick bank of clouds and mist, rolling about, and frequently assuming an exact resemblance to distant land. In a few minutes it is all gone away leaving the horizon quite clear, but upon looking in a different direction you see it again forming in a bank close to the water. The appearance is so deceptive that occasionally even navigators are led

astray by it. The wind gradually increasing soon brought us within sight of Table Mountain. The view of the high land and the curiously formed mountains, from the sea, is exceedingly beautiful. At 8 p.m. we dropped the anchor in Table Bay, having been ten weeks upon the passage from Gravesend.

Friday, 21st. This morning we landed at the old jetty at 9 o'clock. As the boatmen were passing our luggage from the ship into the boat, the clumsy fellows managed to drop a chest of drawers from out of the slings, and, of course, was smashed to pieces. Fortunately there was a large quantity of ballast in the boat, or it would have gone through the bottom. Weather very warm on shore. In the course of the day I met several friends, who were much surprised to see me. We put up at Parkes' Hotel in the Heerengracht, where we were very comfortable.

Saturday, 22nd. Table Mountain obscured by thick clouds. In the evening I took a long walk towards the Kloof.

Monday, 24th. To-day, we (viz. my two friends and myself) agreed to ascend Table Mountain, and to pass the night upon the summit by way of curiosity. So, having hired a coolie to carry our baggage, which consisted of sundry blankets and coats, kettles and teapot, and not forgetting to line a capacious basket with the good things of this world, we started from Parkes' Hotel at half-past one. The day was exceedingly hot, but we took it easily as there was plenty of time before us. After passing through the Buiten Kant, the last street

in the town in this direction, the road became beautifully shaded, and overhung with trees till we arrived at the stream where the washerwomen were engaged in their various occupations. It affords rather a curious spectacle to see these blacks lining the water for more than a mile and a half and banging the clothes most unmercifully against the rocks, to the great detriment of the buttons. Passing these we soon reached an old decayed building in a very romantic situation, completely overhung with precipices and commanding an extensive view of Cape Town and Table Bay. It was formerly the residence of a Mynheer Englebrecht, who was killed here by blasting rocks with gunpowder. At this place we waited anxiously for our coolie, who was rather an interesting personage as he carried our provisions and beds. Having learned from one of the "Nymphs of the Stream," that he had preceded us, we again commenced our journey through a sandy path, clogged up with underwood, and soon caught sight of him toiling up the mountain with his load. The road now became worse and worse at every step until we were obliged to halt at every few hundred feet. The path being composed of loose stones and rocks, and withal exceedingly steep, it was very trying for the feet. In this way we proceeded till suddenly turning an angle in the gorge of the ravine, a spectacle awaited us that is impossible to describe. The huge cliffs towering overhead, quite perpendicular for many hundred feet, and in some parts appeared to overhang in such a manner that they threatened to come thundering down on us every minute.

Here and there the rocks were covered with luxuriant vegetation, but in many places they seem black and scathed as with fire. The effect of a rock hurled down from here is very grand, when first started it rolls very lazily as if unwilling to leave its place, but after a few turns the impetus it acquires is astonishing. Tearing down the side of the mountain almost with the velocity of a cannon-ball, it crushes every obstacle that opposes its progress, frequently bounding full 30 feet high into the air, and as it descends, burying itself deep into the earth and mowing down trees like weeds, until at length it either meets with a huge mass of stone, when it splits into a thousand shivers, or rushes into a dense thicket, where the matted jungle and underwood soon stop its further progress. We toiled up the steep ascent for four hours, and reached the summit an hour before sunset. There was now no time to think of fine views or spectacles, but we had to work hard to procure firewood and water, which we did for two hours. After two or three trials we pitched upon a place suitable for our nocturnal residence, and there commenced building a fireplace with large stones. Our cavern, for such it was, afforded but slight shelter from the piercing night wind, and was situated not five yards from the brink of a tremendous precipice, not less than 1000 feet in depth. It was altogether a wild and savage-looking place. Soon the shades of night began to draw over us, and a thick mist to settle all round upon the mountain. We now lit our fire and dived into the contents of our basket, consisting of beef, bread, veal, tea, sugar and brandy, and no end of cigars.

We made a capital supper and were tolerably comfortable, save that our seat was uncommonly hard and cold (being granite) and the smoke of the fire annoyed us. Sometimes the wind eddying about, would send such a volume of smoke, sparks, etc., as would fairly drive us from our stronghold. After this we rolled ourselves in our blankets and attempted to sleep, but Father Morpheus was never farther from us. The air at this elevation, nearly 2000 feet, was piercingly cold, and to add to our misfortunes, the fire deserted us at midnight, as we had not collected sufficient brushwood. To have attempted to have procured more would have been madness, when it was as dark as pitch. We inevitably should have fallen over some precipice. Indeed, a few months back there was found the skeleton of a man, who (it is supposed) had perished from falling down some ravine, or had been starved, having missed his road when the mountain was covered with clouds from the south-easter. All we could do was to cover ourselves up with a blanket, in such a manner as to exclude the cold air. In this manner we passed the night, waiting most anxiously for daybreak.

Tuesday, 25th. We rose at half-past five, stiff as a poker. Immediately we got the kettle under weigh and drank deep potations of tea, with brandy in lieu of milk. This at once revived us, and made us fit for the exploratory tour we were about to commence upon the top of the mountain. Accordingly at 6 o'clock we started. This mountain well deserves its name as Table land, for it is perfectly flat, covered in many parts with a dark earth a few

inches in depth, in which grow an immense quantity of bulbous roots, heaths and dwarf shrubs.

To our right hand we observed a curious-looking rock or monument, it is a sort of landmark or beacon and is built of rough masses of stone. The rocks which lie scattered about in all directions frequently assume very grotesque shapes, some bearing an exact resemblance to the human countenance, and others to various animals and reptiles. We wandered about for several hours admiring the splendid view which everywhere presented itself, especially over Cape Town, which appeared at that distance like a model of a town, or resembling a quantity of dice placed in rows. Table Bay and the mountains in the background were exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, also the view over Hout's and Camp's Bays and the sombre-looking mountains which environ them on almost all sides. Before we descended we walked once more to the edge of the mountain to take a last look at the splendid view. The morning was remarkably clear so that we could see to a great distance in the interior. At our feet lay stretched before us the Cape Flats extending 35 miles, dotted here and there with small Dutch cottages, beyond appeared the great range of Drakenstein Mountains, among which are the villages of the Paarl and Franche Hoek. Over this way we could distinctly perceive three more mountain barriers extending nearly a hundred miles. As I stood upon the brink of the precipice I flashed a quantity of gunpowder as a signal to our friends in Cape Town. The smoke was plainly seen by those below. At 11 o'clock

we commenced to descend the mountain, and it was well we did so, for in about half an hour the entire summit was enveloped in thick clouds. My companions (in descending) were so much affected in their heads, and so dizzy, that they were obliged to stop and turn themselves away from the steep chasm before them. We occupied nearly four hours in coming down and reached Parkes' Hotel at half-past three o'clock. To-night I made ample amends for the want of sleep yesterday.

Friday, 28th. I made several purchases for country use. In the afternoon I felt symptoms of the Cape complaint (supposed to be caused by the long continuance of the south-west wind, which is considered unhealthy). This malady is now very prevalent at the Cape, it affects the chest and causes a great difficulty in breathing and occasionally intense pain.

Saturday, 29th. Unwell. Set out for the country in the Stellenbosch post-waggon. This is a very uncomfortable conveyance, especially when it is full of fat Mynheers and their Vrouws. When we arrived at Stellenbosch we put up at Kinniburg's boarding house. The old man himself was mightily surprised to see us, and inquired with zest into the late news from England.

Sunday, 30th. Wishing to proceed on our journey as rapidly as possible, we obtained a covered vehicle with four horses for twenty-five rix-dollars to convey us to Franche Hoek, 10 miles beyond which lay our destination. Of these villages and the surrounding country I shall afterwards speak,¹ suffice it at

¹ See *post-Sunday*, December 14th.

present to say, that nearly being bumped to death we arrived at Hall's cottage under the mountain. When he (viz. Old Hall) first saw us, he could hardly believe his eyes, but being persuaded that we were the two Mr. Darville's (as he always calls us), he showed us our shake-down, and offered us a zoupje, or small glass of brandy, as is the country custom. In the course of a day or so I perfectly recovered, being out of the influence of the damp and noxious south-west wind.

Monday, December 1st. I took out my gun this morning, but not being quite well I only walked for a short distance. Shot a teal, four snipe and a partridge.

Tuesday, 2nd. Not quite well.

Wednesday, 3rd. The weather now becomes warmer every day. Went out shooting towards Marmelote River ; saw several pheasants there, but the underwood and bush is so thick that it can scarcely be penetrated. We brought home some partridges ; these birds, the red-wings, are a quite different kind to the English partridge, they are much larger but not quite such good eating.

Thursday, 4th. This morning I ascended the mountain behind the cottage before the sun was up with the intention of getting a shot at the pheasants we saw yesterday. When I arrived at the summit, a beautiful plain of grass extended itself before me for 2 or 3 miles, intersected in several places with small rivulets flowing from the high mountains around. I traversed this and soon arrived at the mouth of the ravine, from whence rises the source of the Marmelote River, which, flowing for



THE SOURCE OF THE MARMELOTE RIVER

a few yards, tumbles over the precipice into a large basin below. The water leaping from crag to crag divided itself into many cascades and formed a very beautiful spectacle. Wishing to inspect this waterfall more minutely I lowered myself down by degrees until at last I reached the basin, and never thinking how I was to ascend again. The scenery from this place was magnificent, the cliffs overhung on all sides to a height of 200 feet, except one small gorge, or outlet for the water, where it gushed like a mill-stream and then fell over into another chasm below. I now began to consider how to get back again. To retrace my steps was impossible. There was a small path of about a foot wide upon the left, but I could not see where it terminated ; however I tried it and found it to end in a perpendicular rock, so I backed out of that and commenced to ascend on the right hand, which was the side of a mountain, exceedingly slippery and steep. After reconnoitring I found a place a little more accessible than the rest where I, after an infinite deal of trouble and danger from slipping, crawled up. Upon the summit were some huge fragments of rock disengaged from the rest, and just slightly balanced upon the edge of the cliff. These I threw over with little trouble. It was a grand sight to see them fall crashing to the bottom, making the rocks echo again. I then returned home, bringing a very poor game bag, consisting of one brace of birds.

Friday, 5th. Went out shooting in the Vley. We chased seven antelope the whole day, but it was very difficult to get within shot. Shot two brace of birds and caught two turtle or water tortoises.

Saturday, 6th. I made a fishing-rod from a species of bamboo that I found growing upon the banks of the river that flowed near our domain. With it I caught several small fish, a sort of carp. In the afternoon a number of baboons made their appearance from behind the rocks and saluted us with screaming and bellowing. These creatures, which are very numerous in the Colony, are larger than a Newfoundland dog, and covered with a long shaggy hair of a dark brown colour slightly tinged with green. Their mouths and teeth project very much, and give them a horribly ugly appearance. They always travel in bands from twenty to a hundred in number wandering over the mountains in search of roots and bulbs for food. In the evening, with the assistance of Hall, my shooting companion, I constructed a bridge of planks across the river, where the palmete grew very thick. This bridge we named the Cross-cut, from its shortening the distance we had to walk, whenever we had occasion to ford the river. The palmete is a succulent plant very like the palm tree in shape ; it is always found growing either in or near water, in some swamps I have seen not less than 300 acres of it growing as thick as possible. The leaves of the palmete are used in making the round conical hats which the black men wear in Cape Town.

Monday, 8th. I shot a kind of duiker, or diver, in the river : I took off its skin and preserved it. Also I shot a beautiful crane which was added to my collection. Wishing to explore the course of the river, I wandered up the banks in search of a tree to make a canoe. Having found a suitable

one we cut it down. While we were at work we discovered that a swarm of bees had made their nest there, also innumerable ants inhabited the same log ; however, we cut it down and rolled it in the water. Afterwards we swam down the stream with it to the cattle-ford.

Tuesday, 9th. Frederick left us at 6 o'clock in the morning for Cape Town. Employed myself in hollowing out the tree, but had such bad tools that I was obliged to leave it for the present ; we afterwards partially hollowed it out by fire.

Wednesday, 10th. Padre Ham called upon us this morning from Franche Hoek on his road to Genadendaal,¹ a Moravian² settlement, about 30 miles further in the Colony to the eastward. In the evening I strolled up the mountain in the rear of the cottage, and had a good shot at a buck which I aroused in a neighbouring ravine, the shot struck all round him, but had no effect.

Thursday, 11th. We went out shooting in the mountains and had capital sport. While we were at the bottom of a deep valley we set fire to the long grass and heath, which was as dry as possible and several feet in height.³ It blazed in fine style, and spread so rapidly that we were obliged to run for it. Brought home ten birds.

¹ Genadendaal—or Vale of Grace—is one of the most extensive institutions belonging to the Moravians in the country. It was here that the first missionary to South Africa, a German named Smidt, a native of Bohemia, first took up his abode. (Steedman's *Travels in Africa*, Vol. II, p. 79.)

² Moravians are a sect of Protestant Christians, the followers of John Huss. They formed themselves on the model of the Primitive Church in which members were regarded as brethren.

³ See *post-Saturday*, December 27th.

Friday, 12th. Last night the fire that we lit in the mountains had a very beautiful effect, especially in one place where the flames had crept to the summit of a conical hill and had an exact resemblance to a volcano.

Saturday, 13th. At 5 o'clock this morning we harnessed in our two horses (Bukke and Manell) to a sort of cart and set out for Mynheer Vilgees, who lived a long distance the other side of Dreiberg (or three mountains), for a cargo of eatables and also to get some snipe shooting. The roads to this place are terrible, and so steep that it is more like driving down a flight of stairs than a pathway. The surrounding scenery is very wild and generally speaking barren, but occasionally small green patches of verdure would peep out like an oasis in the desert. We forded no less than five streams or rivulets, and I believe that this part of the Colony is better watered, or as much so as any other division. After three hours' rough riding we reached Mynheer's house, a very strange-looking mansion. It appeared to me like a large barn, whitewashed all over. There were few signs of neatness about the place, though it was perfectly clean. It is often the case among the poorer class of Boers that the Huis Vrouw is remarkably neat and clean, but the Mynheer walks all over the polished tiles with dirty boots, and leaves no part unsaluted with tobacco saliva. Having outspanned and given necessary directions for our cargo, we took our guns and went into the surrounding marshes, which were swarming with snipe. The day, however, proved very unfavourable for their shooting, as the wind blew very

hard from the north-east. We roused two duiker bucks, but only brought in eleven birds. After expending all our ammunition we went into the house where Myhn Vrouw prepared us some tea-water and biscuits made in a peculiar manner. I purchased an ostrich egg of the lady, who assured me that it was fresh, but when opened proved to be a month old at least. We inspanned at 3 o'clock and arrived home at 6.

Sunday, 14th. An itinerant German watch-maker came here early—he was a perfect curiosity. My watch being broken I gave it to him to repair, but he could make nothing of it. In the evening, as I was walking along the bank of the river, I startled a grys bok from out of a thicket, and soon after a flock of mountain ducks rose from the water. Having omitted at the commencement to describe the position of our residence and the surrounding scenery, I attempt it here. The cottage, which was a broken-down affair, was situated at the foot of Franche Hoek Pass,¹ and is used as a kind of inn or accommodation house for travellers. Fronting the cottage lay an immense plain (Vley) covered with long grass, bush and palmete. It is about 25 miles in length and 12 in breadth, hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains. Immediately behind rose also high mountains and the same on

¹ Franche Hoek was formerly colonized by the French Huguenot refugees. Thomas Pringle (1789-1834), the South African poet and colonist, describes the place in his verse :

“ To this far nook the Christian exiles fled,
Each fettering tie of earthly texture breaking ;
For that good cause for which their fathers bled ;
Wealth, country, kindred, cheerfully forsaking.”

both sides, giving the landscape a wild and rugged appearance. To the right hand was a broad mountain torrent, which in the plain extended itself into a small river. Along the banks, in many places, the trees and brushwood grew so thick that it was impossible to push through. In the winter season, when a large quantity of rain falls, these torrents overflow the country for a great distance, and render travelling dangerous by their sudden rising. The Berg River is one of the most dangerous in this part of the country, many people having lost their lives in it.

Monday, 15th. The weather wet and cloudy—stayed at home. In the evening we walked down to the river and had a shot at some pheasants and wild duck.

Tuesday, 16th. We went out shooting towards Marmelote River Kloof, intending to try to push through the thick bush. We succeeded for a short distance, but at length the underwood became so matted and entwined, and reached so high above our heads that we were compelled to set it on fire.¹ It burned furiously for forty-eight hours, when, a heavy fall of rain coming on, it was extinguished. Crossing the brandt, or where the fire had consumed the bush, we passed on to the Zondereinde, or “river without end,” so called from its length and innumerable turnings. In many places this stream is choked up with palmete and aquatic plants, where all the game lies hid in the middle of the day to avoid the heat of the sun, which is intense. We shot several birds here and returned home with a good game bag.

¹ See *post-Saturday*, December 27th.

Wednesday, 17th. We started early this morning up the steep ravine upon the left side of the mountain pass, and beat about in search of grys boks. In most of the ravines or gorges among the mountains the bush and rank vegetation grows so high that no passage can be made except by fire. Such was the case now with us, and we had several times to wade up the bed of the torrent, now very shallow, to make any progress. On our road we started great quantities of partridge and some quail. Going through a bed of high reeds, a berg wolf, or mountain hyæna, rose up and immediately made off as fast as his legs would carry him. We fired two barrels at him which freshened his way, but did no material injury. All our dogs, very indifferent animals, immediately followed in full cry, but the beast was so swift of foot that he escaped, much to my disappointment.

Thursday, 18th. The weather very thick and stormy ; no going abroad to-day. A number of Dutch Mynheers and their Vrouws came here this morning in covered carts, and on horseback, on their road to Drakenstein, driving a large herd of mules which they had just purchased from a country dealer. In the afternoon, my companion (Hall, jun.) killed a large cobra di capella after a long battle ; it measured 6 feet in length.

Friday, 19th. We took the same route as on Wednesday last, and had good sport—bagged four brace of birds. Coming home I killed a small snake, which I have preserved. In the centre of a deep valley the dogs roused a young grys bok, and a fortunate shot brought him down. We found con-

siderable trouble in conveying the carcase home, but that was little consequence.

Saturday, 20th. While I was out with my gun to-day, a large black snake¹ rose up from the grass, and seemed disposed to show fight. Immediately the dogs surrounded and engaged with him while I prepared my gun. I was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting one of the dogs, and in the meantime the reptile wriggled himself so close to me that I fired and struck him in the neck, when not more than 3 feet distant. Whereupon the snake betook himself to a thicket and I lost him. The day following one of the dogs, a bull-dog used for hunting baboons, died, and I suspect, from the bite of this snake. We had this afternoon a splendid hunt after a flock of blue cranes and two secretary birds.

Sunday, 21st. I tasted for the first time a haunch of Cape venison, which was very juicy and a fine gamy flavour.

Monday, 22nd. Three Hottentots came early this morning bringing a 100 lbs. of buchu for sale. This buchu² is a kind of shrub, something like a myrtle in shape and form of leaf. The whole plant exudes a peculiar fragrant odour, even when it is dried and kept for months. It grows chiefly in the most precipitous places among the mountains and at the bottom of chasms only accessible by one's being lowered down with a cord. Some people collect this plant, dry it and send it to Cape Town, where it fetches about five or six shillings a pound-

¹ Probably a "Mamba."

² Buchu—in the *Pharmacopœia Barosma*—is a medicinal plant used as a tonic and stimulant.

weight. It is held in high repute among the Dutch Boers, who steep it in various spirits, and apply it either internally or externally as the case may be, though I believe generally internally. The chemists express from it a kind of oil which they fancy is useful in some diseases. A large quantity has been forwarded to England amounting to many hundred pounds.

In the afternoon I went out to make a sketch, when presently I perceived a large stray dog, half wild and half tame, lurking about with the intent of carrying off fowls or geese, so I let him have the left barrel of my gun, and in half a minute he was a corpse. These animals, of which there are numbers in the Colony, are more hyæna than dog, and are a perfect nuisance where any stock is kept, for if they once enter the kraals or folds in the night they devour an immense quantity, and tear and mangle ten times as much besides. They are, therefore, much dreaded by the farmers, who resort to every means to destroy them. We had a number of visitors in the shape of Dutch Mynheers and Vrouws this evening. They occupied every nook and corner in the cottage, and as there were Vrouws in the party, I was obliged to bundle out and get a shake-down upon a heap of corn.

Tuesday, 23rd. Our friends, the Mynheers, having taken their departure very early we started for Kaiman's Kat (or Crocodile's Hole), before the sun rose. Kaiman's Kat is the name of a small valley situated about 18 miles away in the heart of the mountains—a most beautiful spot. It is so surrounded by crags and precipices that no wheeled

vehicle can approach it, though there is a narrow path down which a horse or a bullock can walk. In the middle of the valley is a solitary cottage, occupied by an Englishman named Richardson and his family. The road to this place is over steep and rugged mountains in the direction of the Brandt Vley. After toiling for more than four hours, without a drop of water, we reached the summit of the most lofty mountain, from whence we could distinctly see the Valley of Kaiman's Kat far below us. The view from this elevation, nearly 5000 feet, was magnificent. Looking towards Cape Town I could plainly see Table Mountain, with the Devil's Peak, and the Lion's Head and the ocean glittering in the background at the distance of 80 miles. Turning round on the other side the scenery is grand beyond expression. Deep below us we could distinguish a small rivulet flowing through a rocky defile, and following the windings of a narrow but verdant glen at the bottom and adorned with clumps of lofty reeds or bamboo. Facing us the huge inmountains, rocks, precipices and yawning abysses looked as if hurled and up-torn by some convulsive movement of Nature, and all the veins and strata of their deep foundations bent and twisted into a thousand shapes. Over the lower declivities and deep-sunk chasms hung dark masses of jungle giving to the whole a character of still more wild and savage sublimity. Beyond lay an extensive plain, through which we could distinctly trace the course of the Zondereinde River, not from viewing its waters, but from the trees and thick shrubs which grow along its banks. Looking

still further, another immense range of mountains presented itself to the sight, among which lay the Moravian settlement of Genadendaal. Again beyond these was to be seen another mountain range, at such a distance that at times we could barely distinguish it against the horizon. In the plain occasionally a small Dutch farm-house could be seen, looking like a small white speck, peeping out from the trees. Having discovered a place where there was water, to our great satisfaction, we sat down to eat some refreshment and to contemplate the scenery. The day was burning hot, and the sun being nearly vertical, the stunted trees afforded us no shelter from its rays. Everything was perfectly quiet and not a breath of wind to disturb the tranquillity of the scene save the merry chirping of crickets and grasshoppers and the hoarse cries of a troop of baboons that we had disturbed in a neighbouring ravine. The distance to which we could see was not less, I should think, than 100 miles, for the atmosphere in this climate is frequently so dry and free from vapours that large objects are distinctly seen at a great distance, and therefore to eyes unaccustomed to this scenery they appear much nearer than they really are. As we had obtained a Pisgah view¹ of the Kaiman's Kat Valley, and were besides excessively fatigued, we agreed that the best plan was to retrace our steps. We accordingly commenced to descend, but having missed our road we got involved among broken

¹ "And the Lord said unto him . . . I will give it unto thy seed : I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—Deuteronomy xxxiv. 4.

ravines and defiles, out of which it took us a long time to extricate ourselves, and as we were shod with veldtschoonen—a sort of country-made sandal—we were in continual danger of falling. We arrived home at eight in the evening, having been upon our legs nearly fifteen hours.

Wednesday, 24th. Shot several partridges and had a splendid chase after a grys bok for nearly 2 miles, but he managed to escape.

Thursday, 25th. Christmas Day. We went out shooting in the Vley. A herd of fifteen rhee bucks occupied much of our attention, but they are so wary and cunning that it is a difficult matter to get within full shot. They will stand and look at a person with their ears pricked up until he comes within 200 yards, and then they are off again like the wind. In this manner they cheat the hunter time after time, and the only method that we were able to get a shot was to come suddenly upon them in the most precipitous parts of the mountains, where they are frequently to be found in the heat of the day. The Hottentot and Bushman herdsmen manage to kill them in the following manner. When they first perceive a flock of rhee bucks, they drive cattle very gently towards them, so as not to excite suspicion. When sufficiently close they throw themselves flat upon the ground and trail their bodies through the grass in a peculiar manner, until they are so near that they are sure of their aim. At the report of the gun the bucks fly in all directions, not knowing where the danger is, and in this manner the Hottentot sometimes picks off a second. I have frequently seen it practised in



CROSSING THE BERG RIVER

this part of the Colony. We brought home a curious game bag, consisting of partridge, snipe, cranes, plover, water-rails and two water tortoises.

Friday, 26th. We swam in the river early in the morning : we always made this a regular practice, being conducive to health and a great pleasure besides. Mynheer Du Toit, a Dutch farmer, called here to-day and invited us to his house, over the Zondereinde River, to shoot for a few days.

Saturday, 27th. We went out shooting in the Vley ; the weather extremely hot. As we were returning home we had occasion to stop at the hovel of an Hottentot herdsman, where four such people resided with their families. No sooner had we arrived there than all of them began to abuse us, in Dutch, in a most extraordinary manner, because some days ago we had burned a quantity of grass amounting to several hundred acres.¹ Now instead of doing them an injury, this was rather a service, as it causes the young and sweet grass to spring up. However, they worked themselves up into such a fury that they threatened to knock out our brains with knobkerries, and were proceeding to use violence (and one of them went into the hovel for what purpose I cannot say), upon which we immediately cocked our guns and presented them at the rascals' heads. This display at once staggered them and caused a retreat, while we marched off leaving them to their consultations. They afterwards threatened us with their master's vengeance (Mynheer Isaac Maré, a wealthy Dutch farmer), but we

¹ See *ante-December* 11th, 12th and 16th.

laughed at them and their master, and so the matter dropped.

Monday, 29th. Walked across the mountains to view a beautiful waterfall. The scenery was magnificent.

Tuesday, 30th. A number of Mynheers called to-day.

Wednesday, 31st. I went over the mountains towards Franche Hoek to make a sketch. While I was so employed, two large asphogels, or vultures, came wheeling over my head, mistaking me for a dead carcase I suppose. One of them approaching rather too close, I shot him through the body and he fell close to me. It measured more than 10 feet from wing to wing, and was a fine specimen. I should have taken this bird home with me, but after carrying it a short distance, the vermin among the feathers began to crawl forth in such multitudes that I was forced to drop it for fear of infection. Soon after, as I moved the stone on which I was seated to a better position a large scorpion crawled out close to my leg; a black venomous-looking reptile. I immediately jumped up and threw a stone at him with good aim that settled his accounts. The weather looking very unsettled. Old Hall returned from Stellenbosch, whither he had gone upon some business, bringing with him a large yellow snake (*Hale Slang*), which he had killed as he had crossed the mountains. This snake I preserved in spirits. As this day was the last day of the year we kept it up till 12 o'clock. The morning we ushered in with a display of fireworks—home-made.

Thursday, January 1st, 1846. Shot several partridges in the Vley.

Friday, 2nd. We packed a bullock-waggon with 1400 lbs. of buchu to go to Cape Town. Several Dutch Mynheers called this afternoon. In the evening I killed a black snake and hung him up for skinning.

Saturday, 3rd. This morning we discovered an ox stuck fast in the morass. We hauled him out with the assistance of three negroes after great trouble. I skinned the snake I killed yesterday and preserved the skin.

Sunday, 4th. The leader and driver of our bullock-waggon arrived this morning, they were both of them curious characters. The leader is an Hottentot, and was formerly a slave to one Piet Vilgee, a Dutch Boer, and a most outrageous tyrant to his slaves and servants, who for a slight offence, and often for none at all, were most cruelly punished. This poor wretch had a gun, charged with powder, blown off in his face, which destroyed his left eye and mutilated his features. This was the work of Vilgee, and he was actually never brought to justice for it. The driver, who acted in the capacity of cook, was a Mozambique slave, and a very merry fellow. He had fortunately escaped the cruelty to which his companion had been exposed. This afternoon we roused two grys boks with the dogs, and nearly succeeded in catching one of them.

Monday, 5th. Having stored our waggon with a week's provisions and everything necessary, we started at 9 o'clock for Cape Town. This method of travelling is by far preferable to any other in this

country, as you are independent of everybody. Your house, provisions and servants are with you, and are able to go where you please. This is the plan adopted for a long journey, but not where expedition is required. The day was exceedingly hot and sultry, and the roads we had to traverse were of the worst description, if they can be termed roads at all. We soon began ascending the mountain pass that leads across to Franche Hoek. This pass is considered now to be one of the most dangerous in the Colony, excepting Cradock's Pass. It has not been repaired for fifteen years, and, of course, is entirely washed away by the torrents, and only the bare rock is left. However, we banged along until we reached the first Uitspann Place, where we rested for a short time. The scenery all around was most beautiful, the road ran along the brink of a precipice more than 500 feet deep, and in many places it was so narrow that an incautious driver would have precipitated waggon and oxen over into the deep abyss, of which we could vaguely distinguish the bottom, jagged with rocks and shaggy with jungle. Indeed, a few years ago a waggon and a span of oxen, being driven by a man none the better for liquor, were thrown over the precipice and all was smashed to pieces ; I was shown, while crossing the mountain, the place where the man was buried. As we passed along we met two waggons returning to the country. These we had to cross, and it was rather a nervous business doing so, as in places the road does not exceed 14 feet in width, and there is not a stone or parapet of any construction to prevent the outer wheel

from going over the edge, which in such cases approaches to within a few inches. The mists which generally hang upon the summit of the mountains in the mornings, lifting or lowering their fleecy folds as we advanced, occasionally revealed and again enshrouded the wild scenery around and beneath us, presenting at times glimpses of sylvan vales most beautiful to the eye, and then suddenly would unfold gulfs of rocks and jungle black with fire. In three and a half hours we arrived at Mynheer Jan Luter's house in Franche Hoek Valley. We took a zoupje at this place, but did not stop until we arrived at the Berg River, where we outspanned. The oxen had been six hours in the yoke, which was a great length of time for one pull. The water of the Berg River is now very low, so that it is easily forded, but the remains of water wrack, heaved high upon the trees, which in places fringe the banks, affords striking proof that the now diminutive rivulet becomes a resistless and mighty flood. Having refreshed ourselves and our cattle we inspanned and proceeded to cross the river, which we managed after being stuck in the middle by one of the wheels getting locked between two pieces of rock. By dint of tremendous shouting and flogging the unfortunate animals with the huge whip, fully 35 feet long, we managed to extricate ourselves. The features of the country round us changed alternately from thick jungle to sandy plain studded with large ant hillocks, and in the distance picturesque mountains rose on all sides to the view. The road now became so heavy that the oxen could scarcely pull through the sand. In

this manner we reached Bang Hoek, Fearful Corner (so called from its dangerous pass over the mountains, especially in wet weather), a small plain surrounded by mountains. Being much fatigued, we made our couches upon the sacks of buchu, which formed a very tolerable bed, and we were comfortable enough, save that the fleas from the Hottentots who slept beneath the waggon, rather pestered us.

Tuesday, 6th. Early this morning we were awakened by the pattering of rain overhead, and on looking out beheld the surrounding mountains enveloped in thick white clouds down to the very ground. Soon after, it began to rain so heavily that it drenched through the canvas tilt of the waggon in fine style. At this place we were obliged to remain all day as there was an exceedingly steep clayey hill to descend, and had we attempted it during the rain the waggon would have slipped down the whole distance and some accident would have happened. I employed myself chiefly to-day in trying to stop the leaks with an old mackintosh. All our provisions, including a large goose pie, were soaking wet. In the evening old Hall rode over to a Dutch farmer's house, about 3 miles distant. On his way he had to ford the Dwice River, and when he was returning he found the river so swollen that it was dangerous to cross it, so he was obliged to remain. No appearance of fine weather.

Wednesday, 7th. Pouring with rain still, and the wind blowing furiously from the N.W., so that it was not possible to light a fire. The oxen were made fast by the horns to the trek-touw, or central



CROSSING THE DWICE RIVER

trace, and looked very miserable and cramped. About 12 o'clock, when the storm had abated a little, a man came over from the farm-house, having got over the river by means of a large tree which was blown over and hanging upon either bank, and brought us some provisions, a bottle of brandy and one of milk. The weather clearing a little, I walked out to see how things appeared. All the small water-courses were full of water to the brim and several shallow beds of rivulets were now roaring torrents, impassable to man or beast, and carrying down large trees and clumps of thick bush with them. The mountains were singularly beautiful, absolutely streaming with waterfalls in all directions. A few miles from here is a very large cataract with a fall of more than 300 feet. The precipice over which it tumbles, overhangs in such a manner that you can walk around the basin below into which the water falls. The noise of this torrent can be distinctly heard within five miles during wet weather. This evening Hall returned to the waggon. When he forded the river the water reached above the saddle-flaps, and the current was so strong that the horse could scarcely stand against it.

Thursday, 8th. Fine weather. We started at 5 o'clock this morning with a good will. We passed quickly through Bang Hoek and Hell Hoek, so called from its dangerous slippery descent, and arrived at Stellenbosch at 9 o'clock. The whole face of the country was entirely altered, and wonderfully enlivened and rendered verdant by the rain, so much so that I hardly knew the same road over which I had travelled before, when everything was covered

with dust and parched with heat. Stellenbosch is a very pretty village, situated in a valley surrounded with mountains. It is distant from Cape Town 30 miles. It receives its name from that of a quondam Dutch Governor who called it Stell after his own name and Bosch after that of his lady. In the village are many capital houses built after the Dutch fashion and inhabited by respectable families, and kept uncommonly neat and clean. There are also three good boarding houses or inns with good accommodation. In the summer season some of the finest fruit in the Colony is to be obtained here, as almost every house has a large garden and vineyard, which are attended to with great care. All the streets are lined with oak trees planted in rows upon each side, and have a small rill of clear water flowing under their shade, which gives a cool and refreshing appearance to the village, besides when viewing it at a little distance, one can imagine it to be situated in a forest of trees. We took a hasty breakfast at Stone's Inn, and then passed on to the Uitspann Place beyond the village. We remained here until the heat of the day was over, and again started about 3 o'clock, and arrived at Kuil's River in the evening. This is a wretchedly uncomfortable place, so we struck on and soon came to the line of hard road, now finished from this place to Cape Town. When we arrived at the next Uitspann Place it was quite dark, and we had great trouble in finding a proper spot for the waggon, as the outspanning (as it is termed) was full of hillocks and deep holes. At this place there were no less than 25 waggons stopping for the night, most of them were corn and

wine waggons from the country. It was a curious sight to me to see so many waggons collected in one spot, with a large fire in front of each, while the Hottentot servants, sitting round them, were busily engaged with their frying-pans and kettles, keeping up their strange clucking language with bursts of laughter.

Friday, 9th. At 4 o'clock in the morning we in-spanned and set off. We found considerable difficulty in getting the waggon upon the hard road again, however we succeeded after being very nearly overturned. There was among the Dutch Boers here, one, who last night had refused us any forage for our oxen, that were dying for want of food, even though we offered him double price. As he was leading his waggon upon the hard road we had the infinite satisfaction to see it capsize and all the oat hay, many hundred bundles, strewed upon the road and no one to assist him. Our oxen were so fatigued that they could not pull further while the sun was so hot, so we again halted about 9 miles from Cape Town. From this place I walked into the town. As I approached, the first object that attracted my attention was a vessel riding in the Bay without her masts, and walking a little further I saw two vessels ashore. In three hours I was at Parkes' Hotel, where I soon learned the following particulars respecting the unfortunate wrecks. One of them was a slaver that had been brought into Table Bay only a few days previously. She was carried on shore upon the sandy beach behind the old jetty, close to the castle, and received little or no damage. Such, however, was not the fate of

the other vessel, the *Francis Spaight*, a barque of 400 tons. She drove on shore in a tremendous squall of wind and rain, upon a small reef of rocks near the hospital. As soon as she struck she commenced to break up, and, in a short time, parted amidships. The crew now took to a large whale boat which they had, and all hands got into it except one man who was drunk, but before the boat was clear of the ship a heavy surf struck them, and every one was drowned to the number of seventeen. An eye-witness of the whole scene assured me that when the surf recoiled, the men were only standing up to their knees in water, but were so exhausted that they could not reach the shore, not 5 yards from where they were standing, before the next surf overtook them and drowned every one. A shore boat which put off to their assistance was also capsized with seven people in her and five were drowned, making a total of twenty-two people lost. The man who was left on board was saved, as all the rest might have been had they stayed on board, for the vessel did not go to pieces for a long time. The outcry now is, "Where were the lifeboats," but nobody seems to know anything about them. The cargo, consisting of hemp, tobacco, sugar, rice, segars [sic], canes and various articles, is almost entirely lost or destroyed. It was valued at £30,000. The ship which I saw without her masts was an American whaler. She broke loose from her moorings and was drifting on shore, when as a last resource the men threw overboard an iron boiler or large cauldron (used for melting whale blubber), attached to a cable. This sunk and filled with sand

and held the vessel during the gale, which soon after abated. If the storm had continued only two hours longer many more vessels must have been lost, as they were dragging their anchors. Such an occurrence as this in the summer season has not been known for twenty-five years.

In the evening our waggon arrived, and was placed in the market as the buchu was to be sold to-morrow.

Saturday, 10th. I went out to visit the wreck, it was half knocked to pieces, and the goods strewed the shore for more than 2 miles. A number of men were employed fishing up things that were buried in the sand.

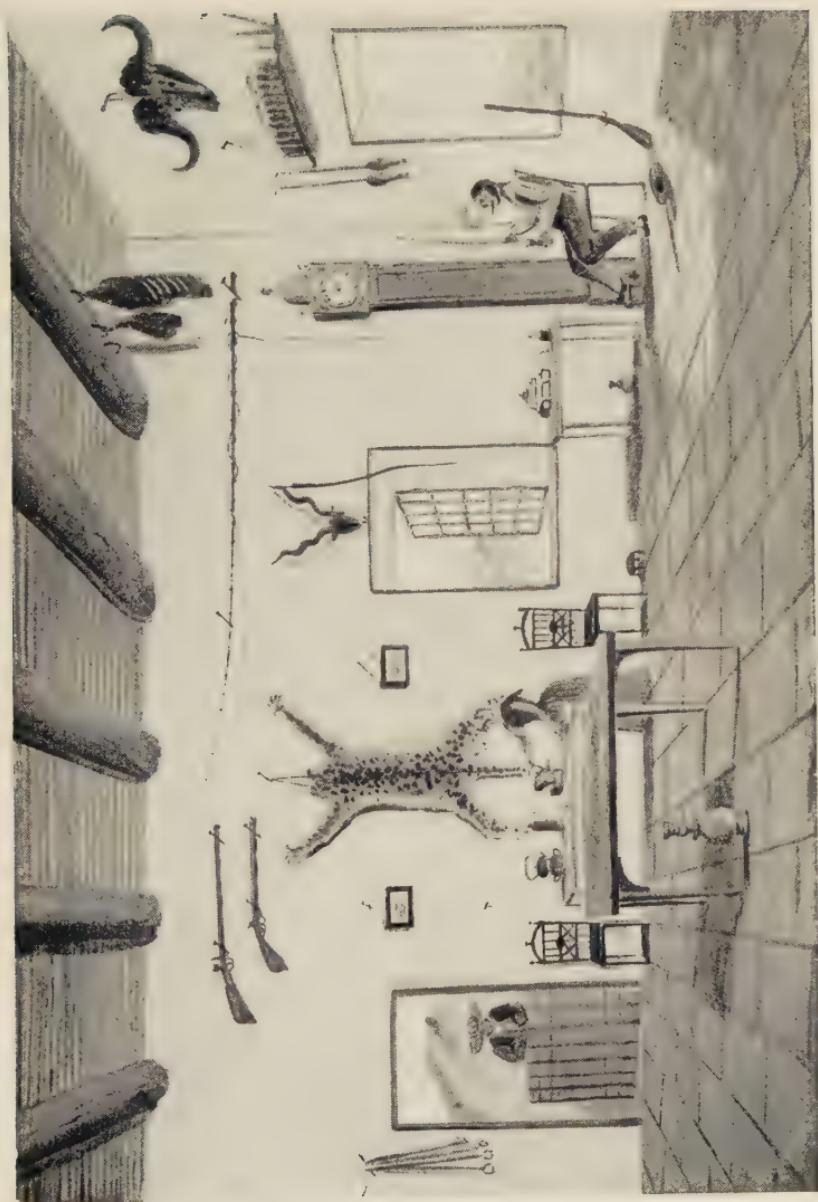
Sunday, 11th. I set off at 7 o'clock to join our waggon at Colonel Cloete's¹ grounds, where the oxen had gone to graze. We proceeded along our old road and stopped about 8 miles from the town to avoid the oxen working in the heat, the custom being to travel early and late. The Cape Flats, over which we are travelling, are so wretchedly barren, that there is no herbage fit for animals to eat for 20 miles. In some parts it appears exactly the same as the ground after a snowstorm, the sand being perfectly white and dazzling to the eyes. It drifts into heaps and holes, and the stunted bushes peeping out from underneath give the view a dreary aspect. Our plan of returning was not to follow our old track, but to go through Drakenstein (the great wine district), Miller's Vley and afterwards through Franche Hoek Valley. We inspanned at

¹ Probably the William Cloete mentioned in Baines's *Explorations in S.W. Africa*.

3 o'clock and proceeded along a good road till dusk when we lost our way, not being able to see the spoor, or track, of former waggon wheels among the bushes and grass. In a short time we were completely lost in the jungle, and were thinking how we should extricate ourselves, when suddenly a buck rose up from the long grass not 5 yards from us, and stood looking at us, evidently taken by surprise. We immediately seized our guns and began fumbling for our powder horns, but they were not to be found, and before we had loaded the buck had escaped. We stopped for the night in the middle of the bush, which was more comfortable than being exposed to the wind and dew upon the plain.

Monday, 12th. The weather was extremely hot. We had a dreary ride through the bush, and were half dead with thirst, as there was not a drop of water to be procured until we arrived at the next Uitspann Place, which was several miles off. About 4 o'clock we arrived at a muddy pool, the water of which we drank eagerly. In the evening we reached Mynheer Jan Buyer's house.

Tuesday, 13th. Inspanned at 5 o'clock this morning, and two hours' ride brought us to Mynheer De Wet's house. The scenery all round here is beautiful. The house is perfectly embowered in a small wood at the foot of a lofty mountain, and the grounds, vineyards, etc., are laid out with the greatest care, and on an extensive scale. Some of the walks were at least 300 yards in length, and arched over with orange and lemon trees, now in full bearing, affording at once delightful shade, and coolness with a delicious scent. Having shaken



INTERIOR OF A DUTCH FARM HOUSE

hands with all the family, as is the custom, we were ushered into the voorhuis, where coffee was prepared, with the usual cakes made expressly for such occasions. The house, which was large and roomy, though only of one storey, according to the Dutch fashion, was divided into several apartments. Where we were seated, named the voorhuis, opened immediately from the open air, and is the place where the family sit and have their meals. The furniture consisted of several old-fashioned chairs, a large Dutch clock, three small polished tables and under each an immense brass vase used for smoking, which were kept well scoured. The floor and sides of the room were polished like a mahogany table, and looked exceedingly well. In one corner of the room sat the Huis Vrouw behind a small table, upon which were placed two bright kettles, heated by a brass chafing dish that is burning the whole day, to make tea for such people as may chance to pass by, with a set of tea-cups and a large brass-clasped Bible. The bedrooms, or slaapkamers, are furnished with two or more beds each, spread upon frames woven with thongs made of bullock's hide, and several good chairs. We stopped here for a short time, and then pushed on as rapidly as possible. The country through which we passed was covered with luxuriant herbage, and the dark, heathy shrubs spread a verdant hue all round. After the rain, multitudes of flowers had raised their drooping heads, and filled the air with delicate odours. The Hottentot fig was expanding its creeping branches and covering hundreds of acres. Besides there were birds flitting about among the thickets of many

kinds, thrushes, finches and beautiful sugar-birds, with rich and brilliant plumage. The rain falling on the land after eight weeks' drought, at the commencement of the South African summer, had awakened all the powers of vegetation, and covered its dry and baked surface with this exuberant display of verdure and beauty. Our only obstacle was how we should cross all the rivers and streams, as they were mostly filled and unfordable, and our oxen were so fatigued that we almost doubted whether half of them would return alive. Shortly afterwards we arrived at Mynheer Henrick Buyer's house, where we were most hospitably received by the owner and his family. They took the greatest care of our oxen, and for ourselves they prepared a capital tiffin, or luncheon. There were many dishes stewed up in a peculiar manner, but exceedingly nice. After our refreshment, Mynheer invited us to look over his vineyards, orchards, gardens and the wine vaults. Everything was in good order, and all the fruit trees were loaded with fruit, especially the orange and lemon trees. The wine vaults was a large building with two long rows of huge vats on either side, many of which were full of wine ; there must have been some hundred thousand gallons of wine in this place. When we had eaten a good dinner, we started in the cool of the evening. Our kind entertainer would not only not receive any recompense for his trouble, or for various feeds of forage, etc., but sent one of his Hottentot servants on horseback as a guide to us through the Berg River, which we were now about to cross ; and his son drove our waggon for some distance (this is a

great mark of respect), though he was one of the wealthiest farmers in this part of the Colony, and could command as many servants as he pleased. In a short time we reached the banks of the Berg River. We halted for a few moments and made the Hottentot guide go through the stream first to plumb the depth. Having ascertained this question, we proceeded. The current ran very strong, and the waggon was terribly banged about among the loose rocks lying in the bed of the river, brought down by the torrent. Twice we were nearly upset by the sharp turns we were obliged to make and the unevenness of the bottom. The river had swollen so much that the whole country round had been below water, and travelling then is impossible. At last we gained the dry ground upon the opposite side, and there discharged our Hottentot, who, by the by, nearly drowned himself in returning by getting into deep water. Continuing our journey a little further we crossed the Veimer's Hoek River. This was also much swollen, and we could see the marks and remains of water wrack heaved up upon the tall bushes which fringe its banks, showing what a furious torrent it had been. Afterwards we crossed Franche Hoek River in the same manner and several minor streams, all of them more or less difficult to cross. All these rivers have no bridges across them but merely a ford, where, if you happen to ride 4 or 5 yards to the right or left, you are certain of being upset and most probably drowned. We passed quickly through Franche Hoek Valley and arrived at Mynheer Jan Luter's house at about 9 o'clock in the evening. Franche Hoek is a very

pretty valley situated about 65 miles from Cape Town. It is entirely surrounded with lofty mountains, and is in many parts very fertile, producing large quantities of fruit and wine, which is carried to Cape Town for sale.

Wednesday, 14th. Very early this morning we sent forward several Hottentots to repair the holes in the mountain pass made by the torrents. This was done by rolling huge fragments of rock into them. At 7 o'clock we commenced toiling up the mountain ; the road was dreadful, the whole surface being carried away by the rain, and nothing but the bare rock left and full of great holes. I preferred walking the whole distance, indeed I expected the waggon to be stamped to pieces. Sometimes the wheels would get jammed in a deep rut or between two rocks, and then there was tremendous shouting and lashing the oxen with the whip, and applying all our strength to the wheel to extricate it. In this manner we jolted over the pass, and after three hours arrived at Hall's cottage. I was glad when we had finished our journey, as I had not been well, having caught a severe cold while sitting in the waggon in my wet clothes at Bang Hoek. All the trees and shrubs around showed strong symptoms of having been roughly handled by the storm. Some were torn up by the roots, and great boughs twisted and hurled about as if they were twigs. Even the shrubs were deprived of all their leaves. The river which flowed a short distance from here had swollen so much that all the Vley was below the water, and five oxen were drowned.

Thursday, 15th. I went out early to reconnoitre

and to view the damage done. Our bridge was still standing though it had been raised several feet by the water, but the palmete and immense reeds prevented it from being washed away. While I was thus employed, I observed a great number of asphogels, or vultures, busily engaged upon the carcase of a dead bullock. Stealthily creeping up to them in the long grass, I watched their motions. Some were gorging themselves with the decayed flesh to excess, and others crowding round apparently awaiting their turn, and numbers wheeling high in the air gradually coming nearer and nearer to the carcase. Singling out one of the finest I fired at him with ball, but without effect. As they rose I fired at another with slugs and wounded him in the wing, but he managed to escape into the marsh.

Friday, 16th. The weather very hot. Saw several large baboons in the Vley, but did not molest them. They came down to gather a wild fruit called the Hottentot fig, which grows here in great abundance.

Saturday, 17th. We went out shooting over the mountains, and had good sport among the mountain partridges. We gave chase to two klipspringers, but the day was so intensely hot that we gave it up. The power of the sun was such that it blistered the stock of my gun. We returned by Marmelote River, very much fatigued. The thermometer in the sun was not less than 140 degrees: I have seen the mercury rise to 110 degrees at 7 o'clock in the morning, in the sun.

Sunday, 18th. Had an excellent swim. In the evening, Mr. Swinton, an Indian gentleman travelling

through the Colony, arrived here after riding 40 miles in the hot sun.

Monday, 19th. The weather looking threatening and cloudy. We all went out shooting in the Vley. The ground was very swampy, and in many parts the water was 7 or 8 feet deep. Into some of these holes we fell, but escaped with a good ducking. We killed several partridge and had capital snipe shooting, the birds rising in clouds. Unfortunately, while I was firing my gun, one of the triggers snapped, so that the right barrel was rendered useless. Coming on to rain.

Tuesday, 20th. Pouring with rain and very cold. I patched up my broken trigger and succeeded so far that I could use it. To-day, Mynheer Pretorius called : this old man is upwards of 90 years of age and still enjoys good health and strength ; he has 13 children and 130 grandchildren. He formerly served as a soldier in the Dutch service when the Cape of Good Hope was taken by the English under General Craig in 1795 ; at that time he was 40 years of age.

Wednesday, 21st. The weather clearing up a little. The river is rising fast and in places overflowing its banks. In the afternoon I took a ride, on horseback, over Dreiberg, forded the Zondereinde River, and stopped at Mynheer Du Toit's house. I afterwards rode on as far as Mynheer Pretorius' house, where I remained for a short time. While I was returning I saw an immense cobra capella in the grass. I quickly dismounted, but before I could strike him with a small switch that I had, he thrust his head and body into a hole, leaving only a small

portion of his tail visible. I stamped upon him with my boot, but not wishing to injure the skin, I caught him by the tail and by dint of pulling and hauling, at last got him out. Immediately he raised his body high in the air and blew out his neck as large as a cocoanut, but before he could do any mischief I lent him such a thwack upon the head that stunned him. I then seized him by the tail and dashed him down upon the ground with all my force. After a few more blows I tied a small piece of rein round his neck and carried him home, a distance of 8 miles. I met some Dutch Boers upon the road, they were mightily afraid of the snake, and would have had me to throw it away, as they said it would bite me. Late in the evening I arrived home with my burthen. It proved to be a cobra capella, 6 feet in length, and very venomous.

Thursday, 22nd. Skinned our friend the snake. We saw a large troop of baboons behind the cottage, some of them were an immense size.

Friday, 23rd. The weather cool. Mr. Swinton rode this morning to Genadendaal. This village was founded by several Moravian missionaries. The population is chiefly composed of Hottentots to the number of two thousand. It is romantically situated in the heart of the mountains, and enveloped with thick trees and foliage: the name Genadendaal signifies Vale of Grace. In the evening a numerous party of travellers stopped here for the night, and one of them, a Mr. Horn, treated us to some good songs.

Saturday, 24th. As I was not quite well I determined to return to Cape Town, so I employed this day in packing up my curiosities, etc.

64 IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LIVINGSTONE

Sunday, 25th. I left Hall's at 10 o'clock, the weather very hot. I passed over the same roads and forded the same rivers as before. I arrived at Stellenbosch at 7 in the evening.

Monday, 26th. We left Kinniburg's Inn at 10, and reached Cape Town at 5 in the evening, half-smothered with sand.

Tuesday, 27th. The weather becoming uncommonly hot, the thermometer being 88 degrees in the shade.

CHAPTER III

THE FAUNA OF THE COLONY

THE account of the fauna of the Colony which follows was originally contained in the same volume of the journal as the account of the first journey. It is this first journey, in 1845-1846, that is referred to in the text.

Having omitted to say anything concerning the zoology of South Africa, I shall here give a few outlines of the most remarkable of the animals, birds, reptiles, etc., especially some that came under my more immediate notice.

Formerly the whole of the Colony of the Cape was inhabited by many beasts of prey, which are now driven beyond the frontier as civilization advances. Lions, elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes and several kinds of antelope once were numerous within the Colony, but are now very rarely met with. Leopards are still numerous in all the mountainous districts of South Africa, where he preys upon antelopes, baboons and the das, or coney. In watching for his prey, the leopard crouches on the ground with his head betwe his fore paws, and his agility in bounding from rock to rock is amazing. He is very much dreaded among the farmers on account of his ravages among the flocks and herds.

He seldom, if ever, ventures to attack mankind, yet his half-smothered *gurr* is frequently heard at night, when seeking an opportunity to break into the sheep kraals. In the mountains, near where I was residing, the leopard was frequently caught in a large stone trap with a sliding door, constructed upon the same principle as the common mouse-trap. When hunted in the field, he always betakes himself to a tree. In this situation it is dangerous to approach too near, lest he should spring, but affords a good shot to the hunter. At Kaiman's Kat two of them were shot in this manner with slugs.

The Spotted Hyæna (*Hyæna crocuta*), called by the colonists the tiger wolf, is also exceedingly voracious, and destructive to the flocks. This animal possesses enormous strength, but its cowardice equals its voracity. Among the native tribes he is so much bolder that he enters the huts and devours children and infirm people. This may be attributed to the superstition which induces these people to expose the bodies of their dead to be buried in the maw of the devourer, and also cause them to respect the hyæna as a sacred animal. The hyæna seems to divide the office of scavenger with the vulture, as they always come and fight with one another for the offals. His strength of jaw is such that only a few of the large bones, and the skull, remain undevoured. I well remember when a bullock died in the Vley, in two days only the skeleton was visible, and again a sheep was carried off by a hyæna and only a skeleton and the head and some skin was left next morning. There are three other species of hyæna found in the

Colony, viz. the Berg Wolf, the Striped Hyæna or Strand Wolf (*Hyæna fusca*) and the Wilde Honde (*Hyæna venatica*). In the interior another kind of hyæna has been seen with long black hair. The Strand Wolf is always found upon the coast as its name signifies. The Berg Wolf, or mountain hyæna, is similar to the last ; I have seen this animal while out shooting. The Wilde Honde, or wild dog, is an animal which the colonists dread from its great voracity. It possesses swiftness of foot, and is fiercer than its spotted brethren. These animals almost always hunt in packs together. Of the antelopes which inhabit South Africa there are not less than twenty-three distinct species, from the Eland, weighing much more than a 1000 lbs. and larger than the common ox, to the pigmy Blau Bok, not more than 10 inches in height. Those which inhabited the mountains and Vleys where I resided were the Rhee Bok (*Redunca capreolus*), the Klipspringer (*Oreotragus saltatrix*), the Duiker Bok (*Cephalopus mergens*), the Grys Bok (*Tragulus melanotis*) and the Steen Bok (*Tragulus rupestris*). All these are exceedingly swift of foot, especially the three first. It is perfectly astonishing to observe the Klipspringer (Rock-leaper) bounding from crag to crag, and leaping chasms, where, if it missed its footing in the slightest degree, it would be dashed to atoms.

Another animal which sometimes visited our Vley was the Bosch Vark, or wood swine (*Sus larvatus*). They used occasionally to wander near the banks of the Zondereinde River in search of acorns, which fell in quantities from the oaks, and various roots that grew in the banks.

The Quagga and Zebra have been seen here in the mountains though rarely. The Ursine, or Dog-faced Baboon, is found in great numbers in all the mountainous districts of the Cape. It has considerable strength, and attains a size larger than a Newfoundland dog. It is covered with shaggy hair of a greenish brown colour, except the face, which is black. Among the rocks and precipices it uses its hinder feet and hands, just as a human being would do, and clammers up the cliffs and crags with a boldness and agility inconceivable. It subsists upon wild fruits and bulbs and roots, which it digs out of the earth with its talons. Wandering among the ravines, I have come to some cavern or hole in the rock where these animals take up their quarters, generally near a spring of water; in one place would be piles of husks of bulbs already eaten, and placed in a circle as if sociably taking their meals together, and all round were heaps of dry grass pressed down forming beds. Sometimes, insensibly, I have walked into the centre of a troop of these animals, perched here and there among the crags, when suddenly the sentinel would spy me out (these baboons always keep one or more of their number upon a large stone as sentinels), and raise a loud cry of alarm, in which all the rest join, making a tremendous noise. Away they would go, chattering and squalling, ascending the most perilous looking precipices many hundred feet high, the young ones clinging to their backs, until they reached a place of safety, where they sit and would watch me as I advanced.

The Das, or Rock Rabbit (*Hydrax capensis*) is



August 10, 1849.

Water fall in the Motopo.

very numerous among the mountains. On a hot day they may be seen basking in the sun upon the rocks, but always very close to their habitation, into which they run upon the least suspicion.

In various parts of the Colony are magnificent ostriches, eagles, parrots, lowries and many other birds, but I shall merely notice those which fell under my more immediate observation.

The Secretary Bird, or Serpent Eater (*Falco serpentarius*), was once very common, and even now is frequently seen. The plumage of this bird is handsome; it has the legs of a crane and the head of an eagle. In South Africa its presence is a great blessing, invariably killing all reptiles and insects that it meets. Even the largest snakes offer but a poor resistance, as the bird either crushes it under his foot, or, seizing it in its beak, ascends to a great height and then drops its prey, following quickly so as to strike the snake when stunned by its fall. I have frequently noticed the secretary walking about in quest of food, but never had the good fortune to see a battle between the snake and the bird.

There were also large quantities of cranes, water rails, hawks and many other birds which inhabited our valley. In the marshes were wild ducks, plovers, snipe, partridges, divers and thousands of the tiny but brilliantly plumed family of Sugar-birds (*Nectariniæ*), which flutter like insects round the flowers. The plumage of several kinds of kingfishers was splendid, also that of finches and thrushes, which in the flowery ravines are hovering in all directions. Looking upwards against the clear sky you can

barely see a small speck floating in the air. Gradually this speck becomes larger and larger, till at length you proclaim it to be the scavenger, the vulture, which has scented at an immense distance the carcase of some animal, upon which it has now settled, and is tearing away the flesh with its strong talons and beak. Presently many more appear in the sky and soon share the banquet; sometimes there are such numbers that the carcase appears one living mass of vultures, all struggling for a place upon the body. Some gorge themselves in such a manner that they cannot fly, and can hardly walk, and then they fall an easy prey to any enemy.

I must not omit to speak of the serpents for which Southern Africa is so renowned. The most dangerous kinds are the Cobra Capella, the Puff Adder and the Berg Adder. The Cobra is exceedingly fierce and active, which I can prove, and attains the formidable length of 7 feet. It shoots itself forward with great force, and its bite is certain death.

The Puff Adder is heavy and sluggish and very thick in proportion to its length. It possesses the faculty of throwing itself backwards upon its enemy with perilous effect. The Berg Adder is much smaller than the two preceding, but quite as venomous. It lies hid in the grass, and cannot readily be discovered, so is very dangerous. I have frequently killed these snakes.

The Spirting Snake, called by the colonists *Spuig Slang*, from its property of spirting its venom into the face of an enemy, is much dreaded by the natives. If its venom enters the eye immediate

blindness is the consequence. The other species of snakes are the *Nacht Slang* (Night Adder), *Boom Slang* (Tree Snake), *Ringel Hals* (Ring-throat), the Black Snake, the *Hale Slang* and the Whip Snake, with a variety of others not considered so deadly as the three first mentioned. I have only heard one instance where a man was killed, near my residence, by a snake. Many individuals, of course, are bitten, but are generally cured by remedies in common use among the Hottentots. *Eau de Luce*¹ is the most approved antidote employed amongst Europeans. A good plan is to scarify the wound with a lancet, and then to suck it well with the mouth. There is no danger to the operator in doing this as the poison of the most deadly snakes has no effect upon the stomach. A singular remedy used among the Hottentots is to cut open the breast of a fowl, and apply it fresh and palpitating to the wound, by this means the virus is rapidly abstracted. A second fowl and sometimes a third is used in the operation ; afterwards the wounded limb is placed in running water and then smeared with tar. There is a large serpent resembling the boa-constrictor found near Natal, but I never heard of its being seen in the Colony.

Of the remaining reptiles the scorpion and centipede are the chief ; they are both venomous, but not deadly.

Among the numerous lizards is found the chameleon. One kind of lizard called the Geitje, and nearly a foot in length, is considered very venomous: indeed, the Hottentots fancy that all

¹ An admixture of oil of amber and sal-ammoniac.

the lizards are venomous, more or less, and this opinion is very general among the Dutch farmers.

The locust is the most destructive insect in South Africa ; they come in such numbers as to darken the face of the sun and cover the land. On their passage across the country they devour every green thing. The farmers observe their approach with dismay, and every means is resorted to to destroy them. Large fires are lighted, and thousands of cattle, sheep and goats are sent out to trample them under-foot, besides which every animal greedily devours them, and the starving bushmen eat quantities of them fresh and preserve abundance for the future. The swarm of locusts is followed by a whole tribe of the *Spring-Han-Vogels* (Locust Birds), which follow them wherever they go, and rears its young in the midst of its prey. But the number of locusts is so exceedingly great that it is a long time before they appear in the least diminished.

The exuberance of animal life is one of the most remarkable features of Southern Africa. The abundance of game of all kinds is phenomenal. The forests and ravines are full of their feathered inhabitants, the streams wanting in fish are full of crabs and tortoises, and noisy with millions of frogs. The deserts furnish a habitation for the ostrich and the Secretary Bird. Thousands of lizards and tortoises are basking in the sun upon rocks or stones, and myriads of ants are building their clay houses, or crawling along the sultry ground in long black trains.

“ Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold
instincts,
Filled as a dream the wide waters : the rivers sang on their
channels :
Laughed on their shores their hoarse seas : the yearning ocean
swelled upward :
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the
echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossoming
branches ! ”

COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER IV

THE SECOND JOURNAL, 6.9.1847-2.2.1848

Sunday, September 20th. At 8 o'clock (a.m.) we sighted the island of Porto Santo. Passed close to the west side of it. Appearance very barren and rocky. (There is only one kind of tree on the island.) Inhabitants about 5000. Distance from Madeira—35 miles. At 12 noon had the first glimpse of Madeira. As usual the tops of the mountains are enveloped in dense clouds. This evening the sunset was most beautiful, tingeing the mountains with deep purple. Nearing the shore we perceived the torches of the mountaineers glancing among the crags: it had a curious effect. At 9 p.m. rounded Cape San Lorenço. The view of the group of islands called "Desertas" was very fine by moonlight. At 11 p.m. anchored in Funchal Bay, after nearly fouling a Portuguese brig (a slaver), by reason of the wind falling calm. A most horrible effluvium escapes from the slaver brig (on board of which are 320 persons), which drives us from the deck to seek our berths.

Monday, 21st. The view of Funchal from the sea is beautiful; the houses being all white and interspersed with gardens, where are cultivated many tropical plants, as bananas, palms, cacti, etc. The Peak Fort, or castle, built upon an eminence on

Lat N

45°

42° S. Lat.

Longitude

40° West of Greenwich.

17°

10°

Scale of English Miles

0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 18 20

THE ISLAND
OF
MADEIRA

Illustrating

The Second Journal of Alfred Domett



the west side of the city, has a very commanding appearance, especially when viewed from the sea. We landed early in the morning and cleared our baggage at the Custom House. Here they give strangers little or no trouble, but a payment is to be made upon each package. Took up our quarters at the Hotel des Freitas. This hotel is far from comfortable, despite the eulogiums of former travellers. We found miserable attendance and uncomfortable bedrooms, harbouring a sufficiency of fleas, etc. During the day we commenced to search after some boarding house where we could take permanent lodgings. In the afternoon I fell in with Methuen,¹ who was vastly surprised to see me.

Tuesday, 22nd. Left our hotel and took lodgings at Mrs. Maynard's boarding-house in the Rua do St. Pedro. We find everything here very comfortable and the price reasonable. . . . Weather hot and clear, wind easterly.

Wednesday, 23rd, to Monday, October 11th. During this time we made various excursions in the immediate neighbourhood of Funchal, both on horseback and in boats. The weather was hot and very wet, quite different to the ideas we had formed of the Madeira climate (certainly it was almost the commencement of the rainy season). Thermometer varied from 71 to 74 degrees. About the 1st October the packet *Eclipse* sailed, by which vessel I sent to England three letters, also one previously by a French steamer.

Monday, 11th. Weather warm and cloudy. Employed sketching.

¹ H. H. Methuen, the African traveller and Colonist (cf. *Memoir*).

Tuesday, 12th. Walked to Camera de Lobos with a friend (De Barry). Camera de Lobos is a small fishing village 5 miles west of Funchal. Its name signifies the "sea-wolf's den." When the adventurers who discovered Madeira landed here they found the bay filled with sea-wolves (some marine animal), and accordingly they gave the bay the name it bears at present.¹ The scenery is very wild and beautiful and the air scented with the blossoms of geraniums, heliotropes and other plants in profusion. At present it is the season of the vintage in the south side of the island, and we continually meet strings of wine-carriers bearing on their shoulders a goat-skin filled with wine. The men go in companies of six or eight, and relieve their labour by shouting out uncouth songs. They sometimes carry these skins, which weigh about 120 lbs., for many miles over a mountainous country. The immense size of the men's legs attracts every stranger's attention, and bears evidence of the strength required for the laborious walking. Both men and women wear on their heads strange-looking caps, similar to an inverted funnel, called "carapucas," giving them a very knowing appearance. The huge stones with which the country roads are paved render the newcomer's feet rather tender, we felt it accordingly. In the afternoon I went on an excursion with M—— (Methuen) on the water to view the Forja de Ferreiro, or Blacksmith's Forge. This is a curious cavern hollowed out of the lava

¹ The name of the village may also be due directly to its discoverers, João Conçalves da Camara, the eldest son of Zargo, who rediscovered the island in 1419.

rocks, into which the sea rushes and spouts out at the top through a small hole, to the height of 50 feet or more: there are two jets, one crossing another, which has rather a singular appearance. The surrounding rocks are perforated in all directions with small holes, and when the sea recedes from the cavern the air is drawn into the vacuum through these holes with a very loud humming, blowing noise, like the escape of steam from an engine. We afterwards rowed out to an isolated rock, standing out from the shore about 300 yards (called the Wave Rock); with some trouble we climbed to the summit and gathered some lichens off the stones. The water all round the rock is immensely deep.

Wednesday, 15th. Visited the Wave Rock a second time. Weather cloudy but fine.

Thursday, 14th. Went out to sketch towards the westward. In the evening we had some lady visitors (Mrs. Phelps), who favoured us with some good music upon the guitar and machete; this latter-named instrument may almost be called the national instrument of Madeira; all the Portuguese play on it, especially the lower orders of the people. It sounds very pretty when first heard, but soon becomes stale to the ear as it wants depth of tone. This evening I received a present of a curious red fish,¹ a fine specimen, caught upon the coast. Weather cloudy.

Friday, 15th. In the afternoon I went out with

¹ Most probably the *salmonétés*, one of the red mullet family, a very common fish on the shores of the island. (Cf. Lowe's *Fishes of Madeira*, Tab. XXI.)

M—— on an exploring trip to the westward. A large cavern resembling Fingal's Cave, Staffa, in miniature, first attracted our attention. The cavern is supported on all sides by basaltic columns of large size, and the sea rushes up to the end, making an unearthly noise. The height of the cave is about 45 feet, also the breadth ; it extends for a considerable distance into the cliff, so that it is rather gloomy at the further end. There is no approaching the inside except by boat, for the sea washes all round the perpendicular columns, and is of a vast depth, so much so that the water is of a dark blue, and no bottom is discernible. We climbed up the almost perpendicular face of the cavern, with considerable risk at times ; occasionally there was not the slightest projection on which to place our feet, and we had once to swing ourselves round an overhanging corner of the rock by the arms alone. The sea foamed 60 feet beneath us, and it required a steady head to pass that point in safety. Near to this place we noticed a large hollow in the earth, about 80 yards from the edge of the cliff : at first sight it appeared to be like the crater of an extinct volcano, and in the centre of the huge bowl was a well about 60 feet deep. At the bottom of this we could distinctly hear the sea roaring among the rocks, and when our eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, we could see the water rising and falling, as the swell burst upon the shore and then receded. Down this rugged hole we rolled some large fragments of rock, which went crashing to the bottom. There was no apparent communication with the sea ; but, of course, there was some

aperture through which the water found entrance. Weather fine but cloudy, with slight showers at times.

Saturday, 16th. Looked over the house of Dr. McKellar, where the Queen Dowager¹ intends to reside. There is a beautiful garden attached, and a very pretty view from the drawing-room terrace ; everything is very passable in the shape of furniture, etc. Weather cloudy.

Sunday, 17th. Attended the English church ; it is built in the middle of a flower garden, which perhaps is as appropriate as a burial ground. In the season, or from October till March, the church is well attended. There is a good organ, and it is well played. Weather unsettled and rainy.

Monday, 18th. Took a sketch of the Forja de Ferreiro, or Blower ; it was throwing up jets of water beautifully. The iris caused by the sun on the falling water was very fine. Weather fine, blowing fresh from the westward.

Tuesday, 19th. Went out with M—— on an excursion beyond the crater, in the pools among the rocks by the seashore we found some large sea eggs (echiné), also some sea-anemones, most curious-looking things, with long tentaculæ, or streamers, flaunting about in the water and coloured very beautifully. A large conger-eel thrust out his head from among the rocks, and I made a poke at him with my mountain pole, but did not capture, though I wounded him. Weather fine.

¹ Queen Adelaide (1792-1849), the consort of William IV. Her alleged meddling in politics in England made her unpopular, and, after nursing her husband through his final illness in 1837, she went abroad, living at Malta, Madeira, and other places, dying at Bently Priory, Middlesex, in 1849.

Wednesday, 20th. This morning I went in a boat with three friends on a cruise to Camera de Lobos. We arrived there in one and a quarter hours ; the coast scenery all the way was very bold, in many places the water is several fathoms deep close to the rocks, and the swell rolling over them throws the spray high into the air. We landed on a stony beach in a small bay half closed in with rocks. Upon the shingles were lying several tunny fish, each weighing more than 100 lbs. The tunny forms an important item in the bill of fare of the lower class of the Portuguese, which is chiefly composed of dried fish, sour bread and chestnuts. I made a sketch of the village, etc., and returned home by 2 p.m. We had a fine view of Cabo Giram, a perpendicular precipice, said to be the most lofty cape or promontory in the world, being 2100 feet high. Weather fine but cloudy, looking unsettled towards the evening.

Thursday, 21st. A strong breeze from the southward, bringing a dangerous surf into the bay. Two ships have beaten out and a third is trying to do so. There are now only two vessels left in the roadstead. During the morning it was pouring with rain, but it cleared up towards the afternoon. I walked out to the westward along the shore ; the sea boiling and foaming among the huge rocks was very grand.

Friday, 22nd. Weather a little finer. Last night were several hard squalls of wind and rain with thunder and lightning. In the afternoon I went out fishing from off the rocks ; we only captured two small red fish with fins like network with

frilled edges. Some fishes that we saw were of a most beautiful Prussian blue colour.¹ The weather remains wild and unsettled: wind southward and westward.

Saturday, 23rd. Last night heavy rain fell with thunder and lightning: wind easterly. In the afternoon I walked to Praiya Bay with M—.

Sunday, 24th. Wind easterly: weather fine and warm. Last evening the *Comet*, brig, arrived, bringing forty passengers.

Monday, 25th. This morning I left Funchal on an excursion to a place called the Waterfall (with a Mr. Smith), where is said to be a beautiful cascade. The road there winds up the bed of a mountain torrent in one of the deepest ravines in the south of the island. The scenery is exceedingly grand, many places, and latterly the whole way, it is hemmed in with towering precipices varying in height from 300 to 1500 feet perpendicularly. The late rains having caused the earth to be much saturated, fragments of rock are continuously giving way above our heads, and come thundering down into the river with a terrible crash. One mass of rock we observed to fall a short distance behind us, from a height of more than 400 feet, with so much noise that we felt rather nervous respecting the next bit that might drop. The sides of the mountain are covered with bright green grass and great bushes, and here and there are seen the decaying remains of huge red "teal" trees, the timber having been carried to Funchal for various uses: the teal wood

¹ Most probably a Dorado, or Speckled Dolphin, a species of mackerel found locally. (Cf. Lowe's *Fishes of Madeira*, page 74.)

resembles mahogany, and is much used for furniture, etc. The summits of the mountains, at this season of the year, are so continually enveloped in rain and mist that the sides keep dribbling tiny streams of water, giving the landscape a most refreshing appearance. One long stream of water, descending from a lofty cliff, divided itself into four different and parallel channels, and after falling so for some distance it again united : altogether it had a beautiful effect from its great height, nearly 700 feet. As we ascended the bed of the ravine, the precipices gradually closed in upon us, so that the light and heat were diminished very sensibly, and a thin driving vapour was hurrying past us with a smart breeze. Shortly we came in sight of the Waterfall itself ; it certainly was very beautiful, though there was nothing particularly grand or imposing. A belt of water about 10 feet wide falls over a perpendicular wall of rock, 240 feet high. The water before reaching the bottom is dispersed into regular and separate masses, though blended together with thick mist and foam, something resembling long folds of white drapery (especially when viewed from a distance). A large and deep basin receives the descending water, which raises such a cloud of spray that we could not approach within 60 yards or so without a thorough wetting. We soon afterwards retraced our steps and reached Funchal in the evening, after various tumbles and duckings in the river. Weather cloudy : heavy rain at night.

Tuesday, 26th. Wind from the southward, bringing in a great swell on the beach. While I was standing on the pier this morning I was much

amused by observing a Portuguese boatman landing through the heavy surf (to take some letters on board ship). Jumping from the boat he swam towards the shore, watching all the while a good opportunity to land between the breakers, but time after time he was washed back again by the recoil of the sea. At length a very heavy sea approached, foaming and roaring, and the man, seeing that he would be inevitably caught by it and rolled over and over, waited until it commenced to break, when he plunged into the bosom of the wave like a fish and reappeared the other side of it, thus saving himself, most likely, broken bones. In a short time he landed and the letters, etc., were bound round the top of his head: watching a smooth in the water, he again plunged into the sea and soon gained the boat. All the Portuguese here are capital swimmers, and accidents in the water very rarely occur. Even little children, 5 or 6 years old, are seen swimming about in the surf and seem quite at ease. This afternoon I went with M—— to Praiya Bay, to visit a curious cavern in the rocks, some Portuguese undertaking to show us the way to ascend the cliff. They led us to a most dangerous overhanging rock, up the face of which we contrived to scramble. I verily believe that they diverted us from our old course on purpose that we should require their assistance, and so squeeze something from us. These vagabonds are lounging about everywhere in numbers, and will follow an Englishman for miles in hopes of being able to render some slight service, whereby they fancy they have a great claim upon the gratitude of the

unfortunate who is worried by these “tailers-on-behind.”

Wednesday, 27th. The *Vixen*, war steamer, arrived in the Bay, bringing the Duke of Palmella¹ as passenger. Early this morning, seven mounted police, well armed with carbines, swords, etc., rode off into the mountains in search of some banditti said to be lurking among the ravines, from whence they sally forth to rob travellers. Several people have been robbed by them, and a vague report is about of them having murdered a man last night. If they do not deliver themselves up placidly, the police have orders to shoot them. The Portuguese, generally, are a most revengeful, spiteful race of people ; by seriously offending one of them, you entitle yourself to a chance of being stabbed and thrown into some ditch any night. I know of two cases which carry this out fully. A Portuguese man had rendered himself obnoxious to his countrymen on account of some difference in politics in the time of the rebellion² (a year or so back) ; whereupon they hurried him out to the “*Entroya*,” a horse road running along the face of a perpendicular mountain overhanging the sea, and fully 14,000 feet from the

¹ Duke of Palmella—1st Count of Palmella (1781–1850). Formerly Pedro de Sousa-Holstein, the famous Portuguese minister and statesman under King John VI, and well known as head of the English, or Constitutional Party. He was driven into exile during the Miguelite Wars of 1828 and went to England. Here he raised a considerable loan and purchased ships, returning to Portugal with these “Liberators” under Queen Marie II. He was always a great friend of Britain and a frequent visitor to Madeira.

² The Miguelite Rebellion was civil war brought about by the accession of Dom Miguel to the throne of Portugal. Though the majority of the inhabitants favoured “absolutism,” Madeira remained a stronghold of Marie II throughout the rebellion.

water's edge. Down this place they hurled him : of course, he was dashed to pieces. It has been said that, at a few feet down, he lodged in a bush, but that his pursuers pelted him with stones until he was compelled to let go his hold. The other case is of some herdsman who tended goats in the mountains. Several goats were missed, one after the other. At last the delinquents were caught by the herdsman, who knocked them on the head and threw them into a deep chasm. Everyone seems acquainted with the murder and says it serves them right—"they shouldn't steal." There are several other cases which fully show forth the revengeful spirit of the Portuguese, such as that of Dr. Kalley,¹ and others. In the afternoon I walked to the Brazen Head. Weather very fine and warm.

Thursday, 28th. A day of visiting. Weather fine but cloudy.

Friday, 29th. Walked with Methuen to the Waterfall. We had a finer view of the cascade to-day than when here previously. Weather fine : cloudy on the mountains.

Saturday, 30th. In the morning I sketched. Afternoon : had a good swim in a bay enclosed among the rocks ; the water is in some places very deep, perhaps 30 feet.

¹ Dr. Kalley was a Scottish physician whose influence with the poor, during the troubulous times of the religious disputes between the foreign residents and the natives, was very considerable. To his duties of healing he added the practice of preaching the Gospel, and with such success that it brought about his speedy arrest. On his release, he continued preaching, undaunted, but after a few years the populace, urged on by their priests, attacked his residence, with a view to taking his life, and he was forced to flee on board a British ship. His congregation, however, were relentlessly hunted through the mountains, until a British ship arrived to take them off.

Sunday, 31st. Attended the English church. Weather fine and warm.

Monday, November 1st. Early this morning the *Howe*, of 120 guns, appeared in the offing. At 11 o'clock she came to anchor amid the salutes of the Loo Rock Fort and a Portuguese brig-of-war. Some of the vessels in the Bay were gaily dressed out with flags, etc., and on shore the preparations for the Queen Dowager's landing were proceeding rapidly. The streets leading to Her Majesty's residence were strewed with flowers, rosemary, etc., which sent forth a delicious smell. The Pontinia, or landing-place, was covered with baize, and hung about with many coloured flags. There was also a triumphal arch erected, with the words, "Long Live Adelaide," made up with flowers placed round it. About 2 p.m. the Queen left the *Howe* in a green barge, and in a short time landed at the Pontinia, upon which the fort and brig-of-war again saluted. The Queen was conducted up the steps of the landing-place by the military governor and the British Consul,¹ placed in a palanquin, and borne off with her attendants through crowds of people. At 4 o'clock the Queen went again on board the *Howe* to pass the night, there being a Church festival, during which time the numerous church bells tolled so furiously as to take away any chance of sleep. Weather fine.

Tuesday, 2nd. A party of us went in a boat along the east coast of the island towards Santa Cruz. The scenery was very bold, the headlands being very lofty and rising straight out of the sea. The

¹ Her Majesty's Consul at the time was G. Stoddart.

dark red colour of the cliffs, with the strata very plainly developed, added greatly to the beauty of the picture. As we passed the Brazen Head, a high promontory rising out of the sea as straight as a line and quite vertical for 200 feet or more, we rowed the boat so close to the beach that we could touch it with our oars. The water quite close to the land is 13 fathoms deep, so that the largest ship might poke her bowsprit against the cliff before touching the bottom. The rocks all along the coast are completely hollowed out in all directions, by the continual washing of the sea. Into these caverns and long hollows the swell runs up, making a tremendous roaring and dashing the spray high up into the air. In some parts of the rocks are holes leading into the lower caverns below water, and as each surf recedes, the air is drawn through the holes into the vacuum, causing a loud humming noise. Altogether the scene is very wild and beautiful, the roaring and dashing of the surf on the rocks, with the tremendous precipices towering overhead looking as if they were about to fall every instant. The boatmen row us so close to the rocks that some of our party begin to feel anxious about the next move. At 2 o'clock as we were returning home-wards, we observed the Queen Dowager coming on shore in state; there were twelve boats in attendance, one astern of the other, and each ornamented with flags. The same ceremonies were gone through as yesterday, such as firing salutes and receiving Her Majesty at the steps, etc. Weather fine and clear.

Wednesday, 3rd. Last night there was an alarm

of fire. The engine rattling along the paved streets and the bells ringing furiously made a great fuss, but the fire was soon got under. The *Howe* sailed last evening. Weather threatening and stormy.

Thursday, 4th. In the morning I went on board the *Comet*, Madeira packet brig, to see a friend off for England. The weather is warm and beautiful, but there is no wind; the brig's sails flap to the masts. While walking in the Praça Constitutionel this afternoon, the Queen drove by in her carriage (the only wheeled vehicle in the island), attended by several princesses and other of the nobility on horseback, the whole followed by a great crowd of idle lazy Portuguese. We, of course, capped her as she passed, which the Queen acknowledged by bowing. Weather fine and warm.

Friday, 5th. While bathing this afternoon among the rocks I cut my foot severely, so that it prevented my walking for several days, with other misfortunes, some sea-egg spines stuck into my feet and I sank once below the water, which flustered me a good deal, having on a great pair of boots (to protect the feet); these hindered my swimming, but I managed to kick them off in the water.

Saturday, 6th. Called at Mr. G——n's house to see some water-colour drawings by Varley,¹ the celebrated water-colour artist. At 4 o'clock rowed in a boat round the Portuguese man-o'-war. Weather cool and cloudy, with some rain.

¹ Varley—(1778–1842)—the English water-colour painter. As a boy, his parents discouraged his tastes for art and apprenticed him to a silversmith. At their death, however, he turned again to the brush and exhibited a painting of Peterborough Cathedral at the Royal Academy in 1798.

Sunday, 7th. Last night there was very heavy, rain for some hours. The Queen and her suite, among whom were several princesses, etc., attended church this morning. Weather cool and pleasant.

Monday, 8th. Subscribed to the Portuguese rooms. In the afternoon I went in a boat to the Brazen Head. Weather cloudy but fine. An American frigate arrives in the Bay.

Tuesday, 9th. At 8 a.m. the frigate saluted the Fort with twenty-one guns. This morning I went on a picnic across the mountains, with a small party. The atmosphere at an elevation of 3000 feet we found exceedingly cold ; a thick coat was almost necessary. The roads over which we rode on horse-back were very steep and slippery, so much so that I contemplated them with some degree of nervousness at first. We here ride over such places, where no one in England in his senses would think of going on a horse : but four-footed animals, such as horses, mules and apes, have a most wonderful gift of keeping on their legs. One should never attempt to guide them in dangerous places, for sometimes the least jerk of the bridle is sufficient to make the animal lose its balance, and they have a better instinct to pick a good path than the rider. While trotting very fast round the corner of a street in Funchal, my horse slipped upon a wooden plug in the street, and fell heavily, shooting me over his head upon the stone pavement ; but I fortunately escaped with a slight bruise or two. Weather fine and cool.

Wednesday, 10th. Employed sketching. At 4 p.m.

went with M—— on a cruise to the westward to discover caverns in the rocks, etc. Weather fine.

Thursday, 11th. Weather cool, wind east.

Friday, 12th. Walked along the cliffs to the westward. Weather as yesterday. In the evening I went to a private concert at Mrs. Phelps's.

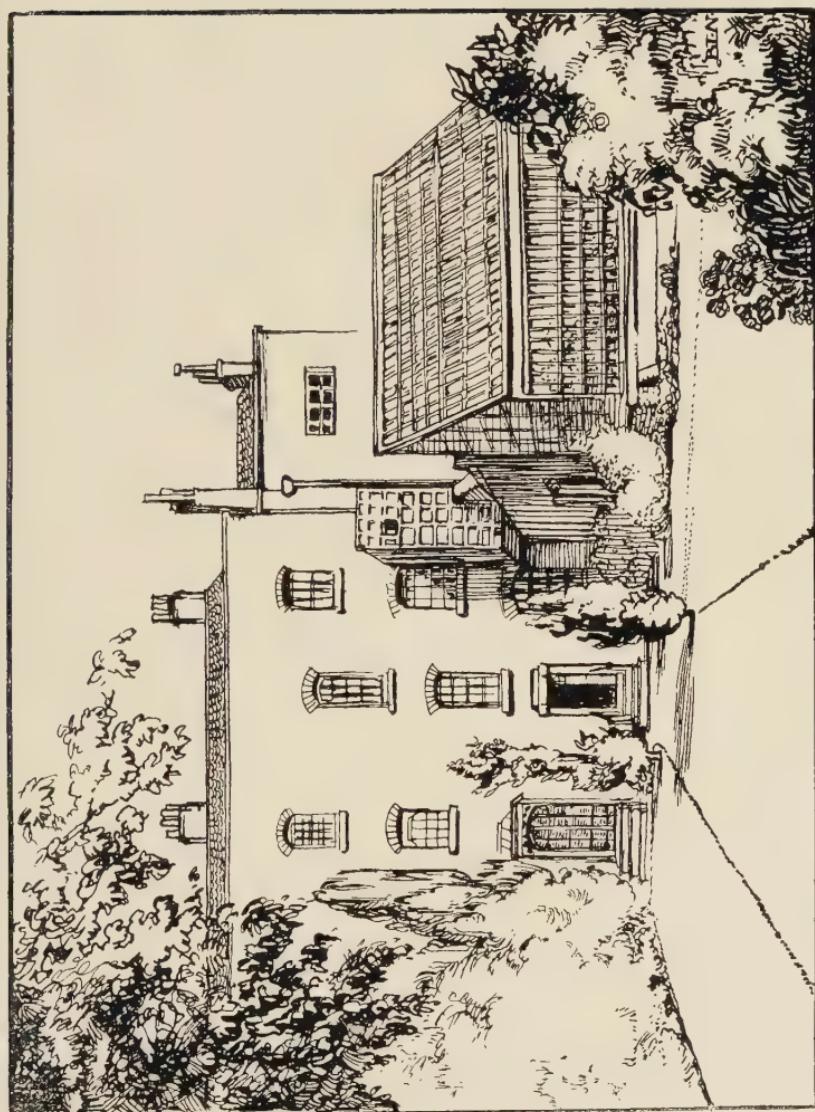
Saturday, 13th. Walked to Praiya Bay and procured some specimens of lava, etc. To-day I noticed an ingenious method of procuring money adopted by one of the prisoners confined in the Public Prison. The man was confined in an upper storey, where there was a little window, through which he thrust his head, and shouted loudly to any well-dressed passer-by for alms, at the same moment letting drop a small box by a long string, to haul up any *vintems* (coppers), or other fish placed in it. Rode to Mr. S——'s house in a palanquin. On the way there I met the Queen on horseback, and had to make the bearers pull up on one side of the road until she had passed with her cavalcade.

Sunday, 14th. The Queen attended the church. In the afternoon there was a grand festival at the convent of Santa Clara.¹

Monday, 15th. Cool and fine weather. Making preparations for our tour round the island; we start to-morrow.

Tuesday, 16th. Having prepared a great basket

¹ Santa Clara Convent was founded in 1492. For centuries famous for its sweetmeats, feather flowers, etc., it was closed for religious worship in 1910, when the convents were closed throughout Portugal by order of the Republic. It contains, amongst other things, the tomb of Zargo, the discoverer of Madeira.



THE HOUSE ON CLAPHAM COMMON IN WHICH ALFRED DOLMAN WAS BORN

with provisions and other necessaries, and hired two *burroqueros*, or attendants, Methuen and myself started from "Basto," M——'s house, at a quarter to ten in the morning, on our tour round the island. Our first day's walk was to be to the "Curral," a deep valley in the mountains about 10 miles from Funchal, where we hoped, by the agency of a letter of introduction and 1 lb. of tea, to obtain lodgings at the Padre's house for the night. After a hot, tiring walk we arrived at the Voltas (at 12 o'clock), the highest point to be ascended to-day (4000 feet). Here we dived into the contents of the huge basket containing a sirloin of beef, tongues, loaves, tea, coffee, wine, etc. In the midst of our repast we suddenly discovered that our letter to the Padre was left behind, and as neither of us could speak but a few words of Portuguese we were at a sad loss. Fortunately, one of the *burroqueros* spoke English, and we determined to make him our spokesman to inform the priest of our necessity. The scenery of the Curral is certainly extremely grand: the precipices of such immense depth, and the perpendicular mountains tower up into such fantastic peaks and jagged edges, overhanging in such a manner that they appear as if about to come thundering down at any moment. At 2 p.m. we arrived at the Padre's house, or rather hovel, sending forward our *burroqueros* to make known our wants. The priest himself came out and saluted us and showed us into a littered room, where were a dirty woman and three or four small children. In the afternoon I made a drawing of the house, with the mountains around. When I had finished, the Padre,

with a grave air, presented to me a paper on which was written in Latin the following words :

“Rogo tibi ut mentionem facias in illa fovia (?) montis grandis. Pater Luod, con uxore sua, vitam degerunt per quindecem dies et quindecem noctes.”¹

At first I could not make out what he meant by this paper, but presently I discovered that it was his plan, to write upon paper whatever he wished to convey to us : the pronunciation of Latin by the Portuguese being so different to the English, that it was the only method of making us understand.

After our supper was finished (at 6 o'clock), the Padre wished us good night, showing us our respective rooms. Mine was gained by crawling up a pair of rickety stairs which groaned at every step. When the Padre had left me I had time for observations. The first effort was to attempt to close the door, but nothing would make it meet within 6 inches, and that only by piling forms against it. There were four windows, but only one boasted of a whole pane of glass, all the rest being smashed out, which was not a desirable thing, as the night was intensely cold ; however, by the aid of the racketty shutters and some old papers, I managed to stuff them up tolerably. The next observation was towards the bed, but a viler contrivance never was seen before, full of humps, as if the mattress was stuffed with old boots. The sheets were frowsy, wet and vilely dirty, and to crown all they smelt like a deserted hen-

¹ “ Mr. Victor ! I beg of you to take favourable note of that noble mountain. Father Luod, with his wife, passed fifteen days and nights here.”

house. The whole room was such a mass of dirt, cobwebs and other abominations, that great doubts existed whether I should be the only inhabitant during the night. Undressing, I wrapped myself in a pilot coat and lay down on the bed ; but had not been there five minutes when I rushed forth like a " bedlamite " to escape the attacks of fleas, which I now discovered swarming by thousands in this horrible place. For thirteen long hours did I pace the room backwards and forwards, occasionally smoking a cigar or pipe to pass the time, and shaking myself now and then to get rid of some of the vermin, but all to no purpose, for the place was perfectly alive with them. Placing the light upon the dirty floor I could see them crawling about in all directions. We neither of us closed an eye that night ; indeed, if possible, poor Methuen was worse off than myself, for he had no matches to get a light, and was obliged to lie in the damp bed, groaning in anguish, as the fleas made a more desperate attack than ordinary. Pushing out my head from one of the cracked panes I caught a glimpse of day-break in the east, when, tossing on our clothes, we took a hasty meal, and fled from the beastly place, with the prospect of 20 miles hard walking across the mountains. Previous to our departure the old Padre gave us another paper, containing the following :

" *Domini.*

*Rogo vos ut mihi detis veniam in mala accep-
tione scientes non potest esse bona in medio silvæ.
Vere multo gratus sum in vestra oblata. Per vos*

*saluto Dominam Phelps, et totum domum suam.
Dominus det vobis suam benedictionem et gratiam
et vitam prosperam. Valeto.*

Pater Emmanuel Joachim Rodericam,

Sacerdos.

*(Salutem vobis desiderat.)*¹

Wednesday, 17th. We left the Padre's hated house at half-past eight and pushed on to reach the top of the Boa Ventura, a pass in the mountains, before the sun shone with its full heat. After two and a half hours very hot and precipitous walking we stood on the neck of a mountain, 5000 feet high, which overlooks the valley of the Boa Ventura. The white clouds rolled round us on all sides, and the valley was quite full of dense masses of white cloud whirling about magnificently, like a vast sea. Having rested ourselves for a little while, we took another look over the brink of the precipice, when the most grand and rugged scenery presented itself. The clouds were nearly all rolled over the edges of the mountains, leaving only small patches here and there, which very much heightened the beauty of the scene. The valley, like a great chasm rent asunder in the mountains, was surrounded on all sides with

¹ "SIRS,

I ask you to do me the favour of putting up with the misfortunes, knowing that everything cannot be of the best in the middle of a wood. Assuredly I am deeply grateful for your present. Through you I send my regards to Mrs. Phelps and all her house. May the Lord give you His blessing and thanks, and prosper your journey. Farewell.

FATHER EMMANUEL JOACHIM RODERICAM,

Priest.

(Who wishes you luck !.)

craggy perpendicular precipices (from 2000 to 3000 feet deep), clothed with old forest timber to the very summit ; growing so closely that the rock barely showed itself even in the most precipitous places. I never knew before that such huge trees could find root in the sides of a perpendicular precipice ; but here they were by thousands ; we could trace them growing at the loftiest peaks, holding out their great boughs clear and well defined against the deep blue sky, to the darkest chasms below us—one mass of green foliage the whole way. The valley of the Boa Ventura is decidedly the finest mountain scenery that can be imagined. Such a combination of rocks, trees, precipices, cascades and torrents is rarely to be seen elsewhere. Some of the wooden bridges thrown across the torrents are most perilous to an equestrian, though not to a person walking. They are merely rough trunks of trees thrown across on either side, and the interstices between the logs filled up with boulders of stone ; frequently no rail, and great holes sufficient for a man to drop through into the rushing water fifty or sixty feet below. These bridges occur very often, and the passage across them on horseback is not always the pleasantest part of the ride. A little while since a person was riding along this road when his horse fell and slipped over the precipice ; the roads are frequently carried along the face of precipices 1000 or 2000 feet deep. Both man and horse were caught in a great teal tree a few feet below the road and hung suspended for some seconds. The man contrived to scramble up again safe, but the unfortunate horse, after struggling

96 IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LIVINGSTONE
and kicking for a minute among the boughs, freed himself and went crashing to the bottom.

After duly refreshing ourselves we commenced our arduous walk down this valley. The road was excessively steep and covered with great blocks of stone, so that our mountain poles were of signal service to enable us to leap over these obstacles. When about half-way down we bivouacked by a torrent, and set the coffee pot on to boil with the other "etceteras." After resting about an hour, we again started, and with our feet nearly worn-out with the stones, reached Ponta Delgada at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As we had no letter of introduction to anyone in the village, we were obliged to pursue our plan of sending on ahead the *burroqueros* to the Padre's house, and inform him of our wants. Whilst we were patiently waiting outside the house to know the results of our embassage, the Padre himself came out, and, after eyeing us from head to foot, as if we were bandits or thieves, told us we might come in. This priest seemed to be very different to the rest of his kind, having a fat face, an immense paunch and a red bottle nose, looking altogether anything but a fasting Padre and more like a jolly Silenus.¹ He was very talkative, though we scarcely understood a word he said, and was, moreover, a great politician, for he talked about the Queens of France (most likely meaning the King), and said that the Pope of Rome² was a very bad

¹ The companion of Bacchus. A satyr with the gift of vaticination, and generally represented as mounted on an ass and supported by other satyrs.

² Pius IX was Pope at this time.

man. When we produced our supper from the provision basket, he suddenly became very officious, and would persist in making the tea for us, much to our disgust, knowing what Portuguese tea is in general. Putting one very small spoonful of tea into the teapot, he filled it up with water, and in a few minutes proceeded to fill my cup. As I perceived no difference from the original colour of the water, I threw up the spout of the teapot, at the same time dropping in a quantity of tea from our own store, whilst the Padre held up his hands and stared with amazement at my prodigality ; doubtless he preserved the leaves to serve himself on a future occasion. As we were very tired we turned in early ; our beds were tolerably comfortable, though damp, and we slept through the attacks of fleas very well, though our bodies resembled that of a person afflicted with the small-pox the next morning.

Thursday, 18th. After breakfast this morning we presented the Padre with two dollars, to be distributed among the poor of the village for alms, fearing that he might take it as an insult if we offered him money. We discovered it to be otherwise, however, for he stood rubbing the dollars about in his fingers, inquiring what we meant, and among how many poor men they were to be distributed. He evidently thought that it was too much to give to the poor, and that it would be much better to keep them himself. We left the Padre's house at 8 a.m. ; a slight rain falling, which gradually increased so that the steep roads became excessively slippery, and ourselves wet through. One part of the road leaving Ponta Delgada runs

along the brink of a tremendous precipice, and the rock overhead projects so much over the road that a person is obliged to pass at the extreme verge, and there is little or no parapet, where one is so much required. We passed over the Entroya, a fine road cut on the face of a perpendicular mountain, in places almost overhanging the sea at the height of 1500 feet, and through the Arcol de St. Jorge, a deep valley in the mountains facing the sea. The mountains all round here are covered with great trees to the summits, and also, what is a very beautiful feature in the scene, the vines. Each tree in a large forest has one or two vines climbing up its trunk like a serpent, and the bright green and red colour of the vine leaves mixing with the dark, sombre green of the teal and heath trees has a most beautiful effect, resembling at times a very bright gleam of sunshine falling on the side of the mountain. Almost all trees and plants flourish wonderfully in Madeira ; the heath trees measure round the stem frequently more than 6 feet, and I have seen a common verbena, or lemon plant, more than a foot and a half in circumference. The geranium and heliotrope grow in profusion in the hedges, and run up to a height of 10 or 12 feet. About noon the weather became so overcast that we took refuge in a little Portuguese hutch of a wine shop, and it was well that we did so, for very shortly afterwards the rain came down in torrents. At this place we made some coffee, a most reviving thing after a long, wet walk, and when the weather cleared up a little we again resumed our journey. The roads were very clayey and steep, and being drenched with rain were

as slippery as ice : our mountain poles were again of most eminent service, saving us many a tumble. Within an hour of St. Anne's we met two Englishmen on a tour, slipping about the clayey hills on horseback ; they looked, like ourselves, very wet and miserable. Soon afterwards we came to St. Anne's, where there is an inn for the accommodation of travellers. We were soaked and tired, consequently an inn just here was a subject of rejoicing to us, as we pictured to ourselves the comforts of a good dinner and dry beds. Two great copper cauldrons were filled with hot water, and in these we ducked ourselves for a quarter of an hour ; it was a luxury, indeed, to get such a refreshing bath. Our host, Signor Accioli, is a very polite man as regards words, bowing, etc., but unfortunately it extended not as far as the dinner and other meals. The first day there we were ravenously hungry (so that I devoured a whole fowl and part of a second), and therefore ate up whatever was to be had. The coffee, bread, butter and other necessaries were vile beyond description : the coffee tasted similar to a pair of boots soaked in water, the bread sour as vinegar, and the butter like the piece of fat that carpenters grease their saws with. The weather was wretched, pouring with rain and very cold. Our attempts to light a fire were rather ludicrous for every atom of smoke rushed forth into the room and half smothered us. In the evening we amused ourselves with perusing a sort of visitors' book kept here, to which every person adds his mite in writing. Two of the poetical productions being rather good, I quote them :

“ St. Anne thou art a weeping saint,
 A tear-drop always in thine eye,
 And if I should thy portrait paint,
 With water colours I would try,
 And represent thee cold and plain,
 Enveloped in a shower of rain.”

The next one informs the traveller what sort of fare, etc., he is likely to meet with at the place :

“ At St. Anne the traveller, doubtless, will find
 Accioli, the host, both attentive and kind :
 If he’s fond of veal roasted, veal hashed, or veal fried,
 Veal stewed, or veal boiled, they all can be tried :
 If he’s fond of tough cocks, sour wine and sour bread,
 He can have his desire—or go hungry to bed :
 If he’s fond of hard beds he may lie till he’s sore,
 And should ‘ black game ’ annoy, he may sleep on the floor :
 If he’s fond of bad weather, the rain scarcely stops,
 Though he’s thoughtfully told that it’s good for the crops :
 A few of his comforts are these in his stay,
 And all to be had for three dollars per day.”

St. Anne’s is notoriously a very wet and cold district, especially in winter.

Friday, 19th. To-day we remained at the inn and wandered about the forests of chestnut trees surrounding the place. The weather very wet and cold. Horrid tea and coffee again : tough fowls ! In the evening the rain came down in torrents, making a noise almost like a cataract.

Saturday, 20th. We had as usual the vile breakfast of bad tea and eggs, which finished, we started for Funchal at a quarter to nine (a.m.). The roads were very wet and slippery, if possible worse than on our last journey. We kept gradually ascending,

through very beautiful scenery, until we reached the Rebeiro Frio (Cold River), where, making a little wine shop our headquarters, we waited for horses to convey us the other half of the journey—11 miles. At 2 o'clock our horses arrived, according to a previous arrangement, and we reached Funchal a little before 5 p.m., very glad to obtain a respite from tormenting fleas, and bad breakfasts and dinners. We found the temperature on the south side of the island fully 10 degrees higher than on the north, though only separate 20 miles.

Sunday, 21st. Wet and cloudy.

Monday, 22nd. Accompanied Mr. W——e on board a Portuguese brigantine going to Lisbon. In the afternoon we went over a Dutch frigate in the Bay. She was a very fine vessel. The brother of the Prince of Orange came out in her to Madeira for his health.

Tuesday, 23rd. Weather tolerably firm, wind easterly. Employed during the day sketching, and practising with a rifle.

Wednesday, 24th. Weather thick and cloudy with rain: wind northerly and very cold.

Thursday, 25th. Wind southerly and considerably warmer. In the evening I went to a concert at Mrs. Phelps's house: very good music.

Friday, 26th. Wind south with a very heavy swell setting into the Bay; several vessels have beaten out. During the night a French ship broke adrift and ran into a small Portuguese schooner, carrying away her bulwarks, topmasts, etc.; the schooner was abandoned by the crew. Part of the Pontinia has been destroyed by the swell rolling

huge stones, brought there for masonry work, down on the steps and smashing them. This afternoon a trial came on in the Portuguese court concerning a man who had committed murder 13 years ago, ever since when he has been kept a prisoner, till his trial came off to-day. He was sentenced to death, and was immediately packed off to Lisbon. Prisoners are generally kept in a deep dungeon in the Loo Rock, below the surface of the sea. The light is never permitted to shine on these miserable wretches confined here, and their food is of the worst description, consisting of salted tunny-fish. Prisoners are kept here for years before their trial comes on, and it has happened that the accused turned out to be innocent.

Saturday, 27th. Went in a boat to Praiya Bay.

Sunday, 28th. Weather fine and wind east.

Monday, 29th. Sketched the Rua do Bellavista, surrounded with snobs (?). Weather fine; wind east.

Tuesday, 30th. Fished from the rocks, caught one fish of a beautiful Prussian blue colour. Wind east.

Wednesday, December 1st. The island presents now a different appearance to when I first landed. The brilliant green of the vine and other plants has vanished, and a sort of reddish brown colour taken its place. Wind east with slight showers.

Thursday, 2nd. Wind easterly and weather beautifully clear. Dispatched two letters to England by the *Eclipse* packet. English war steamer arrives in the Bay.

Friday, 3rd. Weather fine: wind east. At-

tempted to blow up, with gun-powder, some rocks to the westward, but failed.

Saturday, 4th. Rowed in a boat to the Loo Rock and took a sketch. While so engaged, the soldiers on the platform of the battery fired a salute with great guns, making a tremendous noise. Dined at Methuen's.

Monday, 6th. Practised rifle shooting. Weather looking unsettled, with slight rain, wind east.

Tuesday, 7th. Spent the morning in boating. In the afternoon went on a cruise in the *Wave Boat* to the eastward: breeze very strong from the east.

Wednesday, 8th. Picnic to Camera de Lobos, and saw some immense tunny-fish on the beach. We dined at a deserted convent, round a racketty table, where jolly old monks had formerly held their revels. Weather fine.

Thursday, 9th. Sketched and went boating in the afternoon. Weather cold and gloomy.

Friday, 10th. Sketched. Weather unsettled.

Saturday, 11th. Picnic to the village of Santa da Cruz, about 7 miles to the eastward. Rode there on horseback. Village pretty but horribly dull. Scenery poor.

Thursday, 16th. Weather fine and something warmer. Very heavy swell; in some places the sea dashes over the cliffs 60 feet high. Went out in a boat in the afternoon. When landing afterwards I had a narrow escape of a ducking while passing the surf.

Friday, 17th. Boating in the afternoon. Weather fine and wind north-east.

Saturday, 18th. Funchal becoming wretchedly dull, nothing but invalids crawling about. Wind variable, weather fine but cloudy.

Sunday, 19th. Weather fine. Everyone is looking out for the Brazil packet, due now three days.

Monday, 20th. Sketched Ponta Cruz. Weather getting warmer.

Wednesday, 22nd. Fine weather. Packet-brig *Brilliant* arrives—a splendid vessel: very bad passage from England, blowing heavy gales the whole way. Last night, a Portuguese schooner landed on the beach a man dying of the small-pox. The Governor immediately ordered him to be sent on board again, where they received him; but during the night the people of the schooner placed him in a boat, and anchored it some distance off, the man being left to himself. In the night he died and the body was sunk with stones, also the boat was sunk, and those who had touched the body were made to swim to guard against infection.

Thursday, 23rd. Weather fine; boating. Wind fresh from the eastward.

Saturday, 25th. Christmas Day. People firing pistols and crackers everywhere.

Sunday, 26th. Two West India steamers arrive, bringing letters, etc. The crew of one of these vessels managed to let drop into the sea a box containing 2000 dollars, while passing it into a boat alongside. Rain in the afternoon.

Monday, 27th. Boating. Weather rainy: wind east. We hear of the yellow fever being at the islands to the southward, where we hoped to have

made an excursion in the *Brilliant*, but there is no chance now. All vessels from there are obliged to ride out ten days' quarantine.

Tuesday, 28th. Packet-brig *Comet* arrives. In the evening a grand ball is given by the English bachelors of Funchal. The Grand Duchess was present and the princes and princesses, the Duke of Palmella, etc., and other noble personages. Weather much colder and some snow is seen on the top of the mountains.

Wednesday, 29th. The packet-brig *Dart* and Brazil packet arrive. Went on board the *Comet*. Weather cool, wind east.

Thursday, 30th. Received cash on Wednesday for the letter of credit on the London and Westminster Bank—£60, alias £58 in “pistarines and testoons.”¹ Took passage to England per packet-brig *Comet*. Weather warmer.

Friday, 31st. Weather showery and cold; wind variable. Saw the old year out and the new one in with whisky toddy.

Saturday, January 1st, 1848. Boating. Weather cool, wind from the north-east, with snow on the tops of the mountains. Sent letter to England by the *Argina*, via Lisbon.

Sunday, 2nd. The Bishop of Cape Town preached at the English Church. Weather fine and cool. Dutch war steamer arrives in the roads.

Tuesday, 4th. Took passage to England by the

¹ Pistarines = 200 reis = 10 pence.

Testoons = 4000 reis = 16s. 8 pence.

The reis is a purely imaginary coin. The difference between Dolman's £60 and the “alias £58” he mentions is due to the local exchange on an English letter of credit.

Comet, sails on Friday, 7th. Weather fine and warm.

Wednesday, 5th. Boating. Fine weather, wind variable. English war steamer *Scourge* arrives from Lisbon three days ; sails to-morrow. Dutch steamer leaves Funchal roads bound to Java to root out pirates.

Thursday, 6th. Weather fine and warm. Received passport.

Friday, 7th. Sailed from Funchal roads in the brig *Comet*, a strong easterly wind.

Saturday, 8th. Ship close to the north side of the island. Wind easterly.

Sunday, 9th. Heavy breeze from the north-east, in t'gallants'ls, double-reefed topsails and foresail : high sea with hard squalls.

Monday, 10th. Blowing hard from the N.E. : very heavy squalls : cold weather.

Tuesday, 11th. Weather more moderate : made sail : wind N.E.

Wednesday, 12th. Blowing hard from N.E. ; high sea ; reefed sails : very heavy squalls. Wore ship at 8 p.m.

Thursday, 13th. Blowing heavy from the N.E. with increasing sea. Wore ship at 8 a.m. and made all snug for a breeze. Weather very cold.

Friday, 14th. Weather more moderate : made sail ; heavy squalls at time.

Saturday, 15th. Weather unsettled : wind N.E. Four sail in sight, tacked ship.

Saturday, 22nd. From 6 till 11 a.m. a gentle breeze from the west : set studding-sails. At 2 p.m. in a tremendous squall of wind and rain, the wind

shifted to N.N.E. and blew a gale: reefed topsails, up mainsail, and wore ship. At 8 p.m. the mate capsized the binnacle. 10 p.m. blowing worse than ever, poor little brig labouring terribly in the heavy seas.

Sunday, 23rd. Hard gale from the N.E.; everything close-reefed, and a very heavy sea running. Passed a brig quite close, also a barque standing as ourselves, and saw a large ship running. Obs. Lat. $42^{\circ} 50'$ N., Long. $12^{\circ} 35'$ W.

Monday, 24th. Weather more moderate, and sea falling. Wind N.E. and very cold. Set foresail, reefed.

Thursday, 27th. A fine breeze from the S.E. In the morning we passed the barque *Hopewell*, of Liverpool (bound to the southward), quite close. She showed her longitude, which differed from ours by 3 degrees: *Comet* 14° W., *Hopewell* 17° W. The *Comet* proved to be right in making the land. Weather very black and gloomy towards evening.

Friday, 28th. Almost calm all last night: slight breeze from N.E. Wore ship at 8 a.m.: weather fine: in the evening a gentle breeze from the S.W. At 8 p.m. I noticed a most splendid meteor which illuminated the sky like vivid lightning. Much lightning to the eastward.

Saturday, 29th. Strong breeze from the southward; fine weather: set all sail: saw several vessels. At 8 p.m. the sky to windward appears very thick and heavy, the barometer falling rapidly—two-tenths of an inch in three hours. At midnight blowing a gale of wind: close-reefed topsails: tremendous squalls.

Sunday, 30th. From 2 a.m. till 6 a.m. "laying-to" under a close-reefed main-topsail and trysail. A monstrous sea running and the ship plunging violently, so much so that she threw clouds of spray over the fore-yard. At 6 the wind veers more to the westward; set reefed foresail and put ship before the wind: a mountainous sea running after us. Noon: weather more moderate; made sail. Saw many vessels and passed within a few yards of a fine brig. At 6 p.m. sighted the Lizard Light, bearing N.E. by W. when first seen. Gentle breeze from W.N.W., and fine weather; in the evening falling calm and wind veering about. Throughout the whole of the bad weather in this passage the mercury of the barometer invariably presented a convex top or surface, whether rising or falling.

Monday, 31st. Very heavy rain and heavy weather; wind shifting; barometer falling very quickly. At 2 p.m. blowing a gale of wind from N.E.: close-reefed everything. Very cold with hard rain. Evening, wind decreasing: saw several vessels.

Tuesday, February 1st. Beautiful clear weather, but exceedingly cold; wind N. by E. At noon off the Start Point to the southward 40 miles. To-night we feel rather uncomfortable about our position with regard to the Casket Rocks. At 11 p.m. the brig was within 10 miles of them. In blowing weather with the wind at S.W., the tide among these rocks runs at the rate of seven knots an hour, making it a most dangerous neighbourhood.

Wednesday, 2nd. While off the Isle of Wight we observed a brig in a sinking state (she was down to her painted ports); the crew were in the boats watching her.

About 3 p.m. I landed at Newhaven safely in a pilot's lugger.

CHAPTER V

THE THIRD JOURNAL, 24.11.1848-7.10.1849

Friday, November 24th, 1848. Arrived on board the ship *Lady Flora* for the Cape of Good Hope. Wind N.N.E. and cold.

Saturday, 25th. Weighed anchor at 7 a.m. and towed by tug down to the Nob.

Wednesday, 29th. Night extremely dark and us uncertain as to our position, not being able to obtain bearings of lights. At 7 a.m. bore up for the Downs and anchored at 10 a.m. At 1 o'clock went ashore at Deal and put up at the Royal Hotel—very moderate charges at this place. Blowing hard from the west. Many vessels arriving in the Downs with loss of masts, bulwarks, etc.

Thursday, 30th. Returned on board the *Lady Flora*. Wind from the N.W. and fine weather. Lots of caulkers employed in stopping the numerous leaks in the decks, the lower cabins having been afloat for the last three days.

Monday, December 4th. A heavy gale from the S.W. Many ships at anchor in the Downs (altogether about 120) are dragging. A barque, *Greyhound*, drifted quite close to our starboard quarter. The *Ocean Queen*, barque, has been foul with an American liner and lost bowsprit, fore-topmast, etc., and got her bows smashed. At noon many vessels have



ALFRED DOLMAN

broken their cables and run for it. A very heavy sea and blowing extremely hard, with the ship pitching bows under. At 3 p.m. let go a second anchor and 120 fathoms of cable ; the ship tolerably snug with t'gallant yards and masts struck and booms on deck.

Monday, 11th. Early this morning attempted to get the ship under weigh, but were obliged to come to anchor again.

Tuesday, 12th. Up anchor at 2 a.m. Wind S.S.W. and fine weather. Midnight off Dungeness.

Wednesday, 13th. Fine breeze from the southward. Passed Beachy Head at 10 a.m. At 3 p.m. the pilot left us in a Cowes cutter off the Isle of Wight. At 8 p.m. St. Catherine's Light, distant 11 miles. A beautiful starlit night.

Friday, 15th. Blowing a gale from the S.W., with high confused sea. At 7 a.m. split main-topsail and mainsail. 9 a.m. we bore up for Falmouth under a close-reefed fore-topsail. Weather very hazy, but clearing towards noon. At 1 p.m. received a pilot on board to take us into Falmouth. At 3 p.m. we entered Falmouth Harbour. On rounding the rock at the entrance to the harbour, our rudder chains stuck fast, which nearly occasioned the ship to swing round and get foul of the rock. At 4 o'clock several of us went ashore in the pilot cutter and put up at the Royal Hotel—charges very moderate at this place. Last night a schooner in trying, it is supposed, to make Falmouth Harbour, struck on a sunken rock near the eastern point, Mount's Bay, and went down immediately ; all the crew were drowned.

Sunday, 17th. Hove starboard cable short. Wind easterly and light, but at 8 a.m. shifted to the westward. At 10 o'clock several of us went on shore and walked to Pendennis Castle. The view in all directions is remarkably beautiful: the wild bold coast, the promontory of the Lizard with the harbour and town of Falmouth present fine subjects for painting. At 4 p.m. returned on board.

Wednesday, 20th. Light airs from the E.S.E.; got the ship under weigh at 8 a.m., the breeze gradually increasing. At midnight clear of the land.

Friday, 22nd. Wind S.S.E., fine weather; Sir Charles Napier's squadron¹ ahead. At 8 p.m. passed several of the men-of-war quite close.

Saturday, 23rd. Fine breeze from S.E. by E. with heavy swell from the N.W., the ship off Cape Finisterre. Towards evening the breeze freshened and came round more to the S.W. In t'gallants'ls and reefed topsails and courses. Midnight a heavy gale from the S.S.W., split foresail and fore-topmast staysail. During the night one of the crew fell off the fore-yard arm and was seriously injured. Heavy rain and squalls.

Monday, 25th (Christmas Day). Hard gale from the S.S.W., up fore- and mainsail. Wet squally weather and very moist. All the lower cabins wretchedly wet and uncomfortable, and the ship

¹ Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B.—1786-1860. At this time Sir Charles was commanding the Home Squadron, consisting of *St. Vincent*, *Howe*, *Caledonia*, *Queen*, and *Vengeance* line-of-battle ships and several smaller vessels. When sighted by Dolman they were *en route* for the Barbary coast to punish the Riffs for their attacks on British ships. Sir Charles Napier is famous for his conduct in Syria and as Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese Navy.

rolling heavily. A great shindy to-day with Mrs. Flanagan of the steerage.

Wednesday, 27th. Fresh breeze from the S.S.W., weather fine and warm. The squadron under Sir C. Napier again in sight to leeward. At 10 a.m. passed the squadron quite close—ten ships of war.

Sunday, 31st. Blowing hard from the southward and the ship pitching violently. All the woodwork about the bows of the vessel is washed away. In the evening coming on to blow very hard—close-reefed topsails and up foresail. Tremendous squalls of wind and rain. Two men were thrown over the wheel and much bruised. At half-past eleven the wind blowing a heavy gale from the S.S.E. with torrents of rain, we laid the ship to, taking in the fore-topsail. Ship labouring much and taking heavy seas over all.

Monday, January 1st, 1849. Early this morning a sea washed a large boom—topsail-yard—out of the main chains, and was lost. Weather moderating but very gloomy and damp; set reefed fore-topsail, staysail and driver. A wretched New Year's Day this! Every part of the ship, fore and aft, is as damp as a charnel house and most uncomfortable. A contrast to a New Year's Day spent in England. We are looking forward to a miserable blowing night, perhaps worse than last night, for the barometer is falling quickly. A wide contrast to a cosy fire, a snug room and good old port.

Friday, 5th. Sighted the Island of Madeira at 7 a.m. Fine weather, wind N.W. Sent up royals and set them. Shooting at porpoises.

Thursday, 11th. Early this morning a quantity

114 IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LIVINGSTONE
of albicores and bonitas were playing round the vessel. I fished for them, but with no success. We also saw a large hammer-headed shark. Wind very light and easterly, at noon almost calm: weather fine and warm. To-day we opened our ports for the first time since leaving Falmouth.

Friday, 12th. Fine breeze from the N.N.E., weather hot. Caught two bonitas from the bowsprit. Sky overcast towards evening and immense quantities of phosphorescent medusæ in the water.

Monday, 15th. Dead calm and very hot. Caught a shark and saw many dolphins and small sharks. Two barques in company. In the afternoon I hooked a second shark and saw several others. In the evening we lowered the quarter-boat and had a pull round the ship.

Sunday, February 25th. Moderate breeze from the S.W. At 9 a.m. we sighted Cape Point—the weather rather cloudy. In the evening a hard breeze from the S.E. At 11.30 p.m. let go anchor off the Mouille Battery, Cape Town.

Monday, 26th. Landed at 9 a.m.

Saturday, March 10th. Having engaged four servants¹ and every necessity for a long journey into

¹ A pencil entry in his rough diary runs as follows:

"Engaged Servants.

English	Hall	March 1st	£4	0	0
Scotch	Murray	Do.	2	5	0
English	Luff	March 8th	1	10	0
Hottentot	Alexander	Do.	1	10	0

Waggon-driver.
(per month)

All received one month's pay in advance except Alexander, who gets one pound, A.D."

A further note adds:

"Frantz, Hottentot waggon-driver, joined March 25th at £1 per month."

the interior of South Africa, I started from the village of Rondebosch, near Cape Town, with my bullock-waggon and retinue, some of the latter being in a high state of beer, having taken a long farewell of the much-loved canteen, and not being able to depart without deep potations. My intention was to have travelled directly across the desert Karroo plains of Beaufort, so as to reach the Gariep (Orange River), by the shortest route; but the unusual drought that prevailed rendered this plan impossible. Consequently I took the coast, and only other road, to the interior, via Swellendam, George and Graaf Reinet, and so north across the Sneeuberg Mountains. On Saturday, leaving Rondebosch, we crossed part of the dreary sandy Cape Flats with a hired span of oxen (£1). Luff, my groom, or horse driver, being overcome with beer, tumbled out of the after part of the waggon, but was soon replaced without material injury. We bivouacked at a place called Harde Kraal, where fleas and a small kind of red ant sorely tormented us, all chance of sleep was gone. Distance, Cape Town, 11 miles.

Sunday, 11th. A fine span or team of red oxen that I had purchased of a Dutch Boer, Loeuw, for £42, were brought to me this morning. Inspanning we went on to Erste River, a pretty little village with a clear stream of water near. We pitched tent for the night here. The weather was cold with heavy dews. Distance travelled, 11 miles.

Monday, 12th. Left the Erste River early and reached the foot of Hottentot Holland Pass, a fine road cut over the great mountain range that divides

the Cape from the inland districts. The appearance of the country is somewhat barren and uninteresting ; there was, however, one exception. We approached the sea beach on the north side of False Bay just as the sun was setting, and here the scene was most beautiful. Bold headlands, almost mountains in size, jutted into the sea, now perfectly calm, and deeply tinged with a crimson flush as the sun sank beneath the waters without a cloud to intercept a single ray.

Tuesday, 13th. A memorable day. Last night the oxen which had been left loose to graze managed to trespass on to the cabbage and mealy garden of a nigger, and thereby doing some slight damage. The nigger and his associates confined my cattle in a kraal, refusing to deliver them up without a most outrageous recompense of thirty shillings. So it only remained to go and take them. We had a tremendous row with the owner of the garden, nearly finishing with a battle royal. He was disposed to be very magnificent, making frequent allusions to tronks and veldt-cornets. At length after much wrangling fifteen shillings was accepted in remuneration and the cattle were driven off. This business causing much delay, we only crossed the mountain pass and reached the Steenbrass River, a pleasant little brook. Weather fine but cloudy. Distance travelled, 7 miles.

Wednesday, 14th. Left Steenbrass River and passed Palmur River, a delightfully clear stream, and arrived at Knofflock (Garlic) Kraal, where the good Dutch Vrouw gave me permission to span out. The country is pretty and undulating

with fertile patches here and there. Distance, 14 miles.

Thursday, 15th. Leaving Knofflock Kraal we crossed the fine mountain pass, "Houw Hoek." The road is in excellent order, and so well planned that there is scarcely any angle of ascent or descent. The scenery is grand but woefully barren, only a few spots appear capable of cultivation, otherwise great masses of rock and stones predominate. In the afternoon a change in the weather occurred, the sky becoming overcast with a strong wind from the N.W., bringing over dense clouds. Before the rain descended, we reached Bot River, where the tent was pitched and everything made as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. I met a wandering "Tottie" at this place and engaged him "to serve under my hammer," and act as fore-louper. It was necessary, however, to give him a day or two that due leave may be taken of cronies and canteens, after which he is to be enrolled at Caledon, the next village. I had good partridge shooting in a Vley, and snipe were plentiful. A tarantula was killed in the tent.

Friday, 16th. Rain fell last night, but not very heavily. We continued our journey and passed Bontje's Kraal, a fearfully barren-looking place inhabited by surly people, and arrived in the evening at Caledon. Our entrance was only remarkable by the long-continued staring of the inhabitants and by the inhospitable behaviour of a huge dog that threatened to bite our heels. A charge of buck shot, No. A, fired at him soon caused a turn in the tables and sent him off howling. On the road

to-day we met a half-drunken sailor, from the ship *Claudine*, lately wrecked on the coast. When he heard that we intended travelling into the country he commenced an oration, "The Lord have mercy on you, you're a-going into the most infernalest d—dest country under heaven, the Lord have mercy on you." So saying he took his departure with the usual sailors' benediction. Distance, 20 miles.

Saturday, 17th. Before starting I was highly amused at an Irishman and his Hottentot Vrouw, both of them in a fearful state of beer, coming near the tent and abusing us like pickpockets. Tiring of this amusement, which only caused shouts of laughter from my men, they had a little mill between themselves, the Irishman, in the end, receiving a basteing from his fair bride's fists. The scene was amazingly interesting while it lasted, for the volubility of their tongues was wonderful. Near the village are some warm baths situated on the side of a steep hill. A large dull building is divided into compartments where the patients "drinking the waters" live, or rather vegetate. The spring, I believe, issues from one source, a spring in the mountains at the back of the house, and is conveyed by pipes to the several baths. The temperature of the water is about 110° F., and a sulphurous taste is observable. Passing a dreary country we reached a farm, Zand Fontein (Fn.), where no water was to be had. Distance, 12 miles.

Sunday, 18th. We were obliged to proceed as there is no water and the grass is sour for the cattle. At 11 o'clock the sky clouded over and the rain



A HOTENTOT WOMAN

descended in real earnest, compelling us to seek shelter in an old ruined mud house. Drawing up the waggon on the lee side a good fire was made in the doorway, and we should have been tolerably comfortable had we been left to ourselves; but hungry fleas and creeping varmint innumerable feasted upon our carcases, and gave us no rest. No fresh water was to be had, for rain had not yet fallen in sufficient quantities to wash the crust of nitre from the surface of the ground. Many delightfully clear pools were within view, but all as salt as brine.¹

Monday, 19th. We travel through a dreary country, and in the evening reached the Zondereinde



THE SOCIAL GROSBEAKS' NEST.

River, a good place for cattle, wood and water abounding. The country is undulating and mostly covered with a coarse sour grass and rhinoster bush. I observed many pensile grosbeaks' nests overhanging the river. In shape they resemble a chemist's retorts or bottles hanging neck downwards. They are usually suspended from a twig by a single thread and sway about with the wind, the nests being hung in this manner to hinder the entrance of serpents. Our distance from Cape Town is now about 108 miles.

¹ A nitrous substance prevails in the ground throughout South Africa.

Tuesday, 20th. Proceeded along the Zondereinde. The country is now becoming more bushy and better watered. Weather very hot. Distance, 9 miles.

Wednesday, 21st. Four hours more journey along the Zondereinde brought us to a place reported good for shooting, called Storm Vley. We found plenty of feathered game, especially the Cape pheasant. I brought down two right and left and three others were disposed of; I also shot a couple of beautiful pigeons of large size. Several partridges, snipes and a korhan, or florikan,¹ were soon bagged, and we returned to the tent in good spirits. Some small ponds of water here were quite salt, crystals of nitre appearing like network around the margin. Mimosa trees are first seen. Weather very hot.

Thursday, 22nd. My companion, Darnell, and self went out shooting on foot; the sun was extremely powerful and walking much fatigued us. We, however, brought in a decent bag; my servant shot three korhans, and those added to several brace of partridges were not so bad. We had two or three running shots at duikers and rhee boks to no purpose. In the evening the weather changed, becoming cloudy and cool.

Friday, 23rd. We started early and traversed as usual a desolate country parched from want of water; such liquid as remains in the pools becomes salt and unfit for use. Often were we hard up for water, having to drink abominable compounds. We rested for two hours to refresh the cattle and ourselves under some mimosa trees, the thorns of

¹ A species of bustard the size of a large fowl.

which are remarkably long—often 6 inches. A small species of red ant inhabits these spines, hollowing out the centre for a nest. Inspanning again we pushed on and reached the Breede River. A Field Cornet named Human lived here, close to the river; he was absent from the house himself, but I obtained permission to span out on the farm from the Vrouw. The banks of the river are here very sandy and steep. After I had crossed and was ascending the opposite bank, the waggon stuck fast in a narrow sandy path with high mounds of earth on each side. One of the after oxen refused to pull and laid himself down. At that moment the word to “trek” was given, and the unfortunate ox was dragged under the waggon, so that he was severely injured. Many were the receipts for compelling an ox to rise that were now put into practice, such as gnawing his tail, digging him with an old bayonet and punching his ribs with a bamboo. All were, however, without avail until Alexander, my driver, got a thong and tied his nose up. This brought things to a crisis, and the ox feeling a sense of suffocation immediately jumped up, the thong was twitched off, “trek tumar” was bawled in every key, and after violent demonstrations of whips and sticks the waggon was at last drawn out. During this time, a rascal of a nigger, pretending to assist, managed to bone my soup-ladle; being an only one it was a loss. While at supper in the evening the Field Cornet came galloping up to my tent and in an insulting manner inquired what was my business there, and that I must decamp, or he would impound the cattle. He seemed in a furious

rage that a "verdomder Englesman" should outspan on his place ; however, he was informed for his satisfaction that I should neither go nor suffer my cattle to be impounded, and that we were sufficiently capable of taking care of ourselves and our cattle too. On his understanding that we were not *smonces on togt*,¹ but *Heeren on skeit togt fur plaseer*,² he became wonderfully mollified, and the boiling cooled down amazingly. The country passed over to-day is parched and burnt up, no rain has fallen excepting one or two smart showers for nearly eight months, and the ground is baked like a brick. Many tracts of land would be good for cultivation if water could be brought to irrigate, but the expense of conducting water for miles would preclude all hopes of profit for many years, and the colonists are not wealthy enough for any great outlay. The Cape aloe begins to be first seen in great plenty on the mountains. Distance travelled, 17 miles.

Saturday, 24th. At Swellendam the village is situated at the foot of the great range of mountains running nearly east and west through the Colony. It is a great straggling place, but from some points of view is rather pretty. There are some good houses built after the Dutch fashion, and a large *winkel*, or store, kept by one Mr. Barry, a wealthy merchant, where anything can be had by paying for it. I saw old Barry's two daughters cutting it rather fat on horseback and attended by a host of gents, much after the fashion probably of a troop

¹ A trading party on tour.

² Gentlemen on a shooting expedition.

of vultures at a carcase. The annual races had just come off here and were considered very good, eleven horses at one heat. At this festival numerous tipsy tannies may be seen wandering about the streets, dressed like mountebanks, and doing a little Cicero occasionally. At the recommendation of Mr. Barry I engaged one who was just recovering from the "horrors" to act as fore-louper,¹ the gentleman of Caledon having been in jail for the last week, and therefore could not join our party.

Sunday, 25th. Remained opposite the village. The day proved rainy with the wind at N.W. In the afternoon I walked into a woody kloof among the mountains. The rain had enlivened the burnt-up grass and trees and filled the little water-courses with water. The scenery of these mountains is on a magnificent scale, their height is about 5000 feet. The bases are thickly clothed with fine forests running far up into the deep ravines. Immense quantities of the medicinal plant, Buchu, grow here. A person employed in gathering it would be well repaid.

Monday, 26th. Starting early we crossed the Buffeljacks River, passed several farms well situated and near running water, and arrived in the evening at Riet Kuil, where was no water for my cattle after travelling seven and a half hours. Weather hot. Distance, 21 miles.

Tuesday, 27th. Proceeded on the journey and crossed the Karamelks River. At noon Darnell, my servant, and self went out shooting, and lost ourselves among the hills. Night coming on we

¹ See *ante*-March 10th (note).

wandered about firing signal guns, but to no purpose. After a time a fire was descried, where were some Hottentot herds. For the consideration of a rix-dollar one of them agreed to show us the drift over the Duivenhoek River, where we expected the waggon to be, but no signs of it appearing we were under the necessity of passing the night at a neighbouring farm-house. With much humming and hawing Mynheer Niewkirk asked us in and placed on the table the debris of a supper, a small remnant of cold salt mutton and a little squashed pumpkin, was all that graced the board. We stared at one another, thought of the hot supper awaiting us at our own camp, and were aroused by the Dutchman requesting us to *Maak daar de tafel*. Two minutes sufficed for the consumption of the viands. Ten hours wandering in the bush gives a man an appetite. Now the Dutchman being an elder of the Church, no doubt thought himself an eminently pious and virtuous man, not at all one of that sort who ride 40 miles to church, as he did, and would let their next door neighbour starve. Four dollars were charged us the next morning for the miserable scrap of mutton in a country where the greatest hospitality is *said* to be exercised towards strangers. I very seldom found this to be the case, indeed, more often the opposite, a greater set of Pharisees never existed. After this shadow of a meal, prayers of half an hour were said and sung while I was wishing the Dutchman to the devil; then Darnell and I were shown to our bedroom. When the Dutchman had gone we commenced an interesting search for anything eatable in the shape of dried

fruits, apples, etc., these articles usually abounding in farm-houses. After exploring various deep recesses and cupboards in which were nothing more than a few attenuated spiders and some red peppers. These not being exactly the food we required, the search was given over. A few of the red peppers being first placed in my shooting coat pocket for culinary use. Our complaints at the empty state of our stomachs were long and frequent, and poor Darnell was more than commonly tormented with asthma, which caused him now to pass the whole night in a chair. At daybreak we hurried off and soon reached the waggon. I had the waggon drawn up near the stoep of the house and entertained Mynheer to a sight of our breakfast. Chops and steaks were held up on forks under the nose of the incensed Dutchman, and we laughed heartily at the thought of our last night's fare.

Wednesday, 28th. A steep hill up the bank of the Duivenhoek caused much delay and belabouring of the wretched oxen, now very footsore. We continued our journey through the same monotonous, undulating country covered with rhinoster bush, and encamped at a farm, Melkboom. Here, as at some other farms, dams have been constructed when possible and have been found extremely useful. A farmer told me yesterday that only one shower had fallen in this part of the country for eight months (since July). Distance, 56 miles in the last three days.

Thursday, 29th. De Koster, the civil owner of the farm, visited the tent this morning and feasted his eyes on my property. A two-grooved double

rifle excited his unbounded astonishment, especially when some conical bullets were fired at an ant heap about 600 yards off and struck near it. In the afternoon we reached Riversdale, a pretty little village on the Kaffirkuils River, and encamped. At this place I lost my best powder flask, which, of course, became a prey to some nigger. Weather excessively hot. Thermometer 97° in the shade.

Friday, 30th. Leaving Kaffirkuils River at 10 a.m. we proceeded along its banks till noon, when we outspanned. Shot a hare (*Lepus capensis*), common to the Colony, with very long ears and slight legs. Thence on to Zoetmilks River. The owner of this farm had migrated with his flocks and herds, leaving his house unprotected. Water is so scarce that a person cannot remain long in one spot, and, in many parts of the country, farmers wander periodically in search of that necessary article.

Saturday, 31st. Seven hours' journey over a bushy tract knocked up the cattle, and we were obliged to remain without water. The vegetation hereabouts assumes a different aspect, aloes and euphorbias¹ abounding.

Sunday, April 1st. Eight hours more trek brought us to the Gouritz River, dividing the districts of Swellendam and George. The water in the river was very shallow and tasted abominably of soda and nitre, with which the soil is impregnated, but we were in no condition to be choosers. The effect of this brack water on the stomach is very unpleasant, producing horrible griping pains. The

¹ A plant shrub of the spurge family with a milky secretion. See also note to *Euphorbia* on April 16th.

sandy bed of the river was so heavy that we got through with the greatest difficulty, whips and goads were unsparingly applied, and with great labour we ascended the opposite bank. This river sometimes rises to a great height, as the drift-wood sticking 20 feet high on the trees on the banks testified. The country is still very bushy and game becoming more frequent. Weather very hot, thermometer 99° F. in the shade. Distance travelled, 24 miles.

Monday, 2nd. The day was exceedingly hot, so we rested by the river, and tried our luck in shooting rock rabbits, but the sun was so excessively hot that we were glad to get under shadow. Inspanning in the evening we commenced the ascent of a deep kloof leading out of the valley ; again we stuck fast in ascending the wretched roads. A storm of thunder, lightning and rain commenced and pelted us most unmercifully ; however, in time the waggon was extricated and we journeyed on for seven and a half hours, every now and then loosing our path in the darkness, until at last we brought up in a stony water-course at 2 in the morning. An oily tongued "gent" that we met in the early part of the evening did his best to "stick" me with a miserable rozinante,¹ which he extolled to the skies.

Tuesday, 3rd. In the district of George. The rain yesterday has a little revived the country, and given it a green coat, which is much more pleasing. Turning out of the waggon at daybreak I saw a fine jungly patch a short distance away, so

¹ Cf. Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Rosinante was the poor, worn-out, ill-conditioned jade ridden by Don Quixote.

taking the dogs, I bagged there two pheasants and a grey partridge. Gheelbeck Vley, the next place, is famous for game ; we shot a good bag of pheasants and partridge. The Boer owning this place is a very stingy fellow, charging me, as seems the usual custom, nearly double price for various articles of provender I purchased. At most farm-houses as yet passed by us, exorbitant prices have been charged for sheep, bread, forage, etc. On the road to-day we had a gentle altercation with a Dutchman ; we were certainly poaching on his ground, from whence we gleaned a good sprinkling of birds. Mynheer gave vent to his bad passions, but ended as usual in becoming very civil.

Wednesday, 4th. Left Gheelbeck Vley and crossed the Klein Brakke River, a tidal stream, in which the waggon stuck fast for several minutes. Pushing on through a country very bushy and generally better watered, at 5 p.m. we reached the Groote Brakke River, and pitched tent on the bank. A bridge is being formed over the stream by Government ; convicts are employed. The old wooden bridge was washed away some three years back by a flood. Our encampment is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the river mouth, consequently the water is as salt as brine. Weather overcast and cool, wind strong from the south-eastward.

Thursday, 5th. Forde the river and passed through a beautifully wooded ravine, the trees overhanging the road. Late in the evening we pitched tent within 3 miles of George Town. Riding forward in the dark in search of a good camping ground, my horse tripped and gave me a grasser;

a sprained wrist with a few bruises were the only results.

Friday, 6th. A drizzling rain compelled us to remain still. Everything is wet and uncomfortable, a leaky tent and the ditch dug round it is barely sufficient to carry off the superfluous water. Darnell rode into George Town to view the beauties of the place. Weather cold, thermometer 68°.

Saturday, 7th. We commenced the ascent of the magnificent mountain road called Mitchell's Pass. The road is carried for 15 miles through the lofty Outeniqua Range, doing away with the necessity of crossing the dangerous Cradock Pass, considered the worst in the Colony. The scenery here is most beautiful, the mountain sides are thickly clothed with dark green brushwood spangled with flowers, and in the numerous deep sunk ravines and dark chasms, along which is carried the road, old forest trees rear their heads, the branches encircled with Baviaan's Touw,¹ and covered with long drooping moss and lichens, giving them a venerable appearance. The cold was very considerable as we ascended, and on reaching Doorn River, about 1500 or 2000 feet high, we were glad of our thick coats.

Sunday, 8th. Mynheer Kamfoor, the owner of an adjacent farm, visited our tent and accepted an invitation to dine. He was a decent sort of fellow in his way, smoking no end of cigars and imbibing plenty of brandy and water. Remained still.

Monday, 9th. We journey through Lange Kloof, a dreary valley many miles in length and enclosed on two sides by lofty barren hills. The weather

¹ A species of rope-like creeper.

is very cold with a strong S.E. wind. Clouds of vapour cap the mountains, and drive past leaving everything damp and cold. At a large farm in the Kloof is a Winkel, or store, where I purchased several necessities. But little game is to be found ; however, a few birds are bagged occasionally. Reached Ganze Kraal at 8 p.m.

Tuesday, 10th. Lange Kloof lies nearly east and west. Seven hours more trek on this " lillik pat " brought us to Diep River and the foot of Van Roy's Poorte, a frightful pass, almost in a state of Nature, leading over the Kammanassie Hills ; from here the path leaves the main road¹ bearing more to the northward. While out shooting to-day we came on the lair of a tiger-cat in the bush. One young one was shot, and a second secured in a handkerchief and carried to the waggon. He was very savage, spitting at everybody near him.

Wednesday, 11th. We now began the steep ascent of Van Roy's Poorte, and had hardly proceeded 100 yards when the waggon stuck immovably. All our exertions were of no avail, the oxen were too much exhausted by hard work and bad fare to be of any service in this difficulty, so, chaining the wheels to prevent accidents, we unyoked the cattle, remaining all forlorn on the mountain-side until assistance could be procured. In the afternoon a charitable Dutch Boer came to relieve us, and fourteen fine fat cattle were harnessed up and in a short time pulled us over the execrable road, bumping about the heavily laden vehicle in a terrible manner. With a deal of haggling I at

¹ The road to Graham's Town.

last managed to effect a "swop" with the oxen. The Dutchman stuck out vigorously for £16 besides the old cattle in exchange for his, but the sight of fifteen sovereigns was too much for him and he gave in. We encamped in a very pretty country covered with thick bush and wood in the Kammanassie Hills at Van Roy's Farm.

Thursday, 12th. Started early and travelled through a bushy hilly country. A few farms are scattered hereabouts: sheep and cattle are the chief productions: very little grain is grown, as the difficulty of transporting it is so great from the badness of the roads. The fresh cattle dragged the waggon up the steep hills bravely. At noon we crossed the Kammanassie River, now a mere rivulet, where I contrived to make a small bag, and encamped by some pools of muddy water, which, though thick as pea soup, is tolerably sweet. Weather fine and hot.

Friday, 13th. Eight hours' journey over a desert country tries the cattle a good deal. Want of water is so generally felt in this dry country, that when travellers meet the first question asked is, *Is dar Vater?* and a filthy muddy pool is represented as good *lacquer vater*. My waggon leader gulping down large draughts as he exclaimed, *It smaak ne mis ne Goode lacquer vater*. Three red hares and some birds were killed, forming a welcome addition to the pot. Weather very hot.

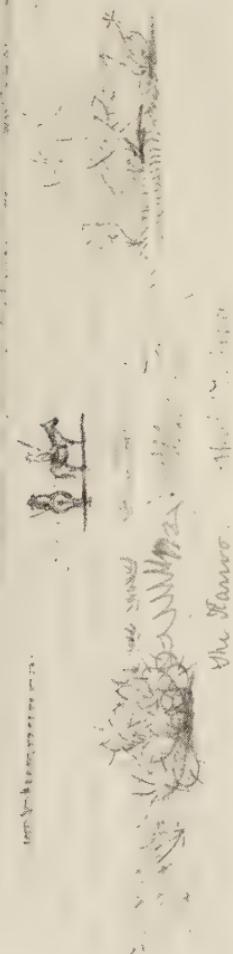
Saturday, 14th. A long and tedious journey of eight and a half hours over a wretchedly barren country brought us to the top of the Zneeberg Mountains, a continuation of the Zwartberg chain. The roads are in a terrible state, and the waggon

was thrown about with great violence. Crossing the now dry Oliphant's River, we passed along barren mountains, encamping on the summit of the ridge without water. The ground here is hard and as dry as a brick, so that a pick-axe could not be driven in, the iron rebounding off as leather. Feathered game is plentiful.

Sunday, 15th. At sunrise we trekked and passed successively through Zout Kop, Karree Bosch, Slange Kop, Paarde Poorte and Brak Fontein. It took eight hours to accomplish this, and very nearly knocked up the oxen. We observed the spoor of a troop of bavians¹ that had crossed the sandy road. They much resembled the human hand, the chief difference being in the smallness and shortness of the thumb. There has been nothing to eat and but bad water for the last forty-eight hours, so we push on as rapidly as possible. After passing through the defile Paarde Poorte we entered the Great Karroo, or desert, and outspanned at Brak Fn., a wretched mud hovel denominated a farm. The inmates charged a shilling to allow my thirsty oxen to drink at a mud pool, where water was confined by a dam. The Karroo is a barren plain extending throughout the Colony from east to west, elevated about 3000 feet above the sea ; the average length is 350 miles and breadth 80. The surface is chiefly of clay, covered here and there with pebbles, and is generally as level as a billiard table. Numerous species of ice plants, marigolds, euphorbia and other plants comprise the sole vegetation for ten months in the year. When any quantity of rain

¹ Baboons.

THE KAROO DESERT



falls, which is rare, millions of bulbous plants spring into life, covering the ground with flowers. At that time many migratory farmers come into the Karroo to pasture their flocks until the drought compels them again to decamp. Leaving Brak Fontein a violent thunderstorm overtook us. The rain and darkness were such that we could no longer distinguish the road, even with the assistance of a pioneer Dutch waggon, so we were compelled to stop and make the best of our position. Lightning gleamed and quivered round us, lighting up the surrounding mountains for a few seconds and leaving a pitchy darkness. The thunder rolled and crashed away, which mingled with the rattling of the heavy rain on the waggon tilt, and the ceaseless yelling of jackals, who boldly approached to within a few yards, made a fine concert, effectually keeping us all broad awake. An ostrich was seen to-day, and I caught on the road a very pretty chameleon. He changed colour several times, and uttered a hissing sound as I held it in my hand.

Monday, 16th. We crossed the Chamtoos River, which was about waist deep, and rushing with muddy water. On reaching De Beer Vley I determined to rest for a time to recruit the cattle. The rain now had quite ceased, but the sky was overcast and thunder heard rumbling in the distance. The stunted prickly Euphorbia¹ covers the ground in

¹ Baines, in his *Explorations in S.W. Africa*, mentions concerning the euphorbia plant: "I have heard from old Hottentots in the Colony that the euphorbia is used with other ingredients in poisoning their arrows, and I believe that its qualities as an irritant considerably assist the action of the real poison, while its glutinous properties bind it firmly to the barb of the weapon."

all directions. The thorns in them are highly poisonous and stick into the horses, raising small ulcers wherever they enter.

Tuesday, 17th. The late heavy rains have filled every hollow and watercourse, and the Karroo is in good order for travelling. Some way off the road a large troop of springbok was espied, and Darnell rode in pursuit, but without success. We continued along the banks of the Karreeka River, encamping at sundown. Met several parties of Dutchmen on "togt," who informed us of large quantities of game in the Karroo. Weather pleasant and cool.

Wednesday, 18th. Great quantities of game seen to-day. I went off on foot towards the Schorsteen-berg Mountain in pursuit of some hartebeests. I saw plenty of other game—rhee bucks, pouws, korhans, etc.—and had a long dig at a hyæna, but everything was very wild and uncomeatable. Crossing the dry bed of the Hottentot River we encamped by a pool of muddy water swarming with animalculæ. This was rendered fit to drink by using alum to deposit the sediment. There was to-night a most glorious sunset, the whole of the vast plain without a tree or a bush was tinged with an intense blue, and the mountains of Camdeboo, distant about 60 miles, were tinged with brilliant crimson. The mirage was also very plain: objects were curiously distorted, some being divided in half the upper parts, appearing as if resting in the air.

Thursday, 19th. Travelled 25 miles over the same level country, but agreeably diversified with numer-

ous flowers. Some ostriches were seen, they were so wild that there was no chance of a shot. Hall fell in with a pack of wild dogs (*Hyæna venatica*), a sort of hyæna, and having only one charge of powder left, he felt more comfortable when they slowly turned tail, after indulging in a good stare, for they had seemed half inclined to commence an attack. Darnell, while hunting springbok, got a tremendous spill, his foot remained entangled with the stirrup while he lay on his back on the ground. The horse fortunately was very quiet, or it might have been a very serious matter. We encamped on the Bull River. It is exceedingly cold here at nights, the Karroo being elevated 3000 feet above sea-level.

Friday, 20th. Started early and trekked 23 miles. Tried to stalk some herds of springbok, but with no success. At a place called Brak Fn., a Boer living in a sort of barn informed me that twenty-nine English hunters had just been murdered by the Kaffirs over the boundary, and that the same fate awaited me if I persisted on the expedition ; but, knowing what liars these fellows are, no notice was paid to his injunctions. We afterwards discovered the story to have originated in the following manner. A number of natives were crossing the Orange River on a raft, and they, becoming frightened, ran to one side, the raft being capsized and all were drowned. In time this became magnified by the Boers into a fearful murder of Englishmen, and they were ready to repeat the tale with many additions to every Englishman that passed. Another young Boer offered three dollars for a brace of young pointers, and retired disgusted at

being refused ; in the depths of ignorance he supposed it was rather a tempting offer. We remained by the Camdeboo River, whose banks are thickly fringed with mimosa trees, affording a shelter to large flocks of guinea-fowls.

Saturday, 21st. A sharp frost last night with ice on the pools. We went out early to have some sport with the springboks, hundreds of which are in the neighbourhood. After many hard gallops we contrived to weather on a large herd so as to make them run the gauntlet. I nailed a fellow at 400 yards with a conical bullet ; his companion took flying leaps over his carcase while he lay flapping about on the ground. As I reloaded, to my astonishment, I saw the supposed dying buck pick himself up and coolly trot off, and in the end effectually secrete himself among large rocks. An hour was uselessly spent in the search, for the earth was so full of stones that it would hold no spoor. A cunning old pouw¹ led me a long dance, when just about to pull at him the wretch always took wing, defying me to hit him. We had several hard runs to no purpose, and, as the sun set, I brought back to the camp my "grey," dead lame, and myself woefully tired and annoyed at the buck having doubled on me. Some guinea-fowls were shot in the river. They were of large size, and make capital eating.

Sunday, 22nd. Leaving the Camdeboo River, we halted at the Zwart River. A Fingoe² stopped at our encampment, and begged a little tobacco.

¹ A species of bustard. The South African bustard is one of the most prized of all for shooting.

² A type of Kaffir.



SPRINGBOK HUNTING



OSTRICH AT LOHARON

He was a fine specimen of his race, well limbed and had almost a European face. We remarked a great difference between his general bearing and that of Hottentots. He showed us the scar of an assegai wound received in the last Kaffir wars.¹

Monday, 23rd. Fored the Mordenaars, or Murderers, River, so named from the numerous bushmen murders committed in the vicinity. Many graves are conspicuous, just a few large stones heaped together mark where the bodies were thrown. We crossed the Sundae River, and encamped on the second drift, from whence the pretty town of Graaf Reinet is visible. Weather overcast and threatening.

Tuesday, 24th. Donning our flash garments, high stocks and braces, Darnell and myself entered Graaf Reinet and wandered about for an hour in quest of the hotel, the bank and a house to let, wherein to stow my baggage, the waggon requiring some repairs. At length, as a heavy shower of rain descended, we found ourselves comfortably settled in Mr. Stewart's comfortable hotel, at which everything is very passable in the grub line and the charges reasonable. From Mr. S—— I hired a very good house for a week, or longer if desirable, and the waggon being now in the town I caused all hands to work unloading. In the evening Mr. Gordon Cumming,² a South African traveller,

¹ The Kaffir wars were almost a perpetual institution until the decisive war of 1834-35.

² R. Gordon-Cumming (1820-1866) served in the Cape Mounted Rifles, but sold out and went into the interior. He hunted big game in Bechuanaland and the Limpopo Valley and was known to the natives as the "Lion Hunter." He traced the course of the Limpopo River for some considerable distance and was the author of *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa*.

called on me and gave me a good deal of information as to future proceedings, advising me to shun Mabotsa or Bokatla, on account of the emigrant Boers residing there. After the Battle of Bloemfontein, where the Boers were well thrashed, the most bitterly disposed toward the English trekked north, and have settled about Mabotsa, where they annoy both natives and missionaries exceedingly. Cumming was waylaid by them and narrowly escaped.

Wednesday, 25th. Graaf Reinet is a pretty village, surrounded on three sides by mountains, and containing about 2000 people. The streets are lined with orange and lemon trees, and there are numerous well-kept gardens producing enormous quantities of fruit and vegetables. The inhabitants are chiefly Dutch, but some English storekeepers also reside here. Kaffirs and Fingoes wander about the streets. The women are picturesque objects at a distance, and some are merely clothed in the leather kaross,¹ with many ornaments of beads.

Thursday, 26th. I purchased six dogs and two horses. The dogs cost me thirty shillings each and the horses £7 10s. each.

Friday, 27th. The advice afforded me as to my expedition is as wonderful as it is plentiful. One person advises me that I take at least forty gallons of brandy, there was no chance of getting on with the savages in the absence of it—he was a seller of spirits! Another that I should stow away 150 lbs. of tobacco; and the third gentleman, who was

¹ A native cloak composed of a blanket of furs or skins sewn together with sinews.

given to punning, "that all my boxes should be lined with tin." In my peregrinations through the village I saw a perfect Daniel Lambert¹ of a Boer, with such a monstrous corporation that he could barely rise from his chair without assistance ; he was at least 9 feet round and would perhaps weigh 20 stone. There seem to be some very decent fellows residing at the hotel, passing their evenings there after business in a game of whist, etc., and making up excursions against gnus and springboks. Dr. Fherzin, who is a great card, was called away this evening to visit a patient living about 90 miles off. The good doctor seemed to make nothing of his ride of 180 miles.

Saturday, 28th. Everything was now ready for departure, so, taking leave of my friend Darnell, who is going to Algoa Bay, I continued my journey alone, every endeavour to discover a companion proving fruitless. Many were the fears expressed for my safety by various folks. In the plenitude of their kindness half a dozen deaths were specially provided—to be eaten by lions, speared by savages and drowned in the Great River—were a few. To have satisfied all my friends in this respect a cat's nine lives would not have sufficed. At 3 p.m., leaving Graaf Reinet, we entered a romantic kloof, through which the Sunday River flows, and rested on a flat by the river-banks. My new purchases are very dissatisfied with their condition, howling and struggling to get loose. Distance, 6 miles.

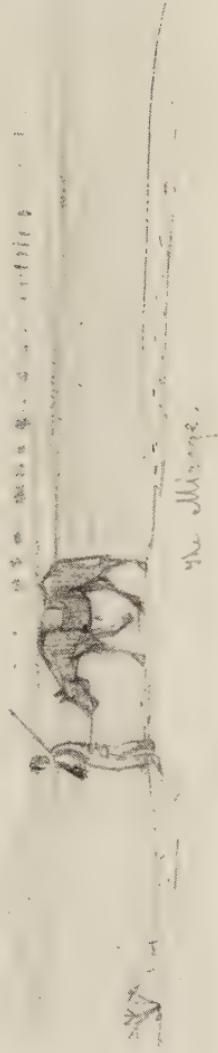
¹ An enormously fat man—an Englishman—proverbial for his great size. Born near Leicester, the son of a gaoler, in 1770, he followed in his father's shoes as gaoler and died in 1809, weighing 52½ stone and measuring 102 inches round the waist.

Sunday, 29th. Left the Sunday River at 10 a.m. and commenced the ascent of the Old Berg Pass, a long pull and a very bad road. In the afternoon we encamped on the Sneuwerberg at an elevation of 5000 feet. Among the mountains is found plenty of sweet grass for pasturage, the farms are mostly grazing farms. At nightfall we were treated with the long dismal *who-oo-oop* of an hyæna, disturbing us for an hour or two. Distance travelled, 15 miles.

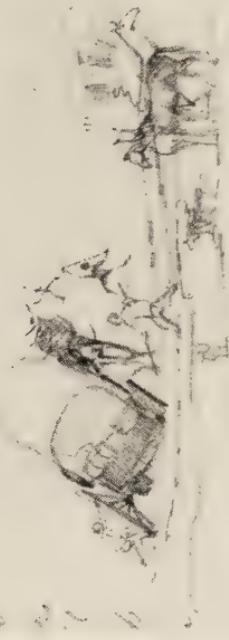
Monday, 30th. Hoar frost lays on the ground and the thermometer is at 38°. We travel over a desolate country void of game, wood and water. Passed a little rivulet called the Rivierje, and trekked until 8 p.m. After much searching water was discovered by the shrill croaking of frogs, and the tent was pitched. I shot a dassy among the rocks. Distance, 25 miles.

Tuesday, May 1st. An uncomfortable gale blowing from N.W. and hurling about clouds of dust, determined me to make but a short stage to-day. At a farm, Drie Fn., there is excellent water; here we outspanned, the sky being overcast and threatening rain. I shot a brace of wild ducks and had a long chivy after a vlacke buck, but the ground was so stony that he soon distanced the greyhounds. Distance, 12 miles.

Wednesday, 2nd. The weather still appeared so unsettled that we remained encamped. A "Nor'-wester" is setting in and blowing furiously, a sure prelude of rain. My dogs are starving and shivering with cold. A skinny crane that I was fortunate enough to shoot for them was divided into parts and formed the basis of their dinners, a vigorous



MIRAGE



CROSSING A MUDDY WATERCOURSE

battle being fought for the beak. Towards evening a severe snowstorm set in with intense cold ; in a few minutes the tent was frozen as stiff as a board, water and coffee were covered with a sheet of ice and the miserable oxen and horses without a bush for shelter turned their backs to the storm and huddled themselves together for warmth.

Thursday, 3rd. On emerging from the tent in the morning I saw the whole country white with snow, and the air was excessively cold, the thermometer at 25° . About noon the weather somewhat clearing, we inspanned and travelled along the sodden roads until brought to a standstill by a muddy watercourse flowing in the pathway. On essaying to cross this the hinder wheels of the waggon sank up to the axle and remained immovable. Here was a pretty pickle, we stuck in a watercourse and a second snowstorm beginning, however, as the oxen were unable to lug the waggon out it became necessary to dig it out. Pick-axes, shovels and every available tool were pressed into the service, and in about an hour's time I had the satisfaction of seeing the water turned off into a new channel and the other obstructions removed. With two desperate pulls, the oxen, urged forward with horrible yells, succeeding in freeing the waggon from its muddy bed, which event was hailed with three cheers. During the digging operations a Dutchman came up with his waggon, and after staring at us for a few seconds, passed on without speaking or offering us the smallest assistance ; so much for the eulogized Dutch kindness to strangers. The road we had now to traverse was of the worst

kind, full of great masses of rock and deep pits and gullies worn by the rain. With furious jolting and banging we passed safely, after nearly again sticking in a deep mud hole. Happily the precaution of throwing in large flat stones to secure a bottom was taken before crossing, or else we should inevitably have been in the mud a second time. The camp was formed under a low, stony, shelving hill, much more sheltered than the last place. A good bundle of dry wood was also procured, as yesterday we suffered considerably from want of fuel. The evening set in with snow and N.W. wind. Distance, 6 miles.

Friday, 4th. Thermometer at sunrise in the tent 34°, the weather is finer but very cold. Again we had to endure bumping sufficient to dislocate every joint from this vilest of roads, the many virtues of a Cape waggon were manifest here, I am sure no other vehicle could have withstood such fearful thumps. Stopping at a farm I purchased a few necessities. Both Mynheer Van Sail and his Vrouw were of portly dimensions and seemed to thrive on their Alpine farm ; they were about to trek with their cattle to lower and warmer regions, as is the custom here on the approach of winter. At Dassies Fn., the next place, a by-road leading north to the Zout Pans Drift on the Orange River, turns off from the main road to Colesberg, and is the track I shall adhere to. Fortunately, we are now clear of the Sneuwberg without any serious disaster, but both oxen and horses are much reduced ; one of the former is unable to move. Distance, 12 miles.

Saturday, 5th. A hard frost, thermometer at

sunrise 29° in tent. This is a terrible country for wood, nothing growing but little scrubby bushes, and the cold is very severe. For the first time we saw enormous troops of gnus and springboks, all were very wild, so that it was very difficult to get a shot ; however, I kept blazing away hoping a stray bullet might do execution. The common white-tailed gnus are in vast herds on the south side of the Orange River, but never seen to the north ; the brindled, or blue, gnu takes its place. Six or seven hundred yards is but random work even with the cone ball. If animals happen to be standing in a clump the cone will frequently knock one over even at 700 yards, and is therefore, for long distances, infinitely superior to the round ball. The conical answers equally well with a two-grooved rifle as with the old-fashioned one. The gnus we saw were the common variety with the white tail. The antics of these creatures on being approached were most ludicrous and extraordinary ; they twisted round, kicked, tossed their heads at us and looked as fierce as possible. We were unfortunate in our shooting, bagging "nix." No meat in the larder.

Sunday, 6th. Thermometer at sunrise 24°, a hard frost fell in the night, coffee was frozen solid in the tent. Trekked from the Dutchman's house early and travelled for two and a half hours, passed Paarde Fn., and encamped by the Zekoe River, formerly containing hippopotami. Near at hand was a bushman hutch composed of a framework of wood on which were stretched skins of animals. Some old shrivelled women, dressed in sheep-skin

karosses, cowered round a fire smoking dakkha, or wild hemp, from wooden pipes. They rather resembled animals than human beings, and their language sounded like the croaking of frogs. Flaps of buck flesh were hung on sticks to dry in the sun, and the heaps of muck and filth were immeasurable. As we were entirely without meat I went out on foot after a troop of gnus and wounded one with my last remaining bullet.

Monday, 7th. The waggon was sent forward, while Hall and I went in pursuit of gnus and spring-boks. After some hard work, Hall managed to jam a herd in a valley, so as to make them run the gauntlet at 500 yards distant, and pinned one through the heart. With much labour we divided the carcase into portions, stowing them on the two horses. Thus loaded we followed the waggon spoor for at least 14 miles, and reached the camp late in the afternoon, tired and hungry. On the road I fired at, and wounded severely, a fine bull gnu with a cone 700 yards. The force of the ball knocked him down, but struggling to his legs again he hobbled after the herd. My horse was then far away from me and loaded with meat, or else we should have bagged this fellow also. The gnu that was shot had a large portion of the heart carried away by the ball and one fore-leg completely smashed at the shoulder, yet he contrived to run several paces before falling. We found the waggon outspanned at Honger Fontein, the whole country is alive with game, and I anticipate some good sport to-morrow.

Tuesday, 8th. Thermometer at sunrise 40°. Very early this morning Hall and I saddled up and

commenced work among the game in a workman-like manner. A fine cow gnu was lowered with three balls, she showed fine play and gave a long chase. Leaving the body on the ground we pursued other herds of animals. A springbok was soon shot and secured behind the saddle. Such a quantity of game was there that I soon exhausted all my ammunition, leaving some half-dozen gnus hobbling on three legs, but yet going the pace. Returning to the spot where lay the dead cow we found a host of beastly vultures of many kinds busily engaged on the remains. The wretches had eaten nearly the whole of the flesh, and were now fighting a vigorous battle for the little left ; this had been effected in about an hour, and some were so gorged as to fly with difficulty. At noon the weather turned out rainy, but clearing for an hour or two I started on foot after an enormous troop of springbok. Meeting, however, with a herd of gnus standing in a thick clump, I fired and wounded a large bull at 600 yards. The herd bolted at a wonderful pace, leaving their companion spinning about like a top. We now tried a novel plan, to drive the animal to the camp and there finish him, to save the trouble of carrying such a mass of flesh. It answered very well for a couple of miles or so until a herd of gnus, inspecting the proceedings from a distance, came to the relief of their beleaguered friend, poking him well with their horns to keep him warm, and evidently trying to induce him to make off with them. A rifle shot fired at their sterns had the desired effect of creating a panic, but also made the wounded fellow so lively that we were soon left

behind. As twilight came on horses were procured and we came up with him by dark. He was very savage and inclined to show fight. I fired two shots and missed, it was so dark that I could only observe a hazy, black-looking thing near. Hall's bullet told. I reloaded and gave him one barrel and then walked up to him to give him the *coup de grâce*. With a fierce snort and bound he almost regained his legs when my left barrel took effect under his eye, he made a great struggle, but it was a settler. While dissecting the body we heard some beast walking round us and breathing deeply, but it was too dark to observe anything. Hall cut away with his knife and I stood by with cocked rifle. As much flesh as could be conveniently placed on the saddles was stowed away and we started for the camp, several miles distant. We lost our way among the stony hills, nor till the moon rose could we find the path. A number of vultures had completely eaten a springbok, shot by us this morning. A flock of these birds will completely dissect the largest carcase in an hour, leaving nothing but bones. The enormous quantity of game seen to-day was wonderful; I should think that not less than 15,000 to 20,000 antelopes were visible at a glance, some troops exceeded a mile in length, closely packed. The mirage was seen to-day, distorting everything in a singular manner. Lakes of beautiful clear water appeared in the distance vanishing at intervals, and a troop of gnus looked like tall black kittens ranged in rows.

Wednesday, 9th. Travelled for six hours, passed Bontebok Kraal, and rested at Schaapkuil. Here

the Brakke River takes its rise, flowing between two stony hills. One of these I ascended; rock-rabbits were numerous among the rocks, and the country, though barren and desolate, was speckled with antelopes. No other pasture is to be had but scrubby Karroo plants of a debauched and dwarfish growth. More gnu and springbok shooting. Distance, 18 miles.

Thursday, 10th. Thermometer in tent 28°, wind strong from the N.N.W. and very cold. Some thirsty soul I discovered to have been prigging brandy this morning, so I caused all the grog to be removed into a chest with a secure padlock to prevent a recurrence of such an accident. With packing the waggon afresh we were detained here the whole day. A Dutchman from a neighbouring farm visited my tent and took breakfast with me, partaking of fried gnu with zest. When questioned as to our route to the Orange River, he could give but little information, being remarkably stupid and dull, and obtuse with regard to his faculties, seeming to know nothing beyond 10 miles from his own door. The flesh of the gnu resembles beef, coarse and toughish, while springbok flesh is very good and tender and not to be despised.

Friday, 11th. We reached Dwaal Fn., where we were hospitably treated by the owner of the farm, Mr. Dickson. He invited me to dine with him. The conversation chiefly turned on subjects connected with South African farming. This farm comprised 26,000 acres, on which grazed 10,000 sheep besides a few horses and horned cattle. The present district (Winterveldt) is better adapted for

sheep rather than cattle, disease not being so prevalent among the former. Mrs. Dickson complained of the excessive dullness of the country and of its Dutch inhabitants. That it was a dreadful place to live in she was about right, for a more deadly lively country could hardly be imagined. All that is seen to enliven the landscape is masses of stone, lying in every direction, and scrubby dried-up plants, more resembling old broom tops than anything else, peeping out from the interstices. Taking leave of the hospitable farmer we continued our journey, and I rode after the springbok, thousands of which were in view. Three fine bucks soon graced our larder, and many wounded were left on the plain. The springboks during their migration do much damage, eating up every blade of grass and all edible bushes. Every particle of grass is devoured on our road, leaving the country bare and more dreary than ever. We lost our road and outspanned in the bush.

Saturday, 12th. Rains having destroyed the waggon path we had to cut a road through a deep watercourse for the vehicle to pass, and after some delay found the old track again. Passed Bat (Bath) Fontein and Lion Fn. and encamped at a fine, large farm, Seven Fountains, abundantly supplied with water. The inhabitants here were more than usually surly. Distance, 17 miles.

Sunday, 13th. Thermometer in tent at sunrise 19°, at noon 80° in the shade and 48° at sunset. Every evening a concert of jackals takes place with fearful screechings.

Monday, 14th. Travelled over a desolate

country no better than a desert. Distance, 15 miles.

Tuesday, 15th. Proceeded on our journey north ; nothing of interest is seen and all the game is gone. Vast plains, desolate and uninhabited, lay stretched out for many miles, with occasional mountain barriers intervening. A rickety mud dwelling denominated a farm-house may be seen in some nook among the rocks, surrounded by the usual host of dogs and strong-smelling kraals. At Kreiger's Fontein, where we outspanned, are two fine pools of water, formed by damming up a watercourse, thus preventing the water from flowing.

Wednesday, 16th. On the journey to-day we passed a farm, Jachte Poorte, and rested there for a short time. The old Boer was very anxious to be informed on various subjects, as the strength of the British Army, also the state of affairs in Europe. His ideas were awfully confused, supposing that the French and English were fighting hammer and tongs, and adding, in a sage manner, that if the French were to join the Africanders at the Cape, there would soon be an end of English dominion. Like most Boers, he was an intolerant bigot, but as I wanted to obtain some necessaries from him it was not my object to quarrel, lest he should enhance the price of things, so I let him have his own way. I here first heard that the Griquas¹ were embroiled with the emigrant farmers of the Reit and Modder Rivers. Should this news have been true most

¹ Griquas are a separate race of people originally consisting of half-caste offspring of Boers and natives. They banded themselves together under the leadership of Adam Kok into a separate nation.

unpleasant consequences would arise, but it turned out all humbug as the farmers' reports generally are. Proceeding on we encamped in a valley between rocky mountains. Baboons yelled and shouted at us, as if warning us off the property, their wild voices echoing among the crags. Distance, 15 miles.

Thursday, 17th. The water we met with to-day was abominably nasty and thick with filth. A few thousand sheep walking about in a shallow pan of water don't improve it. Two Dutchmen, armed with immensely long rifles, visited the waggon ; they had lost all their oxen, some thirty, and had been two days without any tidings of them. Probably bushmen had driven them off to some mountain fastness. The Boers accompanied our waggon to their own encampment, situated near large, but very shallow, pools of water. Here I found a large party with their flocks, they remain till the water is exhausted and then trek.

Friday, 18th. Came to a place where a Boer was building himself a house, having purchased the adjoining land for a farm. He complained bitterly of the English Government for setting such a price on such worthless land, indeed two shillings per acre is a great sum when the barrenness of the soil is considered. I never saw a more arid and desolate place for a farm : land parched and baked, producing nothing but little shrivelled tufts of plants that never reach one-tenth of the natural size, and no water for irrigation. Under these circumstances the farmer can only live, not lay by, every now and then being compelled to wander about with his

family and cattle in search of some more favoured region. Often so little water is to be had that the clayey desert becomes impassable but by bushmen. A party of "smonces" (a trading party), a short time since, attempting to cross this tract from the Orange River, nearly perished from thirst; one of the company and a dog were exhausted and died on the road. We saw three or four large shallow pans of water reeking with filth. They were some acres in extent, but only a few inches deep. Rain had recently fallen, causing this supply, otherwise a cracked clayey surface only marks the spot.



DUTCH FARM OUTPOST.

We shot two fine springboks and brought them to the camp, vultures attended to devour the remains that we left. Thousands of these antelopes were slowly grazing towards the southward, leaving the country behind them bare and trampled down. Distance, 18 miles.

Saturday, 19th. At Zand Fontein, where, for a wonder, are two good springs of water, the soil surrounding the farm is literally white with saline incrustation. I picked up some lumps of bitter salt as large as an apple. At this place a Dutch trader agreed to convey my waggon over the Zout

Pans Drift for £1. At 5 p.m. the waters of the Great River first greeted our view, a most glorious sight after the dry and arid desert we have just passed. Even now, the dry season, it is a noble stream 350 yards in width, clear as crystal and flowing with a gentle current. Clusters of beautiful drooping willows fringed the banks, dipping their boughs in the river and presenting a mass of verdure altogether novel to our eyes accustomed to burning sand and Karroo. The method of fording is as follows : Two men on horseback rode in front, each holding a long leather rein attached to the horns of the fore oxen. Two more were seated on the waggon-box, one armed with a spear and the other with a long whip. All being ready for the start, the waggon rolled down the steep descent into the river, and the oxen were urged through the stream with furious applications of whips and yells in every key. We landed on a small island in the centre of the river, resting there for a few moments. The opposite bank was reached safely and we emerged dripping. A crowd of Korrannas¹ immediately surrounded us and began to beg for brandy ; they, however, got nothing else we never should have been quit of them. One or two of these people were in native costume, the others generally wore old coats and

¹ Korannas are an outcast tribe of Hottentot beggars living across the Orange River. Though superior in caste to the Griquas, both tribes are of similar origin, being derived from Boer intercourse with the natives. " Most of them possess firearms and horses which they not only use in the chase but, like their Griqua neighbours, in their predatory excursions against the Bechuanas and other tribes. . . . The kaross among them seems to have quite given place to the leathern jacket and trousers, and some even enjoy the luxury of a shirt." (Steedman's *Wanderings and Adventures in S. Africa*.)

trousers of leather, greasy and dirty from constant use. They were anxious to obtain European clothing, though nothing was refused by them. On seeing that it was of no use to sponge on us they gradually departed. An immense cloud of locusts passed over our heads about noon, going south. Millions, carried along by the wind, produced a rushing like falling water. Wherever any green grass or bush appeared, the locusts immediately alighted and devoured it up. At a distance they resembled clouds of smoke whirling in all directions. Distance, 20 miles.

Sunday, 20th. The weather is considerably warmer. Many Korrannas and Totties visit the camp, begging for all sorts of things, none of which they obtained. While dressing in the tent this morning, a deputation of native ladies waited on me to beg for sugar. I pretended not to understand, and accordingly they got none. Much amusement and laughter was excited at seeing me comb my hair, such a process being incomprehensible to them. They jabbered away, clicking like frogs,¹ and occasionally bursting into fits of laughter. These ladies were not the most prepossessing in the world, and the ancient odours that appertained to them, spread around a delightful fragrance. They were generally smeared on both cheeks with fat and red ochre, and wore necklaces of old bones, buttons, etc. Some pretty pebbles were picked up in the sand by the river, consisting of fragments of agate, cornelian and chalcedony. The niggers

¹ The clicking sound referred to is noticeable in almost every Hottentot word and seems to identify them by their speech.

have been begging all day, keeping us constantly on the watch, for they are expert thieves.

Monday, 21st. The Korrannas have again been begging, to our no small annoyance ; there is no getting rid of these fellows. Leaving the Zout Pan's Drift we proceeded on to Ramah, a wretched Griqua village, composed of a few rush-thatched houses of mud and soap bowl huts of Korrannas. A missionary formerly resided at this place, but the station is now given up, and a native school-master now instructs the young idea how to shoot. Several Griquas came out to inspect the waggon and beg for tea. We encamped at Matjes River, a little brook of *brak* water, where I shot a brace of wild duck, a pleasant addition to our larder. Swarms of locusts passed overhead to-day towards the Colony. Distance, 15 miles.

Tuesday, 22nd. A few Griquas bring us milk for sale ; handkerchiefs, bullets, etc., are the mediums of exchange. Korrannas also ride past on oxback, an unpleasant mode of travelling to the European, but the plan usually adopted by the natives. We travel north along the Orange River, over a grassy country much burnt from want of rain. Marks where ostriches have been rolling in the dust are frequent, and several of these enormous birds are seen striding away in the distance. To-day I purchased from the Griquas two fat oxen and a stout shooting horse ; the oxen cost £5 10s. and the horse £10. Coats, trousers and shoes and other articles of dress were sadly wanted ; but I had none to spare, a waggon-load of slops would be a good speculation here. The exhibition of my chart and

compass excited great surprise,¹ my being able to show the positions of the various towns and rivers quite astonished them. There was no comprehending how a stranger could find his way in a country without a guide or without having been there *to kek de pat*. The Griquas could not understand why one end of the needle (compass) always turned away from the point of a knife when held to it. They solved the mystery by saying that the needle was afraid of the knife, and so ran away from it! A guide is, however, generally necessary to show where water lies, a small spring perhaps being the only water for many miles. One of the Griquas agreed to conduct me as far as the Vaal River for fifteen shillings. We travelled until late and found water about 3 miles to the left of the road, a small path leads to it. This being the last good water for a long distance, every keg and bottle should be filled; this should also be done on leaving Ramah or Matje's River. The country is most desolate and entirely without game. Distance, 21 miles.

Wednesday, 23rd. A long day's journey over a dry country with no water. Chips of agate and indifferent cornelian, etc., strew the road, and the sand is chiefly composed of the same substances ground into small particles. Ostriches and other smaller animals are numerous, but very little small game is seen. In the evening we arrived at a salt-pan, a mile and a half round. A thin coating of bitter salt, probably nitrate of soda, covered the

¹ A like incident occurred to Baines, the famous traveller, and is related by him in his *Explorations in S.W. Africa*.

surface an eighth of an inch in depth, underneath which was a substratum of lime ; the soil underneath was dry and of a brownish colour. Passing this we came to a spring of Harrogate water,¹ Kruit (or Stink) Fn. The water bubbling up from a basin of black sand looked temptingly bright and clear ; but being strongly impregnated with sulphur, it was most disgusting to the taste. The temperature at the eye of the spring was considerably higher than that of the atmosphere.

Thursday, 24th. Many Namaqua partridges were



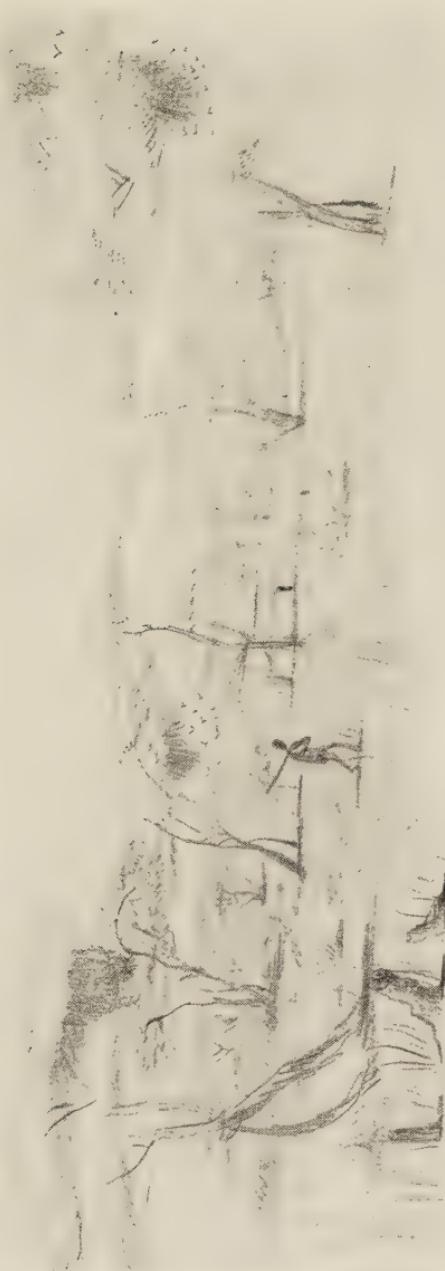
BALALA WATER
VESSEL.

shot at the pool. These birds, a species of grouse, visit the water morning and evening in immense numbers. When drinking they cluster in rows so closely, that a dozen or more may be "potted" at a shot. At noon a Bushman family came to the spring and filled thirty-five ostrich egg shells with water, using grass corks with them. These people were wretchedly poor and filthy, vermin crawling on their bodies in a disgusting manner. They eyed us with a quick wary look, but on receiving a little tobacco they became more sociable. Leaving this place, we reached another Stink Fn. of crystal water, and passing on some miles encamped among thick bush and Mokaala trees (*Acacia giraffe*).² The country has now a better appearance, grass is more plentiful and camelthorns (Kameel-doorns) abound. Distance, 18 miles.

Friday, 25th. Plenty of small game is found hereabouts, korhans, partridges, etc. We started

¹ A chalybeate, sulphurous, limestone water.

² An acacia on whose leaves and flowers the giraffe browses.



THE MOKAALA FOREST

early and traversed a pretty country : three hours brought us to a Bechuana Kaffir village, where was a small spring of water. The inhabitants were terribly afraid lest my cattle should drink all the water, and so came down in multitudes, bringing all sorts of vessels to fill before us. The news of the arrival of a white stranger spread rapidly, and in a few minutes half the town was round my waggon, and as usual began to beg. To one fellow I gave a little snuff, when he immediately seated himself and began to shovel it into his nose in real earnest with a bone spoon, until the tears ran down his cheeks. A number of half-naked niggers watched me with intense interest while eating some lunch on the waggon-box, passing remarks to one another, repeatedly exclaiming, "Ogh ! Ogh !" The exhibition of an air-cane¹ produced the greatest wonder among them, and it was universally declared to be an evil spirit or something very bad. Nothing would induce them to place a hand upon the barrel while I fired with air alone. Many of the women were by no means unprepossessing ; when young they seemed full of life and vivacity, laughing and chattering away. At sundown we came to the Vaal River. The river-banks were thickly lined with willows and acacias, but the surrounding country was very bare. When full the river is broad, about 700 yards at the drift, but at present the water is low and only 150 yards in breadth. We crossed the stony bed of the stream without much difficulty, and encamped on the high bank. The Vaal is a fine river, it rises in the Kashan

¹ An air-gun.

Mountains and flows through a varied country, plain and mountain, keeping a south-westerly course about 500 miles, when it joins the Orange River in south lat. $29^{\circ} 10'$, east long. $24^{\circ} 15'$. My camp is about 30 miles E.N.E. of the junction. On the road to-day I met Mr. Hughes, the missionary, who resides near the Drift, where are a few cottages and a chapel in course of formation. He was on a journey to Philippolis with his family. Distance travelled in the last two days, 36 miles.

Saturday, 26th. Many Bechuanas visit the camp bringing milk, skins, ostrich feathers, etc.; I purchased two handsome karosses and some other curiosities for beads, knives and buttons. Much address is required in dealing with these people, as in bargaining they are uncommonly sharp. At the conclusion of a bargain, a small present is usually asked for "to make friends." The natives become very troublesome, crowding round the tent, begging for everything and purloining anything they can conveniently hide under their mantles.

Sunday, 27th. A fish, 5 lbs. weight, was caught in the river by a night-line. It was palatable and afforded a change of diet. Crowds of Bechuanas again surround the waggon, pervading the air with foul smells. Many of them are dressed in the most extraordinary costumes, wearing all sorts of things in their heads, old pens, bits of bone, tin, and every piece of trumpery that can be procured. A gold watch shown them excited immense admiration; they could not comprehend the moving of the hands or the ticking and seemed afraid to touch it. The niggers beginning their old game again

became such a nuisance that I gave orders for trekking. We moved on 7 miles and pitched tent far from these importunate beggars. No water. Distance, 7 miles.

Monday, 28th. Travelling for some hours over a bushy country we entered a gap in a low range of hills and soon reached Campbell's Dorp, a Griqua village. A beautiful stream of water runs past the village, enabling the inhabitants to irrigate their fields. In the afternoon I visited Mr. Bartlett, the resident missionary. He was much gratified by a present of garden seeds and a few little articles and sent to my camp plenty of vegetables, bread, etc., which to us were great luxuries. Mr. B——t has resided here for 26 years, and remembers when large game, as giraffe and rhinoceros, were plentiful, now not to be found within 200 miles of the spot. In the evening the Griqua captain or chief Cornelius Kok,¹ visited my tent and gave me some information concerning the road. Enormous swarms of locusts have been passing over for the last three days, such multitudes have not been known for many years. Many ostriches seen to-day. I left, with Captain Kok, two oxen which were unable to proceed further. Distance, 15 miles.

Tuesday, 29th. About four months back, three lions were shot out of a party of eight that visited Campbell and devoured some cows, the remainder took themselves off towards the Vaal River. Lions frequently wander about in bands, following the vast herds of game that exist in the interior. Leaving

¹ Cornelius Kok was the direct descendant of Adam Kok, the founder of the Griqua people, and their hereditary captain or chief.

my two oxen, I took leave of the hospitable missionary, and with a fresh span of cattle proceeded at a rapid rate until we reached a pool called Don, when all the cattle, forty in number, were fastened up. Weather cloudy. Distance, 9 miles.

Wednesday, 30th. Travelling north through thick bush for six hours brought us to Papkuil's Fn., a mud hole distinguished by that name. As this place has the reputation of being haunted by lions all the cattle were fastened to the waggon wheels and trek-touw,¹ the end being securely chained to a tree, and we were otherwise prepared to meet any nocturnal intruder. A large steel trap was also set for hyænas, jackals, etc. Many spoors of game—hartebeestes, quaggas,² gnus, etc.—were seen to-day, but the animals themselves seem to have departed for some other region. Weather overcast and very cold. Distance, 20 miles.

While out shooting I lost myself in the thick bush, and was going in the wrong direction when I fortunately heard the report of a musket and soon after struck into the right road.

Thursday, 31st. Snow had fallen during the night and the weather is very unsettled. While packing things together and striking the tent, the rascally Griqua, whose cattle I had hired as far as a salt pan a day's journey beyond this place, contrived to escape observation and abscond with his oxen (the remuneration for his services had been

¹ A plaited leather rope to which the yokes or skeys of the oxen are secured.

² A South African equine animal related to the ass and the zebra, though not so striped as the zebra. A Government report of 1873 pronounced the animal as being extinct in the Colony.

unwisely paid before-hand); but by sending after him Hall mounted on my swiftest horse, his trail was hit upon and in due time the miscreant brought back rather crestfallen. He told many lies and made all sorts of excuses about the oxen not keeping together in the bush; but in the end he confessed that it was a plan to leave us here purposely, made up at the outset from Campbell. For his iniquities he shall take my waggon as far as Daniel's Kuil, a very mild punishment indeed. We were detained here the whole day, and my horse was completely knocked up. In the afternoon I went out shooting to try and get a buck, for we were much in want of meat for ourselves and starving dogs. While walking in a dry watercourse a young lion trotted across the path about 30 yards ahead of me, I levelled at him, but bush and intervening twigs so obstructed the line of aim that I could not fire with any certainty of giving a mortal wound. The day was excessively cold and storms of hail descended with violence.

Friday, June 1st. A hard frost with ice on the water. Part of the country traversed to-day was barren and desolate, other tracts were covered with long dry grass, and clumps of trees. Some spring-boks, gnus, etc., were seen and chased, but nothing was shot. We saw here on one of the enormous plains the mirage in perfection; the distant trees appear as if suspended above the horizon in clear water, with their image reflected as in a lake, a little closer there seemed as if a river of running water bubbled along a few hundred yards from us, and a flock of antelopes passing in the distance resembled

tall misty pillars moving steadily onwards. The effect was perfect and most beautiful. We encamped by some large trees, having unfortunately overshot the little waterpool on the road by about a mile. Our Griqua friend who knew nothing of our plans was now very desirous of returning home as speedily as possible, and became very outrageous on being informed of my intention of taking his cattle to Daniel's Kuil. My cook, however, significantly told him that if he was master he should be laid over the disselboom of the waggon and well licked. On hearing this and, it may be, thinking that such an indignity to his nobility was not at all improbable, he quietly resigned himself to his fate. A strict watch was kept over him this time, lest he should walk a second time. In the evening I set fire to one of the dead trees near ; the dry timber blazed and crackled famously, throwing such a glare around as to render distant objects visible and effectually to keep at a distance any wild beasts.

Saturday, 2nd. Reached Daniel's Kuil, another Griqua village. Most of the inhabitants are absent on a shooting expedition into the interior, as is their yearly custom. Fortunately I procured a sheep here ; we have now been four days without any fresh meat. In the evening I met David Berghover,¹

¹ Berghover was one of Barend Barend's Griqua division, engaged on an abortive punitive expedition, who escaped massacre at the hands of Moselekatse, the Matabili king (q.v.). Moselekatse's warriors, falling on the Griqua camp in the grey of the morning, killed almost every man and drove off the captured cattle. When the battle was over, all the arms and furniture of the Griquas, together with a quantity of gunpowder, were piled into a heap and set fire to, the warriors commencing at the same time a war-dance. On the explosion taking place, numbers were blown into the air.

the only survivor of the Griqua expedition against Moselekatse¹ in 1831 ; he is mentioned by Sir W. Harris as "Captain Dowd." From him I hired a span of oxen as far as Motito for thirty six-dollars to start on Monday. Berghover is now old and infirm and no longer joins his countrymen in their expeditions. An old Hottentot wearing a soldier's cloak came to me to doctor his head and ears, which sorely pained him. I made him up a mixture of laudanum to stuff in his ears and he departed well pleased. Distance travelled, 12 miles.

Sunday, 3rd. Stationary. There are some excellent springs of water here, and capital soil free from stones and stumps. The Griquas have a few gardens, but not nearly so large as might be. To-day five of my horses were lost in the bush and were not to be found ; from the top of a hill I discerned three of them with my spy-glass many miles off, and with much trouble they were all brought to the camp safely. In the evening some hyaena broke into the native kraals and bit and maimed several cows.

Monday, 4th. The Berghover span was harnessed

¹ King of the Matabili people. About 1817, having quarrelled with his brother Chaka, the Zulu king, he was driven out of his territory and compelled to flee from Chaka's wrath northwards. He subsequently began a career of conquest, during which he ravaged a great part of Bechuanaland and forced the various tribes to serve in his army, and subject themselves to his dominion. Eventually he migrated to the north-east, to the Matabili district, with his subjects, and founded the Matabili people. After his victory over the Griqua expedition (see note to Berghover), his dread of firearms was considerably lessened, until he received some severe checks and eventually defeat at the hands of the emigrant Boers. After this defeat he departed with his tribe far to the northward and settled on the banks of the Limpopo River. He viewed with much distrust the approach of the white man, and his policy of depredations on all and sundry of his neighbours finally led to the ultimate defeat of his people at the hands of the British.

up and we proceeded rapidly. At Kramer's Fontein, a Bechuana village, where numbers of people rushed out to meet us, I obtained some blue and golden asbestos, found in small quantities in the neighbouring hills, and a "swop" was effected with an old swell coat of mine for a handsome skin. The proprietor of the coat donned it at once and cut a grotesque figure, his long black legs extending below the tails. The country passed to-day consists of fine soil, plenty of grass and bush, but sadly wanting in water. We encamped at a spot abounding in grass and wood, but no water. Distance, 20 miles.

Tuesday, 5th. During the night rain fell in torrents with thunder and lightning, the wind also nearly overthrew the tent. We travel north through a grass country resembling fields of ripe oats. At Koning, another Bechuana village, we encamped just as a storm of rain and hail burst over us, mixed with thunder and lightning. For the last thirty-six hours neither horses nor oxen have tasted water. Game is very scarce in these regions, and scarcely anything has been shot this side of the Orange River. To-day I wounded a vlacee buck, but he got away somehow. Distance, 18 miles.

Wednesday, 6th. About Koning there is abundance of timber and water, and the soil is very fertile. Many acres of land, chiefly bearing crops of maize, are enclosed by the Bechuanas and irrigated. Before starting I purchased a karross for some beads. Especial value was set on small blue and red beads, the other sorts were not thought so valuable. The fashions are as changeable here as



Yours very faithfully
Robert Moffat

in England, perhaps next year green or white beads will be all the go. The waggon passed through the picturesque village embowered in trees, and travelled on through dense bush, encamping at night close to the Kuruman Fountain, "Gasiqoniyane." Distance, 22 miles.

Thursday, 7th. I visited the fountain early this morning ; it is by far the finest spring in this part of South Africa. A large body of the purest water gushes not from among caverns in huge granite rocks forming the source of the Kuruman River, once of considerable size, but of late years the stream has somewhat shrunk. The course of the river is nearly west, it flows for 8 or 10 miles and then is lost in the sand. At 10 a.m. I reached Kuruman and was heartily welcomed by the missionaries, Rev. Mr. Moffat,¹ Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Ashton. Mr. Moffat pressed me to take meals regularly with him, and in every respect treated my whole party with the greatest hospitality. Mrs. Livingstone, with her family,² were here on account of an expected irruption of the Dutch emigrant Boers to the north. Kuruman must be a very pretty spot in summer, when everything is in leaf ; but now, in the absence of rain, the country

¹ Dr. Robert Moffat (1795-1883) went first to Kuruman and built there a mission house—a veritable outpost of Christianity. His influence with the natives was tremendous, and he was one of the few who were not afraid of the dreaded Moselekatse, king of the Matabili. It was almost entirely due to Dr. Moffat's influence that Livingstone took up missionary work. He married Mary, the daughter of his former employer.

² Mrs. Livingstone, wife of David Livingstone, the missionary-explorer, was formerly Mary, daughter of Dr. Robt. Moffat. She married David Livingstone in 1844. Her family at this time (1849) only consisted of one son, Robert.

appears much parched. The large watercourse is a delightful object with its deep clear stream flowing past the missionaries' gardens.

Friday, 8th. } At Kuruman. Much information

Saturday, 9th. }

was given to me by Mr. Moffat concerning the country I was to pass through, and as no interpreter was obtainable he very kindly gave me a list of general sentences written in Sichuana,¹ which I found very useful. Mr. Moffat also related many interesting anecdotes of his travels in South Africa, and of his interview with Moselekatsc, the Matabele king. This chief generally called Mr. Moffat "Matchuabi," or Father, and having once dignified him by that name, he could, according to African custom, demand anything in his dominions. Among Moselekatsc's slaves was a Griqua named Truey, who was stolen from her parents by him. Mr. Moffat tried every means to induce the chief to restore this woman, but she was studiously hidden away, lest the missionary should, when he saw her, demand her by right of his title as "Matchuabi." Moselekatsc, the Matabele chief, had a few months before been visited by a party of the emigrant Dutch farmers who stole a quantity of his cattle and pressed many of his subjects as herdsmen. While retreating with the booty they slept, every night, a distance away from the natives, expecting an attack from Moselekatsc's warriors. One night, while encamped on the summit of a hill with the cattle below in the valley guarded by the stolen natives, they heard the shouts of the Matabele in pursuit, who fell

¹ See Appendix B.

on the unfortunate natives and murdered every one.

Sunday, 10th. I attended the chapel where service was performed by Mr. Moffat in the Sechuana language. The chapel is built of stone, thatched and would contain four or five hundred people comfortably. The congregation was not numerous, owing to most of the inhabitants being absent on a shooting expedition, but were very orderly. The singing was good, both time and tune being well kept. The weather being cold the people chiefly appeared in the native karross thrown over their European garments. Mr. Hamilton, now of great age, read service in Dutch at a separate house.

Monday, 11th. I made several purchases at Hume's,¹ the trader who resides here, and all being ready for a start I took leave of the kind and hospitable missionaries who overloaded my waggon with all sorts of provisions and vegetables for the journey, so that there was barely room for stowage. Indeed, such kindness was shown to our whole party that the remembrance of our visit to this spot of civilization in a vast wilderness will ever be delightful. "Murat," my old black horse, being quite knocked up with fatigue and scanty fare, was unable to proceed further, so I left him in the care of Mr. Moffat. We left Kuruman, and, travelling three hours, encamped near a small spring. About a mile to the right of the pool is a marsh where ducks,

¹ Hume was himself a traveller of no mean repute. In 1845 it was said of him that he had been further North than any other man in the Colony (cf. Methuen in his *Life in the Wilderness*). He had also at one time made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Kalahari Desert.

geese and korhans may be found : I shot some of the latter. Distance, 8 miles.

Tuesday, 12th. Reached the Matlaurin River, a small stream of crystal water running through a desert country. Some ostriches were seen and chased, but without success. Game is very scarce and wild. Distance, 13 miles.

Wednesday, 13th. Travelled six and a half hours through deep sand and encamped, without water, a short distance from Metito. The oxen, especially the fresh span, appear quite knocked up. A few hares and partridges are now and then shot, also a few korhans. Distance, 18 miles.

Thursday, 14th. At Metito, or Old Latakoo, a French Missionary Station, the missionary, a Mr. Fridoux, was absent. Numbers of natives of the Baralong tribe with their chief surrounded the waggon, bringing all sorts of things for sale—skins, feathers and curiosities. I purchased a few articles and presented the chief with a knife as an inducement to give me a guide. After a vast deal of delay and trouble from none of us understanding one word of the language, I succeeded in getting two men to conduct me as far as the Siklagole River, and at a late hour left Metito and encamped on the banks of the Mashawa River. On the road I shot two hares and a korhan ; small game is plentiful hereabouts. Hall heard, close to him, the grunt of a lion or ostrich, while out shooting in the bush. The ostrich frequently makes a deep hollow noise very much like a lion. Some armed natives pass us going towards Metito, their bodies were well smeared with fat and red ochre, and their heads sparkled with

sibilo¹ mixed with grease. Others had their hair shorn off, leaving a narrow circle only, and they were all decorated more or less with beads and brass wire. Distance, 11 miles.

Friday, 15th. The scenery has quite changed; a forest of mokaalas or camelthorns affords us a delightful shade. Giraffes and the larger antelopes were formerly numerous here, but have now for the most part disappeared. Good shooting, however, is to be obtained near the river among the dense bush fringing the banks. Duikers and other small bucks are very numerous, and lions are sometimes found here also. Many nests of the social grosbeak hang from the mokaalas, some are as large as haystacks. A species of ant builds a curious chimney of earth sometimes 7 feet high. They are hollow in the centre, and several of them usually stand together in families. We encamped by a small reedy pool, where I shot a wild duck. The guides informed me that lions frequently drank at this place in the night, so plenty of fire-wood was collected and everything made ready for the "Governor." In the afternoon I strolled out and pinked over a duiker buck with my rifle. He was very heavy, about 70 lbs., yet I carried him a full mile to the waggon. Distance, 8 miles.

Saturday, 16th. Continued the journey through the forest. I ineffectually chased an ostrich and two hartebeestes; they dodged me through the bushes for miles; but the long neck of the ostrich, peering

¹ A lustrous black-lead ore, resembling mica, which is made into a paste for purposes of adornment. Harris mentions in his book that "they wore metal skull-caps"—the mistake obviously arising from the use of the lustrous sibilo on their heads.

above the underwood, always gave him the advantage. At Little Chooi, where we arrived in the afternoon, I espied some springboks, one of which I stalked and shot at 237 yards. Numberless spoors of game are visible on all sides. Another duiker was shot. Distance, 11 miles.

Sunday, 17th. Little Chooi is a large circular hollow, the surface is covered with a saline incrustation. It is situated at the northern edge of the Mokaala forest, and, at a distance, closely resembles water. Game frequents these salt-pans to lick up the saline crust. Some half-naked savages visit the waggon, bringing various things to barter.

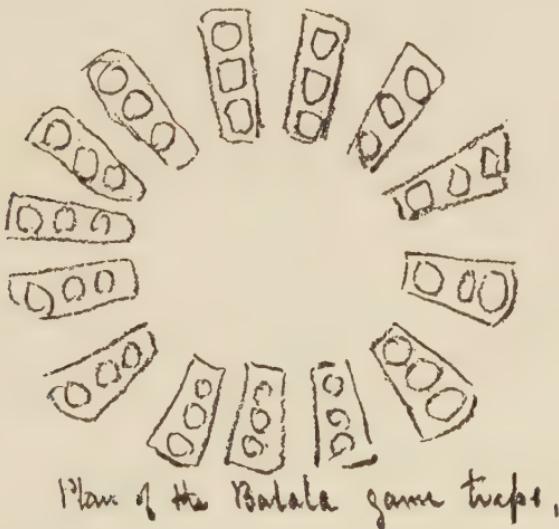
Monday, 18th. Last night a hard frost set in with severe cold, water in the tent was frozen an inch in thickness. Balalas,¹ an outcast tribe of Bechuanas, pass by us. From one of them I obtained a few things in the shape of ornaments. These things, before being transferred to my waggon, undergo a thorough boiling, for the purpose of killing certain insects. The savages never could comprehend this process, looking upon it as a species of magic. They were very unwilling to part with their weapons—bows, arrows and spears—and all they would barter was one arrow. Leaving the Pan I came across a fine troop of cock-ostriches, and went after them at a hard gallop for more than 3 miles, but it was of no use, the ostriches ran at such an amazing pace that none of my horses could compete with them. After this I never tried to run down any more ostriches, but resorted to stalking. Many herds of blue, or

¹ A very low-caste, nomadic, outcast tribe. Their name signifies "Dog of a Bechuana."

LITTLE CHOOI



brindled gnus and hartebeestes were seen, but none shot. A troop of springboks, however, escaped not so well, Hall shooting one dead and I wounding two others. The Balala game traps become very numerous, and are very dangerous to people hunting. They are dug of all sizes and depths ; some I have seen as deep as 14 feet. Sharp stakes are placed at the bottom, so as to impale any unfortunate wretch falling in. Dried grass is carefully arranged over the



mouth, which is concealed as much as possible. When a grand hunt takes place hedges of thorn boughs are laid in two lines diverging from a point, and are each more than a mile long. At the pointed end enormous pits are dug with a barrier of boughs on the outside. The natives then assemble and drive all sorts of game within the hedges, forcing them on with loud shoutings. The animals tumbling into the pit are suffocated ; some escape over the

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bodies of their companions, others turn back and are speared. After all is over the savages hold a general feast until all the flesh is exhausted. Distance, 18 miles.

Tuesday, 19th. Two hours' more travelling brought us to Loharon. Water was plentiful and very good and abundance of game is in the vicinity. This afternoon while walking out, I suddenly espied in a valley a herd of at least 500 brindled gnus, hartebeestes and quaggas. I gave chase immediately and had two good shots, but was too blown to do execution. If water should be scarce at Loharon there is a place about 5 miles to the eastward where it is sure to be found. Distance, 6 miles.

Wednesday, 20th. Last night a lion came near the camp, but, after smelling about for a little while, departed without molesting the cattle. Troops of quaggas, gnus and hartebeestes were pursued, and some wounded. The game, though plentiful, is still very wild, and requires hard riding to come up with them. Fires are visible on all sides ; these are caused by Balalas, who burn the grass wherever locusts abound ; they then gather up the frizzled bodies into sacks and lay up large quantities for consumption. We encamped, after travelling 20 miles, under some fine old trees in a grassy plain. At supper a hyæna approached very close, and began his long melancholy howling. I crawled out after him among the long grass with my rifle ; but the brute always eluded me, and in a short time his whoop was heard in an opposite direction. Distance, 20 miles.

Thursday, 21st. We arrived at Great Chooi, a

large salt-pan of dazzling whiteness. Water was fortunately plentiful and tolerably good. Hosts of animals were seen to-day in large troops. Towards evening a fine brindled gnu walked up to the tent within 200 yards. We waited rather too long for a chance of a better shot, and as it was getting dark when we fired, he escaped the bullets sent flying after him. Trap guns should be set here close to the water ; there is every chance of shooting a lion or hyæna. Distance, 16 miles.

Friday, 22nd. The oxen being much wearied we remained here to-day.

Saturday, 23rd. Left Chooi and travelled five hours over a plain covered with bushes and camel-thorns, encamping without water. Hartebeestes and gnus were seen, but none killed. Distance, 15 miles.

Sunday, 24th. Four hours' rapid travelling and we came to the water at Siklagole. As we were in great want of meat I took my rifle and went into the bush. Presently a fine pouw was bagged, and soon after a springbok fell pierced with two bullets at the same moment. Hall and I firing together at a troop we had stalked had, curiously enough, picked out the same buck. At Siklagole the waggon ran against a great mass of rock. With the sudden jerk the trek-touw snapped, nearly throwing the oxen on their noses. Here I met Mr. Edwards, son of the missionary at Mabotsa, a town about 100 miles to the north-east. He was very useful in procuring guides for me from the chief of the place, understanding well the Sechuana language, and knowing the ways of the natives much better than

I did. A portion of two separate tribes, Barolongs¹ and Bawanketsi,² live by the river. They live in two different villages, and, for a wonder, are tolerably peaceful. As soon as the news was gone abroad, the chief of the Barolongs and Sibotsami, the Wanket king, came with a multitude of councillors, squatted in a circle, and began to talk the matter over, Mr. Edwards being interpreter. After a deal of haggling Sibotsami agreed to find me two guides, or boys as he said, for which I pay a musket to be delivered upon the return march, this settled, the "parliament" dissolved. Their majesties and councillors were abundantly smeared with fat and sibilo, and their heads sparkled with uncommon lustre, the hair hanging at the pole in long pendules covered with filth and grease. The unsavoury stinks that arose from this august assembly were above endurance, and I was fain to keep to windward of them all. Mr. E——s dined with me in the evening and gave me some information respecting the emigrant Boers to the north-east. Distance, 12 miles.

Monday, 25th. After much trouble and delay from the savages crowding about the waggon, I obtained the two "boys," neither of whom was under 30 years of age, and left the Siklagole followed by a troop of natives of all shapes and sizes. The chiefs followed to the last and managed to beg from me a knife and tinder-box. I observed many

¹ A main tribe of the Bechuanas, who excel as wood-carvers and smiths. All South African tribes possess a siboko, or fetish, from which they take their names. The Barolong's siboko is iron.

² Bawanketsi, or Wankets, are a Bechuana tribe who excel as potters.

people carrying towards the village skin bags filled with locusts; the natives are very fond of them and devour large quantities. The two guides, carrying spears and a bag of dried locusts, joined the waggon. One of them was an original character; he spoke about a dozen words in Dutch, which he always applied to suit his own purpose. His mouth was of huge dimensions and his lips were like the end of a trumpet. A crab's claw was suspended from his greasy locks as a charm against lions and hyænas, and he gloried in the name of Johnnie. The other guide was a sulky fat fellow of forty, named "Mas-sow"; he was chiefly remarkable for his grumpiness. Both of them were inhabitants of the town,¹ looking down with supreme contempt on the miserable Balalas. Work of the easiest kind they hated, and held the grand object of life to be to eat and sleep as much as possible. The journey so far had been successful, and though we had at times suffered from want of water yet it was for no great length of time, and the weather was cool comparatively. Misfortunes, however, now were in store, both in the shape of drought and loss of horses. The cattle suffered dreadfully from want of water, and soon became skin and bone. Every endeavour to procure oxen from the natives was fruitless, and the villainous guides did their best to hide the water from us, pretending not to know anything about it. Leaving the river after sticking

¹ Dwellers in towns, among the South African tribesmen, are accustomed to look down with supreme contempt on the dwellers in the country, habitually treating them as slaves. The wretched Balala is especially the butt of any tyrant who may happen across him.

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in its dry sandy bed for a few minutes, we continued the journey through a forest of mokaalas for five hours and encamped without water. Distance, 15 miles.

Tuesday, 26th. Last night a lion walked round the camp uttering at intervals a peculiar purring noise. Once he approached very close to the tent, for I could hear his breathing distinctly as I lay in bed. On going out with my pistols the dogs ran barking up to an old tree, but presently turned tail again towards the fire. The night was too dark to effect anything, so I left the lion to his contemplations. In the morning the spoor of the beast was seen under the tree. An exhausting journey over deep sand brought us to the Meritsane River, by digging holes to a depth of 5 feet in its sandy bed a small quantity of impure water was obtained, barely enough to satisfy the thirsty cattle. The latter part of to-day's journey was through a picturesque forest of mokaalas, but burnt up terribly from want of water. Distance, 9 miles.

Wednesday, 27th. No rain has fallen hereabouts for about *two years*, and vegetation is at a standstill, which, combined with the enormous fires made by the natives, give the country a desolate aspect. Game is very scarce and wild, and nothing is shot though five people were out with the guns. In the evening we were saluted with the lion's purr. This is a famous place for beasts, and trap guns may be set with advantage.

Thursday, 28th. My poor old horse, "Bukke," being completely worn-out and literally starved,



MOKAALA TREES NEAR MERITSANE

was unable to rise, so I left him in the bed of the river lying by one of the water-pits. Natives were in the vicinity into whose hands it was most likely to fall, otherwise I should have had him shot. After cutting off a piece of old Bukke's tail we crossed the Meritsane and steered north over a sandy country covered with thorn trees and mimosas, encamping late in the evening without water near a Balala village. The glimmering fires, with the naked figures flitting about, their black skins just tinged with the red blaze, presented a wild scene. The wretched Balala, in order to hide themselves from their powerful and tyrannical neighbours, live as far as possible from water, concealing themselves in the remotest parts of the forest and desert. They pass a miserable life, sometimes nearly starving, depending on locusts and roots and even insects and worms for food, and perpetually in fear of being attacked, for what little property they possess is not, by Bechuana law, their own. Distance, 22 miles.

Friday, 29th. We were all in high spirits on hearing from the savages that the Molopo, now within a few miles, was a running stream, and I pictured to myself the luxuries of plenty of water for a good wash, and shady trees with herds of elands and buffaloes grazing on the luxuriant herbage. With these thoughts in my head I walked on intending to be the first to behold such a paradise. The further I walked the more dreary the country became, and on arriving at the Molopo, nothing but a dirty dry ditch presented itself, winding a serpentine course over the most sterile, glowing desert

imaginable. To make matters worse the rascally niggers had fired all the grass, burning up every tuft of nourishment for the oxen. One small water-pit several feet deep supplied us with water, and requiring to be bailed up for the cattle, which operation could barely be performed sufficiently fast to prevent the thirsty beasts from jumping head foremost into the well. The larder is in a sorry state with every bit of meat gone, and the Wanket guides are growing very grumpy at the empty state of their stomachs, repeatedly giving us notice of the great hollowness there and catching hold of the skin and drawing it out in an extraordinary manner. I caused another allowance of meal to be served out to all hands, to be cooked in the most palatable way, and taking my rifle I beat the bush for six hours both on foot and on horseback, tearing my skin to bits among the thorns. Still nothing turned up except two or three miserable little antelopes, and those too far off to get a shot at. Distance, 7 miles.

Saturday, 30th. Very early this morning, Frantz, the Hottentot waggon leader, woke me with the news of a large troop of brindled gnus coming towards the water. So away I went after them on horseback, and with a short chase, came up with the troop. The cold of the morning, however, was so intense and my fingers so benumbed, that a minute elapsed before I could raise the hammer of the rifle, consequently the gnus escaped. All hands were out shooting to-day, and I remained at home to take an observation of the sun. I found the latitude to agree remarkably well with that laid

down in Wyld's Map.¹ The latitude of this place is $25^{\circ} 40'$ S., and longitude about $25^{\circ} 45'$ E. Unfortunately, while adjusting the sextant, a borrowed one, a small screw broke rendering it useless. My people returned to the camp laden with spoil, bringing in two hares, ten guinea-fowls and a very lean brindled gnu. This animal, one of the Hottentots, with the combined efforts of Murray, my cook, managed to slaughter after expending enough ammunition for a dozen rhinoceroses. The guinea-fowls were very savoury, affording some first-rate dinners.

Sunday, July 1st. Remained at the Molopo.

Monday, 2nd. We commenced a start north, and after trekking for seven hours through plain and forest, halted in the evening near a Balala village situated in a dense forest. No water was to be found, and though I offered rewards of beads and gunpowder to an ill-favoured individual calling himself the chief, the pig-headed nigger refused to show it. Distance, 18 miles.

Tuesday, 3rd. The chief accompanied by three fearfully ugly attendants, well smeared with fat and ochre and ornamented with sinews and claws of wild beasts, visited the camp very early. I treated them with great coolness, but again offered a reward if they would show the water, a few grunts was the only answer and was all that could be extracted from them. My guides seem to be either great rogues or fools, for they apparently know nothing

¹ James Wyld was a celebrated English cartographer. He compiled the 1844 edition of the map of South Africa used by Dolman on his various journeys through the Colony. He was sometime geographer to H.M. Queen Victoria and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

about the pools of water to the northward ; I rather think they are in league against us. The oxen, parched and tired, were again harnessed up and we proceeded through dense forests of thorn trees in a north direction. Game is very abundant : gnus, hartebeestes, t'sassabies, pallah and other large antelopes were seen in herds ; but my horses were all too much exhausted to be of any service in hunting, so we pursued on foot, but to no purpose. I observed a splendid bull-giraffe browsing on the young shoots of the camelthorn. He was at least 18 feet high, and a magnificent fellow. All my endeavour to stalk him were unavailing, a few strides of his long legs soon placed him beyond my shot. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we saw a dark shining surface in a hollow, and, imagining it to be water, man and beast rushed towards it, and to their disappointment found nothing more than a vley of black mud. Two miles beyond this was another enormous circular hollow imprinted in every part with all sorts of spours, from a rhinoceros to a jackal. The guides called this place Chooi Moklape. Water was found in a pit 14 feet deep, but only a small quantity and that not of the cleanest. Pots and tubs were filled as fast as the water could be bailed up, and the cattle pushed and fought to get their heads into the tubs, which could only accommodate two or three at a time. When it was all used up, a small supply being reserved for ourselves, the Bawanketsi showed me another water-pit on the opposite side of the pan. A brindled gnu was lying with its head in the stagnant water, dead and decomposing. We dragged its carcase out and had

the hole cleared ; but as no more water would flow, operations were suspended for the night. The course has been to-day and yesterday N.N.E. (true), allowing for two points of westerly variation. Distance, 15 miles.

Wednesday, 4th. Several people were set to dig for water while my servant and self went out on foot to try and shoot a dinner, for all our meat is again exhausted. Herds of animals were seen, some of them were worn to shadows from the intense drought ; they were apparently wandering in search of water and were all going eastward. We walked for miles through dense stunted forests of mimosas, and at length arrived at some immense salt-pans, on the edge of which were troops of hartebeestes and brindled gnus. I first shot a gnu and lost him in the bush, and shortly after drilled a bastard hartebeest ; he too escaped. On reaching the spot where he stood when shot at, I saw a mass of thick blood as large as a saucer, proving him to have had a severe wound. Skulls of rhinoceroses and giraffes are very numerous ; I counted nine to-day. On reaching the camp a draught of thick clayey water was bailed up for me out of the pit with an old turtle shell. Though it was very like pea soup, yet it proved very acceptable ; we had walked more than 22 miles under the burning sun and my mouth was parched like leather. The Wanket guides are excessively surly, and grumble to one another at having no meat or fat to eat. They are becoming rather mutinous, and an example ought to be made. I found the digging party in a measure successful ; after five hours' hard labour with pick and spade

they hit upon some flat stones, and by boring with a musket rammer, sharpened into a drill, opened a small spring just enough to satisfy the wants of the cattle. Water must once have been more abundant than at present, many vleys exhibit in their now dry beds masses of rock completely worn away at the sides by the action of water, and all at the same level, the indentations being deepest on the sides facing the prevailing winds, north to west. In the evening a lion and an hyæna favoured us with a concert, which they kept up for some time.

Thursday, 5th. Last night a white rhinoceros came down to inspect the tent, causing a great commotion among the dogs. Several animals also visited the water-pit drinking half the scanty supply and leaving us the dregs in the morning. This caused me to hit on a new plan for procuring game. A circular fence of thorns was made among the rocks near the water, and as evening drew on Hall and I carried down to the ambush our guns and blankets, concealing ourselves as we best could. A brilliant moon lighted up the surrounding country beautifully, and we lay with our rifles ready listening intently for the footsteps of animals. Two or three lions were heard walking round with smothered growlings. Eagerly did I hope that they would come down to the water below, but they soon retired without drinking. The long, dismal *whoo-oo-oop* of hyænas occasionally sounded in the distance with the wildest effect imaginable. Presently a troop of brindled gnus drew near. The principal leader came out first to inspect, and either observing or smelling something strange, he snorted and

stamped a few times and withdrew with the whole herd. Once he came within 40 yards, but the night air was so intensely cold that my hand was too unsteady for that distance to make sure of him. No other animals approaching we forsook our nest among the rocks and reached the camp at 3 in the morning, frozen and unsuccessful.

Friday, 6th. Carrying with us every drop of water that could be bailed up from the pits, we proceeded in a northerly direction through dense forests of mimosas and mokaalas. All traces of the road were now gone, and our pioneering powers were now put in requisition, the felling axe is now frequently in use to lop down such boughs as hang in our way and to chop away offending stumps. Ordinary bushes of 8 or 10 feet high are not taken any notice of, we usually driving right through them. Marks of the elephant and rhinoceros become more numerous, and I observed trees of considerable size pulled down by the former animals that they may browse on the young shoots. In the evening, as the waggon arrived at a place called Moleto, where many clumps of trees of different sorts, chiefly a species of willow, adorn the landscape and form an agreeable camping ground, I fell in with Mahura,¹ the young Bate-lapee² chief, with a large party of natives on a hunting expedition. The chief was a very civil fellow, sending me as a present a quantity of rhinoceros and giraffe flesh, in return for which I made

¹ A nephew of Sibotsame (chief of the Barolongs), and chief of the Batelapin tribe. A powerful young chief living near Kuruman.

² A Bechuana tribe, an offshoot of the Barolongs. Their siboko signifies "They of the fish."

him many little presents of beads, powder, etc., and took on myself to repair a broken gun-stock that belonged to His Majesty. Succeeding in this job another gun was delivered over to me to mend, a bullet was merely stuck in the barrel and this I soon drew out ; a third case was altogether beyond my skill as a gun-maker, the touch-hole of the musket being blown out. A range of blue hills is seen to the north. Distance travelled, 14 miles.

Saturday, 7th. The natives, many of whom possessed very decent guns, assembled round the waggon early, and began by begging as of yore. I explained to them as well as I could without an interpreter my forlorn state with regard to cattle, the poor wretches being worn to skin and bone and their strength quite exhausted, and that I was willing to barter anything in the waggon for fresh oxen. However, they would not accede to the proposal, although they were very anxious to obtain powder and lead. Mahura's camp was a wonderful spectacle : the flesh of nine rhinoceroses, six giraffes and five elands was cut into long strips to dry in the sun. Every tree and bush for a hundred yards round was covered with great flaps of meat, and the heaps of muck in all quarters was beyond imagination. Greasy savages, gorged to the mouth, lay at full length on the ground, lazily sucking marrow from the bones, while others were busy repairing their weapons for future work, or cutting the hides of the dead animals into portable pieces with their assegais. In the afternoon a dry periodical stream, Mariyane, was reached, and I formed a camp close by the water, which is formed in detached pools. Game



THE BAQUAIN BUFFALO FEAST

seems to be abundant by the number of spoors by the water; but unfortunately some Balalas are residing here at present, and large animals will not stop near the habitations of men. The country now begins to assume a different character, hills and valleys succeed one another in place of the boundless plains we have left behind. Course, N.E. by N. (true). Distance, 12 miles.

Sunday, 8th. More than half the oxen are lost, and though every soul but myself went in search, no traces of them could be found. Lions and hyænas are very numerous, and I pictured to myself the fate of the miserable stragglers. Seven only remained, and these poor half-starved cats had no strength left to move the waggon, much more drag it back to Kuruman.

Monday, 9th. I sent out every one to search for the oxen, and at noon, to my great satisfaction, the Wankets brought them all safe back. They had strayed about 12 miles, and were traced by the spoor. The Balala huts are well stocked with eland flesh; I purchased several large pieces for beads, etc.

Tuesday, 10th. Travelled 10 miles N.N.E. and halted at a pool of very dirty water named Kok-khola; the banks were deeply indented with spoors of rhinoceros, lions, giraffes and all sorts of game. Thinking this a favourable place for shooting game at night by the water, I determined to remain. A circular fence of hooked mimosa was made on a bank overhanging the pool, and at night Hall and I took rifles and blankets down to the kraal and made ready to receive the enemy. For a time all

was quiet except the distant whining of hyænas, when presently I heard a rhinoceros inhaling the air a little distance from us. We cocked our rifles and crouched down as much as possible. The old rhinoceros had, however, scented us, and rushing up close to the boughs of the kraal, within 2 yards of us, blew the most horrible blast I ever heard. We lay flat on the ground, shamming dead, expecting to feel his horn in our ribs every instant. After a while, quietly poking out our heads among the thorns and perceiving the coast clear, we picked up our rifles and made a clean bolt for the camp, about 300 yards distant, very well pleased to have doubled on our fat friend. But the night proved very cold, and as our blankets were left behind, we were under the necessity of fetching them, not the pleasantest business in the world, when guarded by a rhinoceros. So I threw up a couple of rockets by way of a demonstration, and then three of us went down and brought back the things ; one of my men affirmed that he could see the rhinoceros, but it was so dark that nothing 10 yards off could be made out from the bushes. Immediately on our arrival back at the waggon, a lion was heard growling close by, which, mingling with the ugly howls of the hyænas and jackals, made a concert that lasted half the night. The rhinoceros is a dangerous brute at night, especially if he scents anything strange. A Borheli, or Keitloa, usually charge slap at offending objects, then the best plan is to lay still, shamming dead ; the natives usually do so when overtaken.

Wednesday, 11th. Leaving the memorable mud hole we travelled E.N.E., through forests of mokaalas



TYPES OF SOUTH AFRICAN RHINOCEROS. A LEAF FROM DOLMAN'S SKETCHBOOK

and crossed the dry beds of two considerable streams, which when full run to the east, very probably joining the Notuani or Mariqua Rivers. The day had been excessively hot and the oxen quite knocked up by the heavy sand and want of water (not half could drink at Kokkhala). Every hollow had been scraped into to discover that necessary, but all proved to be as dry as the surface soil. On inquiring how far it was to the next water, the Wankets told me that it was five days or about 75 miles. Though I knew this to be a lie, it was not calculated to raise anyone's spirits. Not a drop of water remained in the waggon, and I felt confident that if a pool were not found in twelve hours, the whole of my miserable drooping oxen and horses would be left for lions and hyænas. A long range of mountains clothed with dense forests lay to the north of us, and I was sure that water must exist somewhere in that region. So, taking my rifle, I started in the direction of the hills, sending the two Wanket guides with pick and shovel down the bed of the stream, with the assurance that if they did not find water they should be kept without grub until they did. We rode a long way to the base of the mountains, through a magnificent forest, without succeeding in our object, and were returning towards the camp when a large troop of hartebeestes galloped past. I shot two, right and left, and Hall another, wounding a fourth. Two of them lay dead, the others crawled away. On the reports of the rifles, Hall's horse started off and would not let himself be caught, so, leaving the antelopes untouched, we had the disagreeable duty of driving him back to

the waggon, distant some 3 miles, and of the position of which we were very uncertain. By shouting and firing signal guns we reached the camping place long after dark, the rogue of a horse receiving on his arrival a sound licking with a sjambok. We heard the hyænas very busy grumbling away over the hartebeestes, and very little of the carcases did I expect to find in the morning. On the road to-day I shot a fine young blue gnu through the lungs at 200 yards ; he ran a long distance as if untouched, and then suddenly fell dead. Distance, 13 miles.

Thursday, 12th. At daybreak, riding out in search of the hartebeestes, I observed a quantity of birds, parrots, cockatoos and others of beautiful plumage, screaming in a tree. Riding up to the spot we discovered a clear spring of water which ran for about 100 yards and then lost itself in the ground. Both ourselves and the horses took a delightful draught, and then hastened back with the good news. One of the antelopes we found untouched, but the second had been completely eaten by wild beasts. The oxen were immediately harnessed up and the waggon drawn into a shady grove not far from the water. A kraal for the cattle was made by felling trees, and I had the whole camp surrounded by a fortification of boughs, with convenient places to picquet the horses, the tent being placed at the foot of an enormous old tree that completely shaded it. We were now in comfortable circumstances, and the spirits of the whole party rose with the exception of the Bawanketsi, who having failed in their wishes of leading us from the water, sat down surly and grumpy. From motives of their own, or possibly

having received instructions from their chief Sibotsami, they have tried their utmost to lead us away from the water, invariably pretending to know nothing about it. These rascals intended to have passed the mountains, and taken us to the eastward, where probably the oxen in the state they were would have perished of thirst, and I must have abandoned the waggon, which would have become a fine booty for the savages.

Friday, 13th. Out hunting to-day; a troop of gnus and zebras were chased and one wounded. This evening, a fine old dog (Shakespeare) in the act of purloining the meat from a gun-trap and standing in front of the muzzle, received two bullets through the head, killing him on the spot. Hyænas are very numerous and troublesome, but are too cunning to be caught. The scenery in the neighbourhood is very fine; at the back of the camp a lofty range of hills about 2000 feet high runs for many miles east and west, and at the base, and running far up into the ravines are dense forests abounding with water and game. In front of our position is a large meadow of grass, surrounded by trees, and in the distance blue hills are seen covered with wood. Marks of buffaloes and rhinoceros are very numerous, here and there the barks of the trees are rendered quite bare by these animals scrubbing against them. The natives called the mountains "Mani-Mani."

Saturday, 14th. Falling in with the fresh spoor of rhinoceros I followed up the track on horseback, and while riding through a dense thicket of hook-thorn mimosa, came suddenly on a huge rhinoceros.

The brute immediately started up and stared at me, his head end on. We galloped behind some bushes on one side, hoping to get a shot at his shoulder, but the noise of our horses' hoofs caused him to decamp, and from the nature of the jungle we gained no further sight of him, though we followed his spoor for miles.

Sunday, 15th. This morning a honey-bird came to the camp and began screaming in a tree ; by this the bird draws the attention of any person, when it hops and flutters from tree to tree, whistling impatiently, and expecting to be followed until it arrives at the place where the bees' nest is concealed. When the comb is removed and the people gone, the honey-bird comes in for his share, devouring the remnants and the young grubs at leisure. I followed this bird, whistling alternately with it for about half a mile through the wood and was led to an old yellow-wood tree. We found the nest in an old decayed bough, and fished out several pieces of comb well filled with honey.

Monday, 16th. Rode away to the eastward in search of game. We were following a game path when we suddenly espied three fat rhinoceroses asleep in a sunny opening among some hook-thorns. There was no very good shelter for stalking, so it was agreed that we should fire from the horses' backs, a very bad plan. At 50 yards we together let drive into the shoulder of the largest, and at the bang of the rifles the three brutes jumped up like harlequins, galloping off in the direction of the wind. One seemed to limp from his wound, but we never saw them again ; the spoor was taken up and



RHINOCEROS STALKING

soon lost among grass and stones. Continuing our ride we passed through numerous paths worn by buffaloes and rhinoceroses on their road to the various springs in the vicinity. Troops of quaggas, gnus and zebras were seen and chased. A zebra had fallen when we were put to the right-about by an enormous herd of buffaloes charging in all directions at the noise of the guns, making the dust fly in clouds. During the scrimmage the zebra regained his legs and retreated over a hill ; he was traced by the blood-spoor for a long distance but we eventually lost him. Returning home I shot a brilliant gnu, and, dividing it into quarters, placed half on each horse. The sun was now getting low and Hall's horse, an uneasy brute, grew restive at the great flaps of meat dangling on him ; the camp was also a long way distant, so I deemed it best to leave our booty behind lest darkness should overtake us, when rhinoceroses and other dangerous beasts are on the alert. A large ant-bear burrow was fortunately at hand, and into this we dragged the carcase, covered it with bushes and hung a hand-kerchief on the top as a signal. Crowds of different sorts of vultures eagerly watched the proceedings, and on our departure a general rush took place, the few remains outside the hole being speedily devoured. We reached the camp at dusk. Table and conical mountains extend to the north and east as far as the eye can reach ; the intervening valleys are clothed with long grass and trees, and there are numerous watercourses, some at present containing



SOUTH AFRICAN
ANT HILL.

only detached pools of water, others are pretty little rivulets. In the rainy season the country must be very beautiful and water and grass abundant.

Tuesday, 17th. The gnu's flesh was fetched to the camp, the ant-bear hole had proved an effectual protection from nocturnal depredators. Some animals had been grubbing at the spot without succeeding. To-day we walked many miles in search of game, and returned with an empty bag. My horses are half worn-out and very little use in hunting.

Wednesday, 18th. Some Balalas paid me a begging visit, but got nothing. One of the niggers was a perfect bean in his way, his head was frizzed out with fat and sibilo, literally sparkling like diamonds when he moved. His body was lubricated with red ochre and fat until it acquired a scarlet hue, and carrying a spear 12 feet long on his shoulder, he walked about the camp, the admiration of his companions. Alexander, my driver, being out with his gun, met a herd of buffaloes and wounded the great bull leader. He was compelled to make a retreat behind some trees, from whence he wounded him again. The buffalo was lost in the bush and probably died soon.

Thursday, 19th. The Hottentots, guided by a honey-bird, took a bee's nest, and brought me a large quantity of well-filled combs. While on this errand they saw a herd of buffaloes and wounded one. Hall and I rode out after game, and followed up the fresh spoor of rhinoceroses. Meeting a herd of pallah we fired and shot one dead. The Kaffirs were sent for to carry off the carcase and we con-

tinued our ride. Unfortunately the noise of the guns disturbed the more noble game, and caused the rhinoceroses to rush away, leaving the path behind ploughed up with their horns. I gave chase to three elands, and, after scratching myself to ribbons among the thorny mimosas, was compelled to give up from the density of the jungle. A black rhinoceros was seen to-day sunning himself upon a hillside. There are three known species of African rhinoceros—Mohuhu (white), Borheli (the little black) and Keitloa (black). A fourth rhinoceros, Quibaba, herds with the Mohuhu, and differs from it chiefly in the shape and position of the horn.

Friday, 20th. A strong disagreeable wind blowing from the north-east prevented my hunting to-day, so I amused myself by working up sketches, etc.

Saturday, 21st. We took the field on horseback northwards, and hitting on a fresh spoor of buffaloes, followed it up to a stream of water running between stony hills. Proceeding cautiously along I espied a few buffaloes quietly grazing in a little valley. Tying the horses to a tree, we ascended the hill to leeward and crept within gunshot, and, each picking out his intended victim, we fired. What was our astonishment when an enormous herd of at least 400 buffaloes emerged from below us and charged down the valley with tremendous violence, raising clouds of dust that might have been seen for miles. The clatter of hundreds of hoofs on the metallic, sonorous stones was like a charge of heavy cavalry. We gave a second dig as they passed and had the satisfaction of hearing a ball "flop," but it only acted as a spur, sending them off faster than ever.

We next came on a herd of pallah, and then on a troop of zebras ; we gave chase and soon shot a zebra as he was about to enter some jungle. This was a magnificent creature with a hide as glossy as velvet. We covered his body with shrubs and thorns and then continued our ride. From the top of a hill I could see perhaps to the distance of 30 miles to the north. The country consists of mountains and valleys, covered with forests of acacias, wild olives, mimosas and other trees. In the kloofs plenty of water is found, and the vegetation assumes a fresher and greener appearance. On arriving at the camp I found awaiting me a deputation from Sichele, the Baquain¹ chief, on the borders of whose territory we are at present. The Baquains commenced by presenting me Tumerisho, or compliments, from the chief, whose wish it was that I would come with speed and visit his town of Kolobeng,² as he had plenty of ivory, horns and ostrich feathers to trade with, finally ending their speech by begging for themselves. With "Johnny" for an interpreter I informed them that my trek oxen were utterly worn-out and that I could go no further north, but that at present I could give no certain answer.

¹ These are another main Bechuana tribe whose siboko signifies "they of the crocodile." Together with several smaller tribes they were subsequently welded into the great Basuto nation under Moshesh, their chief. They inhabit the regions round about, and to the north of, Kolobeng.

² Kolobeng, in the heart of the Baquin country, was the most northerly mission station at this time (1849) and was the seat of Dr. Livingstone's mission. When the Boers, some years later, sent a commando out against Sichele, chief of the Baquains, this mission house was damaged and pillaged. It was from Kolobeng that Livingstone, Osswell and Murray set out to discover Lake Ngami.

BUFFALO SHOOTING IN BAKONE COUNTRY



Sunday, 22nd. The zebra shot yesterday was brought to the camp, the Baquain savages bearing choice morsels of entrails on their spears.

Monday, 23rd. Everything was made ready for a start north, though the cattle were by no means equal to a day's journey, indeed so thin were they that their bones seemed ready to protrude through the skin. Just on departure some Balalas visited us, and with one man I exchanged a bit of lead for a rhinoceros knobkerrie. One of my Wanket guides, seeing this, immediately took away the lead from him, saying it must be for the king. However, I made the Wanket guide refund it and sent the Balalas away much pleased with my decision. We trekked through the mountains northward for three hours, and again halted under a grove of magnificent trees. Kraals and fortifications were erected as of yore and everything comfortably settled. Cockatoos and parrots are numerous. Distance, 9 miles N.N.E.

Tuesday, 24th. To-day as I was walking through a wood with my men we espied some buffaloes. Approaching stealthily to within 50 paces we fired two shots. The huge brutes, with noses protruded and their horns back, ran up the wind and were lost among the trees, at the same time the herd a little distance off ran crashing through the forest, leaving us quite uncertain of their movements. On emerging from our hiding-places and inspecting the spot where the buffaloes had stood, I found a small limb of mimosa had received *both* bullets, causing them to fly off at an angle, thus accounting for the escape of the animals. The remainder

galloped close past us. My bullet stuck in reloading and some had empty guns, so had the buffaloes charged in our direction, it might have been serious. The Baquains make strange howlings at night intended for singing.

Wednesday, 25th. The Baquains departed this morning, conveying to Sichele my message and a present I had prepared, consisting of gunpowder, lead and a very gaudy satin waistcoat well calculated to suit an African chief. Frantz and Alexander had a narrow escape from buffaloes; they inadvertently fired into a herd and were immediately charged, only having just time enough to ensconce themselves among some trees which afforded shelter.

Thursday, 26th. We again took the field on foot and were singularly unfortunate, scarcely even seeing an antelope. Returning to the camp in the evening after a hard walk of 27 miles, tired and disappointed, I found the Baquains had returned bringing with them a man who could speak Dutch well, also a few articles for barter. Sichele still pressed very strongly that I should visit him and purchase ivory, etc. I sent abundance of Tumerisho, but excused myself from proceeding further north on account of my cattle, their strength not being equal to return to Kuruman, much more to go on further. Some of the Baquains had robbed an ostrich nest, and I purchased the eggs, seventeen in number, for beads. They were very palatable, affording a pleasant change to bread-and-meat diet.

Friday, 27th. During the night a herd of buffaloes came down to the water close to the camp, causing a great riot among the dogs. The natives departed

early, promising to return with a load of curiosities for barter. In the evening an enormous troop of buffaloes approached the camp, but with my usual ill-luck I had just before left in pursuit of some quaggas. Everyone in the camp—niggers, dogs and all—started off in chase. Away rushed the herd, followed by the dogs barking and snapping at their heels. They received some good pokes from the horns and hoofs of the buffs, which were out of sight in a minute. Nothing was shot and the larder is in a very sorry state, a little dried zebra biltong¹ forms the basis of our dinners. A rhinoceros was seen in the distance.

Saturday, 28th. We fell in with a herd of T'sas-sabie,² but as the dogs could not be kept in none were killed. Soon after this I met the brother of Sichele with a large party bearing ivory, horns, etc. I directed them to my camp, and then went in pursuit of two buffaloes that the natives showed us on a hillside. In about an hour the dogs brought them to bay in some thick mimosa thorns, and with much digging both were killed. The old bull was wonderfully tenacious of life, ball after ball was fired through the shoulder before he fell. Twelve bullets were cut out of his body. Branch sledges were prepared and a span of cattle drew the enormous carcases to the waggon.³ The Baquains followed us to the camp, and feasted themselves upon the buffaloes' entrails, which they merely singed on the

¹ Strips of dried flesh.

² A sort of bastard hartebeeste.

³ The head of this buffalo, a remarkably fine specimen, was preserved and afterwards brought to England by Dolman. It is now in the possession of Mrs. H. S. Cross, a niece of the traveller.

fire and ate with great gusto. These people exceeded all others yet seen in filth, and the odours that arose savoured not of Rowland's.¹ In bargaining they were very deep, displaying much craft and greediness, and never appearing satisfied. I made the chief's brother many presents, such as handkerchiefs, lead, etc.

Sunday, 29th. Numbers of savages take up their quarters near our camp, hoping to be gainers by their vicinity to a white man.

Monday, 30th. While hunting a large troop of elands, my horse fell heavily on rocky ground, rolling over my body. Luckily I received no other injury than a good shaking, though my right foot was much pinched, and my favourite rifle was much damaged, one of the hammers being bent over immovably, and the stock much battered. We lost the elands, which grieved me more than anything; at the time of my spill we were close to them. Towards the afternoon a great cavalcade was observed coming over the hill. It proved to be Sichele with a multitude of councillors and attendants, followed by a train of pack-bullocks loaded with ivory, horns and curiosities. In due time the chief approached the camp. He was surrounded with numerous councillors and a page walked before, bearing a three-legged stool. A levee was held at the entrance of the tent, and conversation commenced through an interpreter. I was first informed that the news of my coming had preceded me many days, and that Sichele was very anxious to know when I intended to visit his town, to which

¹ Rowland's Macassar Oil !!!

I replied that all the waters being dried up on my route north, the oxen were so exhausted that it was impossible to go any further, but that I was willing to pay the desired visit if his majesty would sell me fresh cattle. Afterwards a little commonplace talk was carried on, when the chief signified his intention of retiring. A sheep and a large bowl of milk were then placed before me, which acceptable presents were acknowledged. Sichele is a tall well-made man, dressed in European clothes. He seemed to have a tolerable understanding of good manners and has eschewed the national custom of greasing and daubing the body with red ochre, appearing clean and decent. I found him very crafty in dealing and by no means easy to be done, but I entertain great hopes of selling him a bargain to-morrow. I imagined that my non-compliance with his wishes produced some dissatisfaction, though I excused myself with many apologies. During the evening several rockets were thrown up and some blue lights burnt, to the unbounded astonishment of the Baquains and a party of Barmungwato,¹ who, open-mouthed, gazed at the wonderful spectacle, roaring and yelling with ecstasy as each rocket whizzed into the air.

Tuesday, 31st. Sichele again opened a market and many curiosities were purchased. In the afternoon he took his departure with all his retinue, to my infinite satisfaction.

Wednesday, August 1st. The oxen still remaining very thin and the stores decreasing fast determined me to commence the return march slowly. The

¹ A Bechuana tribe and a branch of the Baquains.

latitude of this place by Dead Reckoning is about $24^{\circ} 30' S.$, and longitude about $26^{\circ} 40' E.$ The journey from Cape Town has now extended to about 1500 miles.

Thursday, 2nd. Early this morning we packed up the curiosities and at noon began the return march, encamping at the old spot at the base of the Mani Mani Mountains.

Friday, 3rd. Journeyed southward and arrived at the mud pool where the nocturnal adventure with the rhinoceros took place. The water was now entirely dried up, consequently the cattle had to remain thirsty. Nothing particular occurred to-day except that in crossing the deep sandy bed of a dry river, the wagon-pole broke, causing some delay.

Saturday, 4th. At the Mariyane River where we found the Balala camp deserted to my satisfaction. We were much disturbed during the night by beasts visiting the water; presently a rhinoceros was heard blowing near the tent, but on our turning out with our rifles he rushed away. Soon after two more rhinoceroses came down to the water and stood puffing and blowing. Two conical bullets discharged at their hides caused them to rush away snorting like steam-engines. I could plainly distinguish the huge brutes as they retreated over a hill.

Sunday, 5th. Mahura, the Batelapee chief, had departed from Moleto, where we arrived to-day. The kraal was thickly strewn with bones and flaps of rhinoceros hide. Lions howled around our camp during the greater part of the night, leading me to

expect an attack on the cattle. Two deep holes here contained a little water of very foul quality, barely enough to water four oxen.

Monday, 6th. With hard travelling over very deep sand we arrived at the Salt Pan (Chooi Moklali). The water at this place was almost exhausted, what little remained was disgustingly filthy. Vultures and other foul carrion birds washing their bodies therein rendered the water grossly impure, even the cattle, thirsty as they were, refused to touch it, and well they might for the smell was abominable. All the water in the waggon being exhausted for some hours we were compelled to use this beastly mixture. We were obliged to hold our noses while rinsing out our mouths. For the last two days the sky has been overcast, threatening rain.

Tuesday, 7th. With much trouble we cleaned out the dirty water-pit, and by digging and boring succeeded in obtaining a small supply, but not nearly sufficient for the wants of the oxen and horses. The poor brutes had now been fifty-two hours without water, crowding round the pit they watched our proceedings with eager eyes ; a small quantity was doled out to each barely enough to keep life in them. Fortunately we had a little brandy left, and with that we washed our mouths, for the water was so thick and stunk so that it was hardly possible to drink it. We now harnessed up the oxen speedily as at least 34 miles of dreary desert lay between us and the Molopo, where water was expected. On the road the next day I had the pleasure of meeting with Mrs. Livingstone, on her return to Kolobeng. An European lady travelling

by herself with only native attendants is an occurrence somewhat rare in these regions. Two waggons meeting from opposite quarters reminds me of falling in with a ship at sea. "Where are you from?" and "Where bound?" is asked. News is given and received; at parting we convey the intelligence of having met So-and-so at such a place. Having the satisfaction of making a few presents of little necessaries to Mrs. L——, we continued our journey until the cold and darkness called a halt.

Thursday, 9th. Four and a half hours' travelling over deep and woefully barren sand brought us to the Molopo. The cattle dragging under a burning sun were so desperately thirsty that they pushed and tumbled over each other to get at the water in a shallow pool, whither it had been bailed up from the well. Happily there was enough to supply all our wants; had it been otherwise, as I had feared from the continuous drought, every animal with me would have died, for another long, weary journey of 53 miles without a drop of water lies before us. About here is a species of small tick or some such insect that excessively annoys the horses;¹ they crawl into their nostrils and worry them in such a manner that the poor brutes rush about shaking their heads and snorting, and every now and then running up to us, thrusting out their noses that we may scratch them. I administered pepper to create sneezing, but without much effect. A fine harte-beest and vlacke buck were shot near the river bed, giving us a welcome supply of food.

Friday, 10th. At the Molopo. Hall and I

¹ Probably the tsetse fly, a well-known South-West African pest.

shouldered our rifles and walked down to the dry bed of the river, taking with us "Johnny," the Bechuana guide, to carry game, etc. We soon espied a fine blue gnu close to the bank about 2 miles ahead. This fellow we stalked in a masterly manner. I let fly and missed, Hall's bullet told, and my shot, on firing again, brought him down. We left "Johnny" busy flaying and went on. A troop of springbok was next seen and stalked. A shot from Hall broke a fine doe's leg, and we chased her a good mile before overtaking her, the loose, broken leg kept tripping her up and flapping about. If the bone had been shot clean off we never would have caught her. On returning to the gnu I found him so skinny that I presented the flesh to some Balalas, who were overjoyed at my liberality. To-night I determined to set a trap-gun near the water for wild beasts, having heard jackals and hyenas the night previously. So I set my large rifle, loaded with a cone ball of six to the pound and a charge of slugs, near the bed of the river but on the opposite side to my waggon. At 10 o'clock in the evening, as I was turning in among the blankets, I heard a dull report. Whereupon Murray, my cook, Hall and myself, taking two fowling pieces and a stable lanthorn, sallied forth in the direction of the trap. I found the rifle on its side, besmeared all over with white foam, the bubbles of which were even then bursting, and the marks of some animal's teeth deeply indented along the iron barrel and in the stock. I also imagined I could distinguish the footprint of some large animal in the earth. A perfect silence prevailed, and we were at a loss to know

what had best be done. Luckily, the dogs were thought of and whistled for. On their running up yelping they quickly hit on the scent and followed it up to a large bush. Here they came to a stand and we walked close up. I saw "Sall," a white pointer, a few yards ahead of me, looking over her shoulder as if afraid. Cheering her on we made a step or two forward, when suddenly a lion sprang on the dog and crunched her in a moment, the faint death-howl and the crack of her bones were horrible. Presently a second lion rushed out after the other dogs and chased them full tilt back to the camp. We heard the light footsteps of the dogs and the heavy thump, thump of the lion as they galloped close past us. At this moment one of my servants, probably alarmed at my absence, left the camp unarmed to meet us. The lion passed him within 3 yards. We were now in a fearful plight with lions on both sides of us and one right in the way to the camp. Retracing our steps with great caution, we reached the river bed. A plucky little terrier that remained with me here stepped on one side and barked at a bush close at hand, immediately rushing back in a great stew. Hardly had we crossed the dry bed of the river when the impatient hollow roar of a lion was heard close at our heels. Click, click, went the guns, but I placed but poor confidence in my little double-barrel loaded only with partridge shot. I thought it was all up with us, the lions came on so quickly and making such fearful howlings. Happily our lanthorn was good and a large fire was burning near the waggon, or else not one of us would ever have returned from the Molopo. On our



WATER POOL IN THE MOLOPO

reaching the waggon the four lions, there was a whole family of them, set up the most awful screechings of rage and disappointment I ever heard. They walked round and round the camp, making the cattle tremble and leading us to expect an attack every instant. All the spare guns were loaded, rockets and blue lights burnt, fresh wood was laid on the fire and every means taken to intimidate them. My Baralong guides were in an awful funk, coming up to me with their mouths wide open and staring eyes, and imploring me not to fire lest the whole troop should come down on us and demolish us. They begged me to listen to the young cubs crying ; and, indeed, every few minutes I heard a strange whistling noise, which the guides assured me was made by the " kleinje," or little lions. The old lions sometimes approached very close, howling with rage, and then I thought it was a gone goose with the oxen, fortunately I had a supply of rockets and the cattle seemed to gain confidence on seeing the blaze of light. The night was so pitchy dark that there was no chance of a shot. Poor " Sall " that ran in so boldly to seize the lion and met with such a miserable end, was doubtless a great means in our preservation, by withdrawing the attention of the brutes to itself, and in sacrificing its own life saved ours. One of the lions had received the charge of the rifle in its foot or leg, as was ascertained by the spoor in the morning, and this, with the circumstance of their having cubs, rendered them very savage. As daylight gradually came on the lions took themselves off and we heard their base voices fainter and fainter as they receded. The

wounded fellow had lain under a bush all night howling, and my hoped-for revenge dwindled away as his roar became fainter in the distance.

Saturday, 11th. None of us slept last night, and very early some of us went out to reconnoitre. Not a vestige of "Sall" remained, every bit was gone. The lions had again visited the trap after we left it and pulled up the stakes with which the rifle was fastened and carried them off together with the lines attached to the bait, etc., and had tried to walk off with the rifle also, but I suppose they found it rather hard. The ground for a considerable distance round the camp was much beaten with their foot-marks, coming as close as 50 yards. Marks, too, where they had been rolling with rage were frequent. Five of us well armed now followed up the spoor on foot, hoping for revenge. The dogs several times stopped near dense thickets and sniffed about, and the Wankets more than once showed me blood spots on the grass and leaves. We traced the spoor along the river-banks for about three miles, when we met some Balala women drawing water at a well. They told us that a little while back three lions had passed their village roaring tremendously, and that they had gone on to a distant wood where it would be useless to follow. On the women hearing our story and of the dog being eaten they all at once exclaimed, "Ey Molopo, Molopo, Ey Molopo Molopo Ey," accompanied with a droning noise expressive of their fear and sorrow. The Molopo is a noted place for lions, and the wretched women whose duty it is to draw water are frequently eaten up. They, however, often drive off the enemy by rattling

sticks on their water vessels and on bits of dry hide. The name of this Balala village signified, "Look out for Lions." As the sun was getting very powerful, we retraced our steps, inspanned the cattle and trekked 12 miles, encamping without water. A fine riet-buck was shot.

Sunday, 12th. At the Meritsane River I was in hopes we should find water. On arriving there the pool was nearly dried up and only about two gallons of half-liquid substance at the bottom, this we fished up and reserved for ourselves. By some unaccountable mismanagement all the water brought from the Molopo was used up, so that we are now worse off than ever. One tumblerful of dirty water was discovered in a barrel, and this we divided amongst four of us. Some hare soup that was made from the pit-water in the river bed was so nasty that the dogs came in for the greatest share. The poor cattle fared worse. They were occupied about the pit until sundown scraping at the damp sand and clay without obtaining any water to slake their thirst. I observed the remains of old "Bukke,"¹ well picked by hyænas. He had evidently lived several days, and had been killed and eaten by lions. The marks of the scuffle were very plain, the ground being deeply indented, and patches of hair and dried blood were lying about. We should have left this place in the afternoon, but the oxen could scarcely crawl. Traps were set close to the water-pit, and one exploded very shortly. Lions were heard grumbling round about, but we never ascertained whether any damage was done.

¹ See *ante*-Thursday, June 28th.

Monday, 13th. At daybreak my withered ghosts of oxen were put to, and, slowly crawling along, reached the Siklagole River by sunset. We looked perfect pictures of African travellers: ragged, dusty, with long beards, and burnt by the sun to the hue of mahogany, not to mention the effect produced by long continued thirst. Hall shot a pouw.

Tuesday, 14th. At this place my Wanket guides left me—after purloining a few little articles. The chief, Sibotsami, was absent, so I delivered over the musket, as agreed, to his councillors. Multitudes of the natives press round the waggon to have a look at us. A strict watch is necessary, as they steal anything that they can conveniently hide. The councillors supplied the place of Sibotsami in begging, but they got nothing. Six queens were also introduced to me, each of these asked a present, which made rather an extensive demand. A few small looking glasses were distributed, and gave great satisfaction. I wished to barter for karrosses and feathers with the natives, but such a high price was demanded that very little business was done. At noon I left Siklagole and travelled a short distance. A duiker was shot; these bucks are capital eating.

Wednesday, 15th. Arrived at the Great Chooi, the spoors of lions were here very numerous, as if the country were overrun with them. I picked up to-day the skull of a bushman, quite white from exposure. This is transferred to my curiosity chest.

Thursday, 16th. A large water-lizard called a

Guano (or Lequan), some $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, was shot by Hall among the rocks. He was hung like a malefactor at the side of the waggon, preparatory to skinning. They are amphibious animals, quite harmless, and considered good eating.

Friday, 17th. Journeyed all day and came to Loharon in the evening, the cattle completely knocked up. The water that was here so plentiful on the road in, is wellnigh done, but by digging and scraping away the mud we opened a fresh eye to the spring. The water was slightly impregnated with sulphur. A t'sassabie was shot.

Saturday, 18th. Last night we were much disturbed by a lion prowling about. We had outspanned rather close to the water, and the lion, fearing to approach on account of the great white waggon, vented his disappointment with a tremendous roar. I jumped out of the waggon, rifle in hand, expecting to see him on the backs of some of the oxen. I lighted a bunch of port-fires and threw them towards him. This put him in a horrid rage, and sent him over to a camp of Balalas near. The Balalas, on hearing the lion coming, set up such fearful yells, more like devils than anything else, that *Tao*¹ rushed back again to my waggon, where he was received with bunches of port-fires and blue lights. So between the two the old lion was quite bothered. Enormous quantities of game were seen to-day: gnus, zebras, ostrich, hartebeestes, t'sassabies and springbok were in herds of thousands. One of the Balalas paid me a visit, and informed me that he had just shot a bushman for stealing

¹ A Sichuan word meaning Lion. See Appendix B.

an ox. *Yah*, he said, *Yah, Ik sal for him dood mak skellum. Bushman bana Skellum.*

Sunday, 19th. Left Loharon and travelled till dark, halting without water. Very large fires are blazing in the distance.

Monday, 20th. Crossed the Little Chooi and entered the mokaala forest. Here while hunting springbok, we heard a lion following on behind us at a short distance, uttering stifled moans. A springbok was shot.

Tuesday, 21st. Travelled through the forest as fast as the exhausted oxen could crawl, and reached, in the evening, the Moshawa River, where we had a delightful bathe. Lions were heard growling round our camp at night.

Wednesday, 22nd. The sight of so much water was delightful to us after the arid country we had just left, and I enjoyed the luxury of a swim in the river. A lion was again heard at night.

Thursday, 23rd. At Metito I met Mr. Fridoux, the French missionary, and breakfasted with him. The road from here to Kuruman is deep sand, requiring much labour from the oxen to drag the heavy waggon along. In the afternoon an ox dropped in the team. This would be the fate of all if we were a week from Kuruman, fortunately it is only 40 miles.

Friday, 24th. We crossed the Matlaorin and rested on its banks.

Saturday, 25th. At Kuruman, where we were very kindly received by the missionaries. Mrs. Moffat, with her knowledge of the wants of an African traveller, bottled up her curiosity with

regard to my adventures and ordered a capital dinner to be set before me, to which I did full justice. So long a stranger had I been to moderately clean water, that the clear spring water I here enjoyed seemed a most delicious draught.

Sunday, 26th. At Kuruman. Attended service (in Sichuana), at the chapel, both morning and evening.

Monday, 27th. With Hume, the trader, I exchanged my old oxen, twenty in number, for a fresh fat span of sixteen, giving into the bargain £21. He also relieved me of all my spare gunpowder, lead, shot, etc., of which I had yet a large supply.

Tuesday, 28th. By native report, Messrs. Osswell, Murray and Livingstone, who had gone in search of the Great Lake, and had left the Colony about three weeks previously to myself, had reached the country of the Barmungwatos in about Lat. S. 22° , and that there, being in a great strait for water, their oxen had deserted them, and had fallen into the hands of a savage chief who refused to restore them. This is a very untoward circumstance, and in all probability will cause the failure of the expedition. But as Mr. Livingstone has much influence with the natives, the chief may be induced to restore the cattle.¹

Wednesday, 29th. Two native marriages took

¹ This is an interesting report in view of the fact that the three explorers actually did suffer these hardships and eventually succeeded in finding what they sought—The Great Lake, Lake Ngami—in August, 1849. In a paper read to the Royal Geographical Society their difficulties and the pin-pricks suffered at the hands of the natives were fully described.

place this evening at the chapel. A large number of people attended, decently dressed in European clothes. The marriage ceremony was conducted after the English fashion.

Thursday, 30th. Mr. Moffat very kindly supplied a new pole to my waggon, and shortened the nave bands of the wheels ; the dry heat had so shrunk them that every part was quite loose. All being ready for a start I took leave of the hospitable missionaries, who gave every assistance to make the remainder of my journey comfortable. We rested for the night near Bok Fontein.

Friday, 31st. Passed Koning and went on until late. After outspanning, while the oxen were quietly lying down, they were suddenly frightened by a lion. Rushing wildly round with tails erect in the air, the whole mass of terrified oxen galloped down on us, breaking reins, skeys and nearly capsizing the waggon. Nine of them were lost in the bush, and it was a work of danger and difficulty to recover them. The lion was apparently very anxious for a supper ; he walked round and round us, making the usual hollow moaning noise. Fred's birthday¹—the last glass of wine was employed by me in commemorating it.

Saturday, September 1st. Arrived at Daniel's Kuil and hired a span of cattle to take my waggon to Griqua Town.

Sunday, 2nd. At Daniel's Kuil.

Monday, 3rd. We now diverge from the track, kept on the route north and enter on the Griqua

¹ The Fred referred to is Frederick Dolman, his brother, to whom he was most attached. (See also Memoir, Chapter I.)

Town road. We encamped at night by a spring called Jacob's Fontein. Some jerboas, or leaping hares, were shot here; they form very good eating.

Tuesday, 4th. Travelled a great distance through stony desolate hills, thinly inhabited by bushmen, and arrived in the evening at a Kaffir village, Koegelbeen.

Wednesday, 5th. At Griqua Town, a dreary looking place enough. A fine spring of water seems to be the recommendation for choosing such a spot for a village. It is totally devoid of natural charms, and there is not a tree for miles. The chief Water-Boer was absent on an expedition against some marauding bushmen in the neighbourhood who had stolen some Griqua cattle. At this place I heard that the Orange River was full and impassable, and likely to remain so.

Thursday, 6th. Travelled until dark and reached Eland's Fontein, where is no water.

Friday, 7th. Started early and traversed the Asbestos Mountains for 30 miles, a desolate stony country where the asbestos abounds, and rested in the evening at a spring, Diep River, where many Griquas and their families reside.

Saturday, 8th. Remained still. A span of cattle I had hired from a Griqua here has not arrived. The oxen were again frightened by some animal in the night. They were as usual fastened to the trek-touw, when suddenly they started up almost capsizing us over the fire and breaking reins and skeys.

Sunday, 9th. Stationary.

Monday, 10th. A fresh span of cattle were harnessed in, and we proceeded. Eight miles brought us to the Orange River. The waters had been swollen, but were now subsiding; still, the current ran very strong, raising waves in the river. My own oxen, being loose, were driven in first. They were unaccustomed to water and were very averse to going across, remaining in a cluster, bobbing about with the stream in a curious manner, whirling round and round until compelled to swim through by furious shouts and hurling of stones. The waggon was half an hour in crossing, for the stream was very swift, raising foam against the bodies of the oxen and the sides of the waggon. We are now in British territory again, and much to my delight after wandering about amongst the savage tribes of the interior. We rested in the evening by the Brakke River, a broad periodical river now dry. The bed was quite white with saline incrustation.

Tuesday, 11th. We now enter on the most desolate uninhabitable country imaginable. Vast plains with slight undulations lie stretched out for hundreds of miles, and covered only with sickly, withered dwarf shrubs some 6 inches high, and no other pasture for cattle is to be had, except ice-plants and euphorbias. In the evening we reached Sand Vley.

Wednesday, 12th. The same desert track. A long journey to Modder Fontein, where is a salt-pan of dazzling whiteness.

Thursday, 13th. A long journey over the desert; water is luckily plentiful every 25 miles or so. The

curse of Gilboa¹ seems to rest on the land, everything is so burnt up that the appearance of the plants and bushes resemble an old worn-out broom.

Friday, 14th. Crossed stony desolate country without a blade of grass. Reports of the rebel Boers entering by Colesberg reach us, but as usual these reports are lies.

Saturday, 15th. Passed an encampment of Amakosa Kaffirs.² In the evening arrived at Karel Kreiger's grave. Kreiger was killed here many years ago by a rhinoceros.

Sunday, 16th. Continued on through the desert.

Monday, 17th. Crossed the Karree (Dry) Mountains, a range of lofty but wretchedly barren mountains, and after having travelled, all told, 35 miles, reached Leuw Fn.

Tuesday, 18th. Desert. We crossed the dry Brakke River.

Wednesday, 19th. Desert. The cattle are beginning to knock up. At Partridge Fontein a Dutch trader purchased my tent and some other articles.

Thursday, 20th. Passed the Dwaal River. Formerly there was here a Missionary Station. Indications of civilization become more numerous, the farm-houses are better built and less slovenly.

Friday, 21st. Travelled south through a hilly stony country and crossed several small branches of rivers.

¹ "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offering . . ."—2 Samuel i. 21.

² Amakosas are Kaffirs Proper, inhabiting the region of the Gariep River.

Saturday, 22nd. In the Riet River District. The roads here are frightful, enough to bump to pieces the strongest vehicle, but the old waggon stands it bravely.

Sunday, 23rd. Crossed the Riet River and Mountains.

Monday, 24th. Journeyed south through desert country.

Tuesday, 25th, and Wednesday, 26th. Travelling with all speed through the Roggeveldt.

Thursday, 27th. We descended the Roggeveldt Mountain into the Karroo. This is the worst pass in the Colony. I thought the old waggon would be smashed several times, both hind wheels locked and all hands holding on to the stern of the waggon with ox rheims. We came down, however, without any serious incident.

Friday, 28th. I hired a fat span from a Dutchman to pull me over a range of precipitous mountains, called Wind-heuvels. In the most dangerous part of the pass the oxen stuck. Two hours were spent in flogging and yelling. When a storm of wind and rain came on from the north-west, my own miserable team succeeded in pulling the waggon out at last, much to my peace of mind. It rained hard all night and blew a gale.

Saturday, 29th. Travelling through the Bokkeveldt Karroo.

Sunday, 30th. Obliged to trek for water. For the next three days I travelled with all expedition, getting fresh cattle wherever I could.

Thursday, October 4th. We left behind us the desert Karroo plains and entered on the new moun-

tain pass, Mosterto Hoek. The scenery here was the grandest that I ever saw, and the season being spring everything was in its brightest dress.

Saturday, 6th. We sighted old Table Mountain, which event was celebrated with three hearty cheers.

Sunday, 7th. I rode to Cape Town with Hall in a cabbage cart. Rain poured in torrents, and we wrapped ourselves in Kaffir karrosses. Reaching Parkes' Hotel we were viewed with amazement by the swell Indians. Our bronzed faces and long beards excited general attention, and raised a stir as to who we were.

My waggon arrived on the 10th. Crowds of people assembled round it, gazing with wonder at the rhinoceros horns and other spolia hanging round the waggon ; nearly as much excitement was caused as if the vehicle had gone through an English town. I unloaded at Foord's Store, and paid my men off the next day. We had been absent in the bush for seven months, and none of the party during that time had any complaint, excepting a sort of cholic pain from drinking bad clayey water.

In about three weeks I took passage to England by the *Windsor*, and made a glorious run of forty-seven days, reaching home a day or two before Christmas Day.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIFTH AND LAST JOURNEY

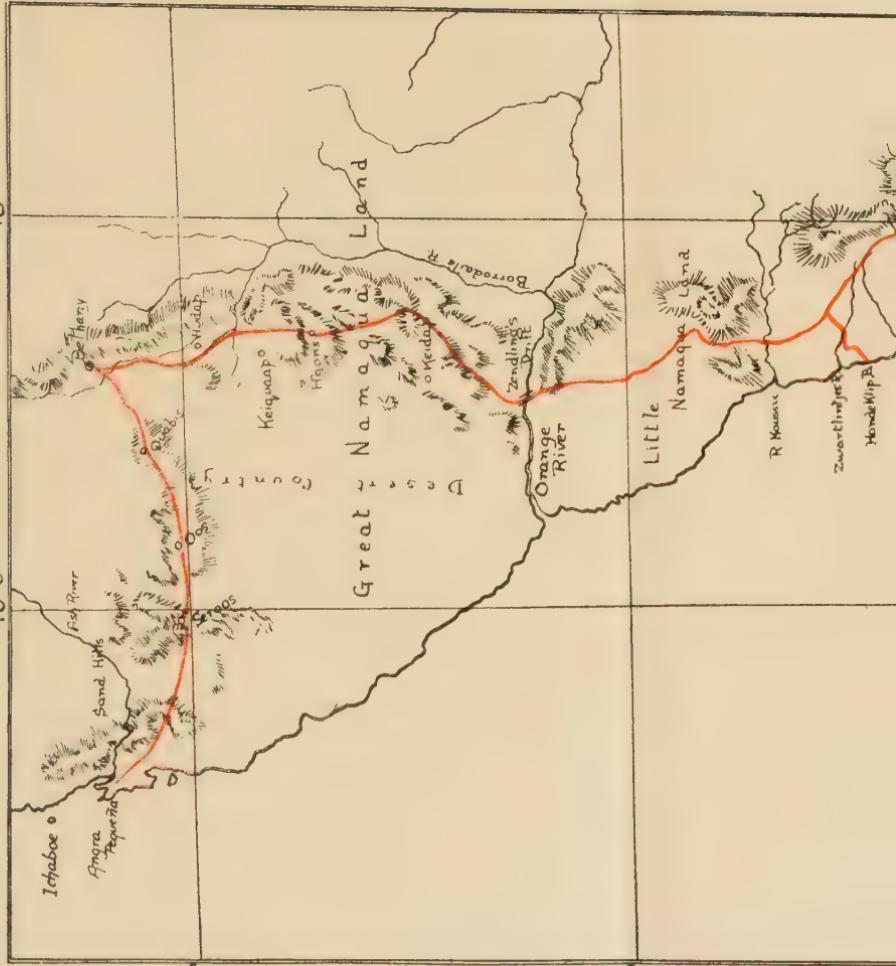
THE details of this journey of Alfred Dolman are unfortunately absent, since the journal, which he undoubtedly kept and which must have been the most interesting of all, has never been seen or heard of. Whether it was purloined or whether it was on his person when the lions destroyed all evidences of the tragedy near Kolobeng on that December day,¹ no trace of it has ever been found.

Much of the information concerning this last journey has been drawn from outside sources ; a little has been obtained by the process of deduction, and every endeavour has been made to connect up logically the few scattered threads of definite fact.

Alfred Dolman sailed from England for the last time on 19th July, 1850, by the *Agincourt* (Captain Hyde), with the intention, as far as can be ascertained, of exploring the regions watered by the upper reaches of the Mariqua River. On his journey to the Cape he was the bearer of a letter to William Cotton Oswell,² the African traveller, from the latter's father.

¹ December 27th, 1851.

² William Cotton Oswell was a renowned African traveller and co-explorer with Dr. Livingstone of the Great Lake—Ngami. His book of memoirs and letters is of great interest. He himself, during his lifetime, refrained from writing any account of his journeys of

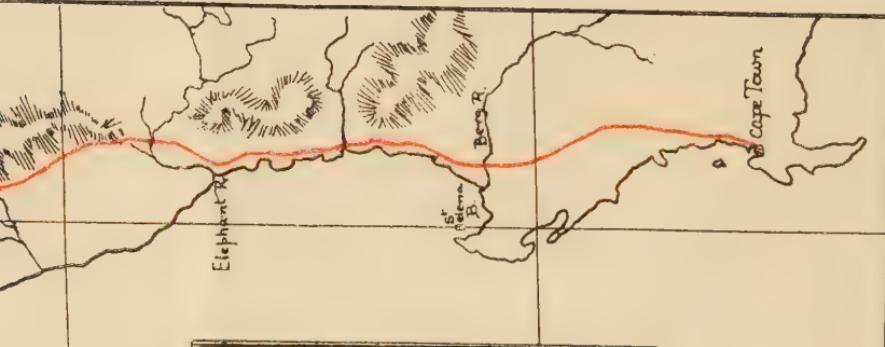
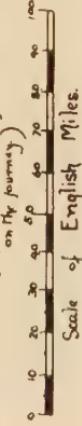


Sketch Map

of
The Route Taken by Alfred Dolman and H.S. Bassett
from
Angra Pequena to Cape Town

illustrating

The first part of Alfred Dolman's last journey
[Dolman's Route in Red]
(The map is from a tracing of the 1844 Edition of Wyld's Map carried by Dolman
on the journey)



A rather pathetic note is struck, in view of subsequent events and his unexpected death, by a small note, made on a back page in one of his earlier journals, and apparently apropos of nothing.

“Engaged to dine at ‘Simpson’s,’ Strand, the day after the Derby, 1860, with the members of the ‘Agincourt Club.’ (Friday, 23rd August, 1850.)”

The date of this entry is about five weeks after he sailed from London. The “Agincourt Club” one can only surmise to be a band of friends formed upon the voyage.

Dolman, with his fellow-traveller, H. S. Gassiot, reached the Cape two months later, and, finding themselves forced to forsake their original plans for a journey across the interior owing to the attitude of the Boers, chartered a small vessel bound up the West Coast to Angra Pequeña,¹ arriving there early in November.

From here it is best to continue the narrative in the words of a letter written to the Royal Geographical Society by Gassiot. The letter was compiled from notes from Gassiot’s journal, and was read to the Society on March 22nd, 1852.

exploration lest it should detract one wit from the glory which he decided rightly to belong to Livingstone.

The opening passage of this letter, quoted in Oswell’s book (Vol. I, p. 223), runs as follows :

“ Abby Villa,
“ July 11, 1850.

“ I have just heard that a certain Mr. Dolman would take charge of a letter to you if I can manage to get it to him in time, but as his ship is said to be about to sail to-morrow, I only write on the chance.”

¹ Angra Pequeña is a small port on the West Coast. When visited by Capt. Chapman in 1826, one of the stone columns erected by Bartolome Diaz, the Portuguese explorer, in 1486, was found entire.

"I left London in the *Agincourt*, accompanied by two friends on 19th July, 1850. We arrived at Cape Town on the 20th September, when we had the mortification of being informed, by a gentleman who had just returned from the interior, that in consequence of the disturbances with the Boers we could not proceed on our intended route. Fearing to lose the season we then chartered a small vessel to Angra Pequeña. We landed here in a large bay surrounded by sand-hills, extending, as I afterwards ascertained, for some miles into the interior. Here we were detained about five weeks, during which we rode to a place called Bethany, in order to procure the necessary oxen.

"The country in the vicinity of the sea consists of a series of sand-hills, and is entirely devoid of water, with which, during the short time they remain, traders are supplied from the Cape. The beds, which are marked as rivers in the maps, are dry at all seasons of the year. The nearest water is about 20 miles from the bay, but very brackish, at a fountain called Viow Viowsep, from whence the country continues sandy, with a grassy defile of some miles in length named Teiras Flat, but without water. The next fountain we meet is called Quebes, so called from its stony nature (Quep, signifying 'stone' in the Namaqua language). From Quebes the country to Bethany is barren until you arrive within 2 miles, where some camel-thorns and willows grow. At Bethany there is a fountain of fine water, and a missionary, named Kreutzen, resides there.

"Circumstances prevented our continuing the

intended journey, which otherwise might have proved interesting. . . .

"We remained at Bethany three weeks. The first water on the road from thence to the southward has to be dug for about 2 feet, when it flows comparatively freely. From this place to Kardop no water can be procured, the country being rugged and full of the mimosa as far as Hudap, a large bushman kraal, and Hoons, which is already marked on the map. Here we found water, but the heat was fearful, 105° in the shade. From thence we proceeded to Kaidorp Grotpoort, where we obtained an abundance of water, and two days' journey brought us to the Orange River, which we crossed at a part between 200 and 300 yards wide. The country from thence to Cape Town has been often truly described as miserable with a scarcity of water and scarcely any vegetation, excepting the euphorbias, and ice-plant.

"On our return to Cape Town my companions separated, one returned to England, and the other¹ is still in the Colony, prosecuting his researches in the interior."

This journey, though the account of it in Gassiott's letter is bald enough, would, had Dolman's journal of it been forthcoming, have been of great interest. The first part of it was through practically unexplored territory in Namaqualand, and much of it that was known, from a geographical point of view, was both vague and inaccurate, as the numerous corrections and additions to Wylde's standard map

¹ Alfred Dolman.

of South Africa (1844) carried by Dolman show. The existing position of the Fish River is questioned, and sand-hills are inserted in pencil along the coast from the latitude of Ichaboe due south to the 27th parallel, and then eastwards, on either side along the route to Bethany. The names of several villages or kraals along the road—Seroos, Ous and Quabis—have also been inserted. The chartered route southward from Bethany to the Orange River, which he crossed at Zandling's Drift, is also plentifully amplified with additional chains of hills added in pencil from his own observations, also the names of Keidap and Keiquaap villages appear in his handwriting.

On their arrival at Cape Town towards the end of March, Gassiot set off on an expedition of his own, whilst Dolman, determined to carry out the original project of journeying to Bechuanaland despite the adverse reports concerning the attitude of the Boers, set about collecting waggons, oxen and the requisite servants, etc., for the long journey northwards.

The traveller, now 23½ years of age, having made all necessary arrangements, and engaged his servants, set out towards the end of April, 1851, through Georgetown for Graaf Reinet, and thence took his old route northwards to the Vaal River.

Here, on the borders of the Colony, he fell in with Henry J. Moyle, and together the two travellers journeyed on to Kolobeng, Dr. Livingstone's Mission Station.

It is not known at what stage in the journey Dolman made up his mind to depart from his

original plan, but when he finally left Kolobeng he set out with Moyle to visit Lake Ngami, the Great Lake to the northward, discovered by Messrs. Livingstone, Oswell and Murray two years previously.

In the absence of any documentary evidence in the shape of journals, etc., it is impossible to know any of the details of this journey. The perilous and adventurous nature of such a journey being, as it was, across practically unknown territory, must have particularly appealed to the danger-loving young man, and one can be perfectly certain that the diary of such an adventure must have eclipsed all his earlier journals.

Leaving the Lake in the middle of October (as nearly as it can be surmised), they set out for Kolobeng and the south, Dolman with the avowed intention of joining forces with Dr. Livingstone on his further journeys of exploration.

There exists an exquisite water-colour drawing, which he did, of a broad, swiftly flowing river, overhung with trees, and dated November 18th, 1851, but five weeks previous to his death. As the only river of any breadth which he could have visited at that date was the River Zouga, it tends to prove that his route from the Lake lay along the path of the original explorers. How this particular sketch came into the hands of his family (it is now in the possession of Mrs. C. Newington, his niece), when his diaries and journals were never recovered, is a mystery.

Another point of interest with regard to this sketch that is worthy of note is the date. The

224 IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LIVINGSTONE
artist who was going to accompany Livingstone's original expedition unfortunately fell ill and was unable to go. Artists must have been but few and far between in those desolate regions in the early days, so there is every reason to suppose that the sketch of the river executed by Alfred Dolman is one of the first, if not the first, to be made in colour of the head-waters of the then recently discovered Lake.

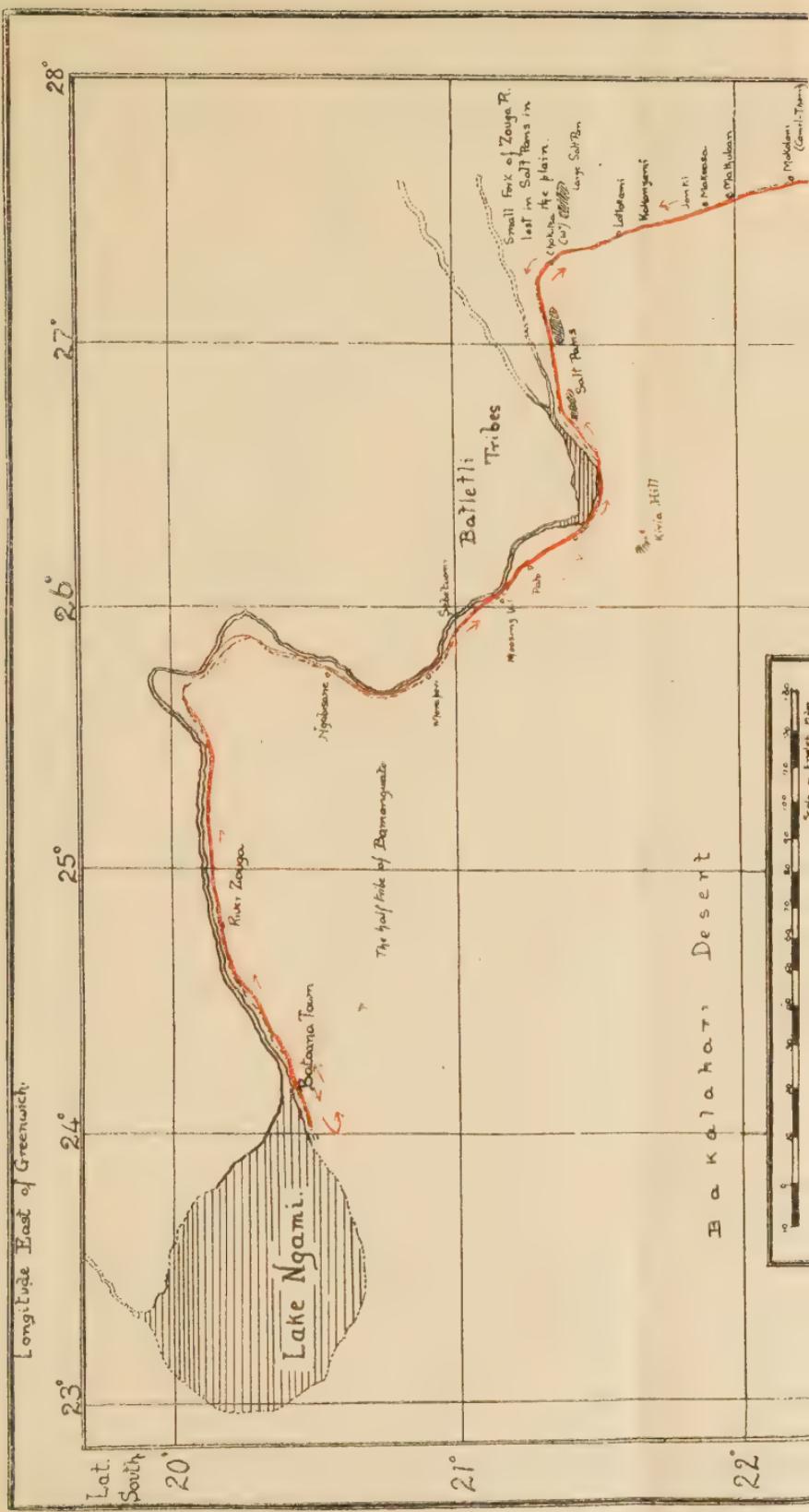
On the return journey, Moyle and Dolman got separated in a storm. Moyle, thinking that his fellow-traveller would be able to find his own way, held on to Kolobeng. Dolman, on the wrong road, suffering misfortune in the shape of straying cattle, set out, accompanied only by two servants, one English and one coloured man, to walk the remaining way to Kolobeng, only to meet, in company with his English servant, a tragic death on the road when only some twelve miles from his destination.

The actual details of his death are lacking, the few facts that are known are best given in the words of the witnesses at the trial of Dolman's coloured servant when charged some three months later with complicity in his master's death.¹

Alfred Dolman's death was referred to by the President of the Royal Geographical Society on the occasion of his Presidential Address on the 24th May, 1852, in the following words :—

“ Another traveller, Mr. Dolman, and his English servant, who had left his companion, Mr. Moyle, have been murdered in an endeavour to join Mr.

¹ See *post*-Chapter VII.



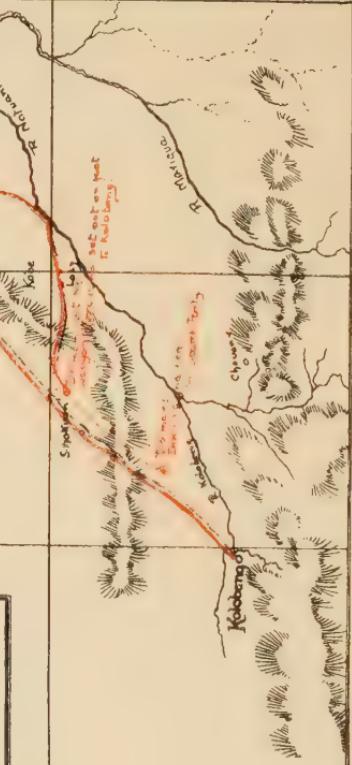
Sketch Map

Showing

The Route Taken by Alfred Dolman and H. J. Moye
(as nearly as can be deduced)
from
Kolobeng to Lake Ngami
(and back)
On Alfred Dolman's Last Journey

Alfred Dolman's route in Red
[The first Dolman's route shown has - - -]

(Details for this map were obtained from a contemporary map presented
to Alfred Dolman by J. P. Rennell, M. Eng.)



Oswell and Mr. Livingstone: it being supposed that a Hottentot who accompanied them was the assassin.¹ Other English travellers, Capt. Shelley and Mr. Bushe, who were in the same neighbourhood in pursuit of game, went to the spot of the murder."

¹ At the time that this statement was made, Wolhuter, Dolman's coloured servant, was still a prisoner accused of his master's murder. The charge was, however, considered "not proven," and he was released in August of the same year.

CHAPTER VII

THE INQUIRY INTO DOLMAN'S DEATH

THE closing stages of the drama of Alfred Dolman's last journey are enveloped in such a thick veil of mystery that it is quite impossible to arrive at anything definite in regard to the manner of his death.

The length of time which has elapsed between these pages being penned and the tragedy in the Bush taking place has effectually covered up any clue, since the principal figures connected with the affair have long since passed away.

What little is known is best left in the words of the principals in their affidavits in the case of complicity in Dolman's murder which the Crown sought to prefer against his coloured servant, Wolhuter, the sole survivor of the tragedy.

The evidence tendered on both sides was as thorough as could be expected, considering that the inquiry was held three months after Dolman's death. Certain features in it are outstanding, such as the varying contradictory versions of the tragedy given by Wolhuter, the unexplainable inability to proceed farther on the part of Dolman, who was physically stronger than his companions, the *two* marks of bullets on the rock near the spot where the tragedy occurred, and the strange admixture

of truth and fiction in the native's story of his master's illness and death.

It would obviously be unfair to either party to quote only one side of the case, therefore the statements of the principal witnesses for the Crown, also Wolhuter's account of what occurred, together with excerpts from other evidence has been included, so that, whatever conclusions may be arrived at in regard to the manner of Alfred Dolman's death, those conclusions can be reached by means of the same evidence that was available before the Resident Magistrate at Colesberg, South Africa, who tried Wolhuter for his life.

The evidence of H. J. Moyle, Esq., who was travelling with Dolman.

"I, Henry J. Moyle, was accompanied from the frontiers of the Colony by Alfred Dolman as far as the newly discovered "Great Lake,"¹ in the interior, and as far back as Sicomy's, Chief of the Barmungwato tribe, in lat. about 22°, when in riding across a flat covered with dense bush, Mr. Dolman's waggon (there being no road), took a wrong direction, while my waggon leader held on in the right direction, and after proceeding some time in a tropical rain, halted and soon after I sent out men on horseback to seek Mr. Dolman's waggon ; but they returned without discovering the waggon, the rain having obliterated all spoor, and after waiting a day I determined to proceed as far as Kolobeng and there await Mr. Dolman's arrival, Kolobeng being about six days' journey by road,

¹ Lake Ngami.

and about ten the road Mr. Dolman had taken. After waiting three or four days at Kolobeng, Capt. Shelley and Mr. Bushe, two travellers, arrived and reported Mr. Dolman's waggon to be a short distance behind them. After three days Mr. Dolman's waggon arrived when the waggon driver¹ made me the following statement : 'The oxen having been frightened out of the kraal at night, and having failed to find them in two days' search, my master determined to proceed on foot to Kolobeng, distant about 20 or 30 miles, and left his waggon at daybreak, accompanied by two servants, John Coleman, English, and Edward Wolhuter, coloured man, desiring me to remain by the waggon until he received assistance from Kolobeng, unless the strayed oxen should be recovered when I was to bring on the waggon. And that on the same day my master left the waggon, the oxen were recovered and I proceeded as directed, and on my arrival at Kolobeng was surprised at not finding my master there as I had seen his spoor on the road for some distance.'

" After some days had elapsed I went, accompanied by Capt. Shelley and Mr. Bushe, and after three days' search found Edward Wolhuter at a Kaffir kraal. On the following day Edward Wolhuter deposed as follows :

" ' My master, self and fellow-servant, John Coleman, left the waggon about sunrise, and after about two hours' walk arrived at a pool of rain water by the road-side, where we breakfasted on

¹ Martinus Alexander, a Hottentot, whom Dolman had employed on a previous expedition in the same capacity.

some dried ox-meat. After which we went on about a half-hour over a mountain pass, where we came to some more water, and by the side of an old kraal some wild fruit, of which my master eat largely. We rested at this place about a half-hour and smoked a pipe, my master lamenting his hard fare ; he also made some remark about his mother, which I did not rightly understand ; after which we proceeded along the road for about two hours, when we all experienced a sensation of sickness and vomited freely. My master then said, " I feel so weak, we had better remain here by the road-side, and see if the waggon comes on," and soon after we had lain down, my master said, " Oh, my God, Edward, I think we have poisoned ourselves. I wish I had my medicine chest here—I would give a hundred pounds for it." We remained at this place the remainder of the day, and that night, and in the morning, feeling better, my master proposed we should go on to Kolobeng, which could not be very far distant. After proceeding about an hour we arrived at a river where we smoked a pipe and bathed, after which we went on a short distance when my master said, " I am done, can you contrive to carry my rifle ? " I took my master's rifle and we went on to a dry sand river and crossed ; but being a few yards in advance, and not seeing my master, I called him, to which he answered by calling me back, exclaiming, " Where are we ? We are on the road to Mi Kalahari.¹ We are lost, let us go back to the water we have just come from ! " Whereupon we returned and my master shot a

¹ The Kalahari, or Bakalahari Desert.

dove with stones, saying, "We shall soon die from hunger." We remained there that night, the next morning my master complained of excessive weakness, and said he was unable to rise and had resolved to die there, upon which we all prayed to the Almighty to assist us. We remained here until sundown, when my master began to talk incoherently in Kaffir, and soon after I fell asleep, and on awaking found my master dead by my side. I then awoke my fellow-servant and told him our master was dead, and we would do well to regain the waggon ; but John stated his inability to go on and expressed his doubts, should we leave that water, that we would not find any other, and we would do better to die in that place, and upon his suggestion we went to the pool hand in hand and threw ourselves in, but found the water too shallow and got out again. Shortly after I vomited, and felt a feeling of relief, and again proposed to John we should go on ; but he said he could not move, and soon after requested I would shoot him, saying it would not be a sin. But on my declining and requesting he would not think of such a thing, John then took hold of his rifle, put the muzzle under his chin, and blew his brains out. After which I wandered about till the 1st of January, 1852, until found by a Kaffir, who assisted me to a kraal, where, shortly after, I found Mr. Moyle, having discovered his spoor and followed it up.'

" This statement was taken down by me at the time, and read over to Wolhuter and signed by him and witnessed by Messrs. Bushe and Shelley. I produce it. Wolhuter told me that Coleman was

lying down when he shot himself and that he only fired *one* barrel.

" On the receipt of the above information I went to the spot accompanied by Martinus Alexander, and there found the remains of Mr. Dolman and his servant. The bodies had evidently been destroyed by lions, but I found the upper part of a skull, which I knew by its peculiar shape to be Mr. Dolman's. . . . I also found a leather percussion cap pocket, which I knew to be Mr. Dolman's property. I found Coleman's hat, burnt under the brim in front with gunpowder, but it was not perforated either with ball or shot. There were traces of blood on the ground and the marks of *two* bullets on a rock, about 6 and 9 inches from the ground where Wolhuter said Coleman was lying when he shot himself with the rifle alluded to—it was perfectly impossible. I do not believe Wolhuter's statement about the wild fruit having disagreed with Mr. Dolman to such an extent as to have been the cause of his death. Wolhuter described the fruit to me and I know it well, it is very wholesome as I have been informed. The remains of the bodies were lying as nearly as I can guess about 12 miles from Dolman's waggon on the one side and a similar distance on the other from Kolobeng.

" Since Wolhuter made the written statement before mentioned he has given verbal accounts of what occurred that are at variance with his original story, and I cannot help suspecting that he has been guilty of foul play in reference to the deaths of his master and John Coleman. . . .

" When Wolhuter reported Mr. Dolman's death

to me, he had in his possession Mr. Dolman's rifle, a double-barrelled one; it was by his side in the hut—he had his belt, powder-flask and keys. The manner in which Wolhuter has varied in statements made by him subsequently to that made to me are as follows :

“ To Mr. Bushe he told that in crossing the sand-river his master was in advance of him, and that he called to his master not to go so fast as he could not keep up with him. He further stated to Mr. Bushe that Coleman had remained sick at the water to which he and his master returned after quitting it, and I have been told by Martinus that Wolhuter had told him that he and Coleman had had a quarrel and that Dolman had begged them not to fight or quarrel. I have been informed by Martinus Alexander that the Kaffirs where the occurrence took place, who are Bakwanes under a Chief called Secheli, had expressed disbelief that Dolman and Coleman had met their death in the manner described.

“ In stating my belief that Coleman could not have shot himself in the manner described I am influenced by the appearance of the bullet marks on the rocks, which appear to indicate that the direction of the shot was a slant downwards and not upwards.¹ The ground where the remains were lying was so defaced by the spoor of lions and by fragments of the skull and hair, that, though considerable marks of blood were on the ground, I cannot state what quantity of blood was effused.

¹ Martinus Alexander was more of the opinion that they were fired from a level.

The spoor of my waggon was visible, and it was 12 to 15 miles to Kolobeng. . . .

"I produce the leather percussion cap-pocket,¹ which I have stated to have found near Dolman's body. It has a stain of blood upon it. Mr. Dolman himself was in the habit of wearing this attached to the belt which was round his waist.

"I did not find any gun or other instrument with which either could have shot himself.

"I picked up about 15 inches from the marks of the bullets against the rock as described by me, three small portions of bullet, very much flattened, and one of which has a small portion of human hair attached. I found portions of a fractured skull by this rock about 2 feet from its base.

"Mr. Dolman was a young man not remarkably robust nor yet weakly, an excellent walker. . . . I know little of prisoner's disposition, he not having been in my service. I remember once, a considerable time before Coleman's death, to have seen him and the prisoner fighting together. I believe that the prisoner's fellow-servants have generally been on bad terms with him. . . .

"(Signed) H. J. MOYLE."

On being questioned by the prisoner with regard

¹ This pouch is now in the possession of Mrs. A. S. Murray, a niece of the traveller, and a lady deeply interested in psychical research. Some years ago she sent this pouch to Mr. Ronald Brayley, the eminent psychometrist, and, giving him no details as to the story connected with it, asked whether he could give her any information about its owner. His reply, some days later, was of great interest, as, by means of his psychic powers through the medium of the pouch, he was able to describe graphically a scene in a tropical, desert place with a man in distress crying out for water.

“ The two bullet marks on the rock to which I alluded in my former deposition, are the marks of two distinct perfect round bullets, and nothing like the marks of slugs or buck-shot. Each mark was a little longer than a shilling. The mark of blood on Dolman’s cap-pocket has not been caused by lions tearing the body to pieces, it is a thick drop of blood with clean edges. No piece of rock was splintered off by the bullets, and the place where the bullets struck was quite flat.”

The story told by Wolhuter at the preliminary hearing of the case at Colesberg on 17th March, 1852, though essentially the same as the affidavit sworn to by Moyle, is given here in order that comparisons may be more clearly made.

*The evidence of Edward Wolhuter, accused of the
murder of his master.*

“ Upon the 26th December, Mr. Dolman left his waggon in order to proceed to Kolobeng with myself and John Coleman on account of the night before the oxen having broke out of the kraal and our being entirely without water. It was before sunrise that we left the waggon. After having left the waggon about two hours we met with a pool of rain water. We stopped and made a fire¹ there

¹ According to the driver’s story Dolman’s waggon passed this place at about 7 a.m., at which time the embers of the fire were still glowing and there were signs of meat having been broiled at it.



ZULU WARRIOR

and fried some biltong,¹ which we had brought with us. After eating we each smoked a pipe, and then proceeded on our way. After going on for about half an hour, we met with some wild fruit, of which we all ate, and after going a short distance further we met with a large river, where we sat down to rest. Mr. Dolman asked me whether there was any more of the fruit left on the tree as it was very nice. I told him there was, on which he said he should get some. On which he went back accordingly and returned with his hat full. He sat down and divided the fruit amongst us. After eating it John Coleman said he would go for some more, and he brought back some green fruit of the same sort. Mr. Dolman ate one of these and John Coleman ate two, I refused to eat any. We then sat down again, smoked, and Mr. Dolman said that we had better drink as much water as we could as we might not get any other opportunity. We travelled about an hour further when Mr. Dolman took ill, and did nothing but vomit, he sat down and rested for a while and then went on again. Both I and Coleman then took ill and vomited. After going on again a short distance we again met with some rain water, and Dolman said we had better remain there for the night as we all felt very weak. After having sat awhile Mr. Dolman asked me whether I had ever eaten of that fruit before. I told him I had not, he then said he was afraid we had poisoned ourselves. I said I did not think it was poison,

¹ Martinus Alexander, in his evidence, stated that Dolman took with him four pieces of biltong, Coleman carrying them, when he left the waggon.

because the fruit was very sweet. Mr. Dolman said there were several sorts of vegetable poisons, some sweet, some bitter and disagreeable. He then said, 'Oh my God ! I wish I had my medicine chest with me. I would give a hundred guineas this very minute if I had it : it would soon put us all to rights in a few minutes.' We then began to collect wood for the night, as it appeared to threaten rain. During the night we were all attacked with diarrhoea. In the morning Mr. Dolman asked whether we were able to move on and we said we were. We went on for about an hour, when we met with water and sat and rested. On going on again, Coleman fainted away and we stopt [sic] for a little while and then went on again to some more water. Coleman then said that he felt so weak that he would not go any further. Mr. Dolman then said, ' Well then, you had better remain here and I and Edward will go on, and as soon as I get to Kolobeng I will send for you and send you something to eat.' Mr. Dolman then went on, leaving Coleman, and after going a short distance, Mr. Dolman asked me to carry his rifle as he felt too weak to carry it ; I took the rifle. After going on for about an hour we passed the dry sand river. I sat down on the river side, and Mr. Dolman went across. When I got up to go on I could not see Mr. Dolman, I called out and he answered me and he sat down and waited for me until I came up to him. On coming up he asked what had made me keep behind. I told him that I was weak and unable to walk so fast. Mr. Dolman then said he was afraid we were in a wrong road. I said, ' I do not

think we are, because there are a great many waggon tracks on the road.' Mr. Dolman then took out his compass and said, 'Yes! we are in a wrong road, it is the Kolhaary Road,¹ and there is no water on this road and we shall die of thirst.' Mr. Dolman then said we had better go back to where we had left Coleman and remain there for the night—the waggon may come up. As we were going back we met Coleman coming on. Mr. Dolman asked whether he felt himself any better? He said, 'Yes,' that he had had a bathe. I said, 'John, are you able to carry the rifle as I cannot carry it any further'—he said he would carry it. We then continued our road backwards until we came to the water, and there we had a sleep. After we awoke, Mr. Dolman said that he would draw the bullet out of the rifle as there were a brace of ducks at the water—he drew one bullet and loaded with small stones and went towards the water, but the ducks flew away before he came there. He then shot a dove, which we ate. He then said we should have to kill the dog and drink his blood or we should die for want of meat. The next morning Mr. Dolman asked us if we were able to move on, but we said 'No.' I told Mr. Dolman I thought I heard a whip smacking, and that our waggon was come on. He said, 'Edward, it is astonishing you keep so well.' I said I had smoked a great deal since I ate the fruit more than usual. Mr. Dolman then began to smoke, after which he recommended Coleman to smoke also—he had tried and was too weak. Mr. Dolman tried to force him to smoke,

¹ Kalahari Desert.

saying it would do him good. Mr. Dolman said, 'This is Christmas Day, what would our friends say if they saw us lying like this?' Mr. Dolman then asked me if I was well enough to take the rifle and fire four shots one after another, so as to make them hear where we were. I said I was able. He told me not to fire off the right barrel in which was the bullet as we were short of bullets and a wild animal might come. He told me to go a little distance as he was so weak and could not stand the noise of firing. I took the rifle as desired and fired four shots, but without any answer,¹ and then returned. He told me to get as much wood as I could as it appeared as if the night would be wet. After the fire was lighted I sat down by Mr. Dolman and he asked me how I felt. I told him that I felt much pain. He then told me that he felt himself completely gone, and that he had made up his mind to die. I said that if our waggons get to Kolobeng before we arrive Dr. Livingstone [sic] would send out to seek for us, but he said it would be too late and they would only find our dead bodies. He asked if I felt any appetite, I said, 'No, I have no appetite at all'; he then asked Coleman, who said he had no appetite either. He then told Coleman that it was best to go to the water side and try if he could catch some frogs. Coleman said that he would not eat them, but Mr. Dolman said that he would. Mr. Dolman then told me that he would go and lie that night by the water

¹ This is extraordinary since there was a kraal very close to the spot where the bodies were found, and it seems inconceivable that no one should have heard the reports.

side and sleep in the reeds. I told him that he had better stay alongside of the fire. He said we were all so weak that we could not help each other, and by being near the water we could then get it if it was wanted. I told him if he wanted water I should go for it. He then said again that he had made up his mind to die, and said, 'Let us pray to Almighty God to have mercy on us, lying down to sleep.' Mr. Dolman asked me to lend him my jacket and my handkerchief as he felt cold, and he tied the handkerchief round his neck and threw the coat over his body. In the middle of the night, Mr. Dolman called me and I got up and he asked me for some water. I went and got him some and then asked him how he felt. He said, 'Very weak indeed,' and asked me if I could feel his pulse beating. I felt his pulse and told him I could not feel it beating—it was quite still. I then lay down along side him and fell asleep. I awoke again after a little while and heard Mr. Dolman talking in the Kaffir language, asking about the oxen and about the water—I got up and looked and saw there was no Kaffir there. Whilst I was looking at him he fell off to sleep again, and I then lay down again. I awoke again between two and three in the morning, and on looking towards Mr. Dolman he appeared to be dead, and on getting up I found him to be quite cold and without life. I then awoke John Coleman and told him that Mr. Dolman was dead, and that we had lost both Master and Friend. He answered that he was himself not far from death. I asked him if he was able to assist me to take Mr. Dolman to a soft place, but he said he was not

able. I then tried myself and succeeded in taking him to a soft place where we could cover him with grass. About 9 o'clock I asked Coleman if he was able to go on and endeavour to reach the waggons, but he said he was unable to move. I said I would try if I could go. He then said, 'No, you had better stay here and let us die together, as you may faint on the road and get no water.' I remained accordingly. He then said, 'Edward, let us all die together,' and he got up and we took each other by the hand and went into the river to endeavour to drown ourselves, but the water was too shallow and we got out again. I here took off my clothes and dried them, John Coleman sat by the fire. After my clothes were dry, I rejoined him and told him that I felt a great deal better since I had got out of the water; he said he felt no better. I then said I would try and find the waggon, but he again opposed my going, saying that I was too weak. I remained the next morning; he proposed to pray, and a little after he asked me to take the rifle and shoot him. I said to him, 'John, do not think of such foolish things, we went into the river to drown ourselves; God would not allow it to take place, that it was time enough to die when it pleased Him to take us out of the world, and not to destroy ourselves'—he said no more. I then lay down alongside the fire, and after a little while I heard the trigger of the gun snap and the report of the gun and found that John had shot himself. I remained there that day, and the next morning on getting up I endeavoured to make out where we had left the waggons, but as it came on to rain I

returned to the dead bodies. I slept there that night and the next morning again endeavoured to find my way to the waggons. When it got late I lighted a fire in the bush and slept there. In the morning I got up and on quitting the bush I lost my way and again returned to the dead bodies, but which I found had been eaten by lions—for this reason I went a good distance from that spot. I then found a tortoise—I cut the head off and drank the blood. I lighted a fire and roasted the tortoise, but was unable to eat it and gave it to the dog. As there was no water I slept that night on the spot under a tree. I then went on next morning endeavouring to find the waggons, but lay down by some water. After lying for about half an hour I heard some one moving, and on looking up I saw a Kaffir. I called him and he came to me and I asked him if he were one of Sicheely's people and he told me he was. I asked him if he had seen any waggons and he said, 'Yes! Some have gone one way towards Kolobeng and some the other.' I then asked him to take me to his Chief's kraal, for which he would be well paid. Which he undertook to do and brought me to the nearest kraal, and at which I was found by Mr. Bushe and Capt. Shelley the same day.

"I am quite unable to account for two bullet marks being found, if such is the case, on the rock, and am wholly innocent of any share or participation in the death either of Mr. Dolman or John Coleman.

"(Signed) E. G. WOLHUTER."

Bushe, who was one of the search party that

accompanied Moyle to the spot where Dolman's body was found, in a statement to the Clerk of the Peace at Colesberg, pointed out some of the chief points of discrepancy which he had noticed in Wolhuter's evidence. They are set forth in a letter from the Clerk of the Peace at Colesberg to the Attorney-General at Cape Town, of which the following is an extract :

“ . . . Mr. Bushe is equally positive with Mr. Moyle about the distinct marks of two bullets on the rock, and the certainty of foul play by somebody. He knows the fruit¹ described by the prisoner, and says it is perfectly innocuous and wholesome.

“ He says that the road near which the occurrence took place is as broad and as beaten a road as any street in this town (Colesberg), and that it is impossible that the party should have lost themselves or that the prisoner could have lost himself afterwards as he states—and further that the water where the prisoner says he ineffectually tried to drown himself was very deep and anyone could easily have drowned himself there.

“ Mr. Bushe says that the prisoner told him that Coleman was so very weak that they were both lying down together with the rifle between them, when prisoner observed Coleman pulling the rifle towards him and immediately said, ‘ John, what are you doing ? ’ to which the latter made no reply, but at once put the muzzle under his chin, and, drawing the trigger with his foot, blew his brains

¹ Martinus Alexander also stated in his evidence that he had frequently eaten of this particular fruit without the slightest injury to himself.

out—and that on another occasion prisoner had stated that Coleman had pulled the trigger with his hand while lying down as before described.

"He (Mr. Bushe) also says that the barrels of the rifle were so short that it was impossible for Coleman to have reached the trigger with his foot while lying down with the muzzle under his chin, and here, I may observe, that Mr. Moyle told me this morning that the trigger guard was very small and that Coleman could not have possibly have touched the trigger with his foot under any circumstance, if, as was most possible, he had his Veldtschoens on at the time. . . . Mr. Bushe says, too, that the prisoner afterwards, while at Kuruman, told some of the people there that both Coleman and Dolman had poisoned themselves while in a state of starvation. . . . Mr. Bushe, I may also add, seems to think that the Kaffir Chief, Sichele,¹ is not altogether clear or free from suspicion as an accessory in the matter."

Several other variations of Wolhuter's story are made more apparent in the evidence tendered by Cramer and Martinus Alexander, other servants of Dolman; but they are all, more or less, similar in character to Bushe's story.

As can readily be seen from the foregoing the evidence against Wolhuter was extremely fragmentary, and in many ways purely circumstantial. The time which elapsed between the death of Alfred

¹ The same chief who visited Dolman's camp at the foot of the "Mani Mani" Mountains on 30th July, 1849 (q.v.). He may, of course, have borne Dolman a grudge for not visiting his town on that expedition, but it is not over likely.

Dolman and the preliminary inquiry into the matter, gave four months during which time more conclusive evidence might have been obtained—yet none was forthcoming.

The circumstances attaching to the occurrence, Wolhuter being the sole survivor, his known antagonism to Coleman, Dolman's knowledge of African wild herbs, etc., which was sufficient to prevent his eating poisoned fruits—even if the variety he was alleged to have eaten was poisonous (and there seems to be considerable doubt on that score also), Dolman's being an excellent walker, so that the 25 odd miles to Kolobeng would have been nothing to him and the fact that he had a small supply of food with him when he started, all tends to complicate the available evidence, and, added to Wolhuter's widely diverging stories of the tragedy, it is not in any way inexplicable that the finger of strong suspicion should have been pointed at him.

On the grounds of insufficiency of definite evidence, however, the Attorney-General saw fit not to send the prisoner up to stand his trial on the capital charge. In a letter he wrote to the Resident-Magistrate at Colesberg directing that Wolhuter should be released, he explained his reasons for not committing him to trial.

“ ATTORNEY-GENERAL’S OFFICE,
“ CAPE TOWN.

“ 19th August, 1852.

“ SIR,

“ The great length of time during which the prisoner has been confined, appears to demand

that I should now decide whether to send him for trial or to liberate him.

"Nothing has been omitted by yourself, and the other functionaries at Colesberg which could tend to throw light on the dark transaction of Mr. Dolman's death. I am wholly unable to suggest anything calculated to clear the matter further, nor do I see any reason to expect that additional evidence is likely to transpire.

"The case against the prisoner is one of strong suspicion, but I could not justly send a man to trial in a case where the evidence is, in my own judgment, entirely insufficient to convict. Wolhuter tells stories which contradict each other in some important points, and all of which are very improbable. But the man cannot be hanged because, always asserting his innocence of the murders, he gives inconsistent and improbable accounts of how the dead men met their deaths. We cannot conclusively prove that there was any murder done. We cannot prove, even if there was, that the prisoner did it. I grievously suspect this man; but I cannot upon this suspicion, however strong, send him to trial while convinced in my own mind that he could not legally be convicted.

"Under these circumstances I send you a warrant of liberation, which you will use unless you have a reasonable hope that further evidence of a nature likely to convict the prisoner may yet be obtained. . . .

"(Signed)

W. PORTER."

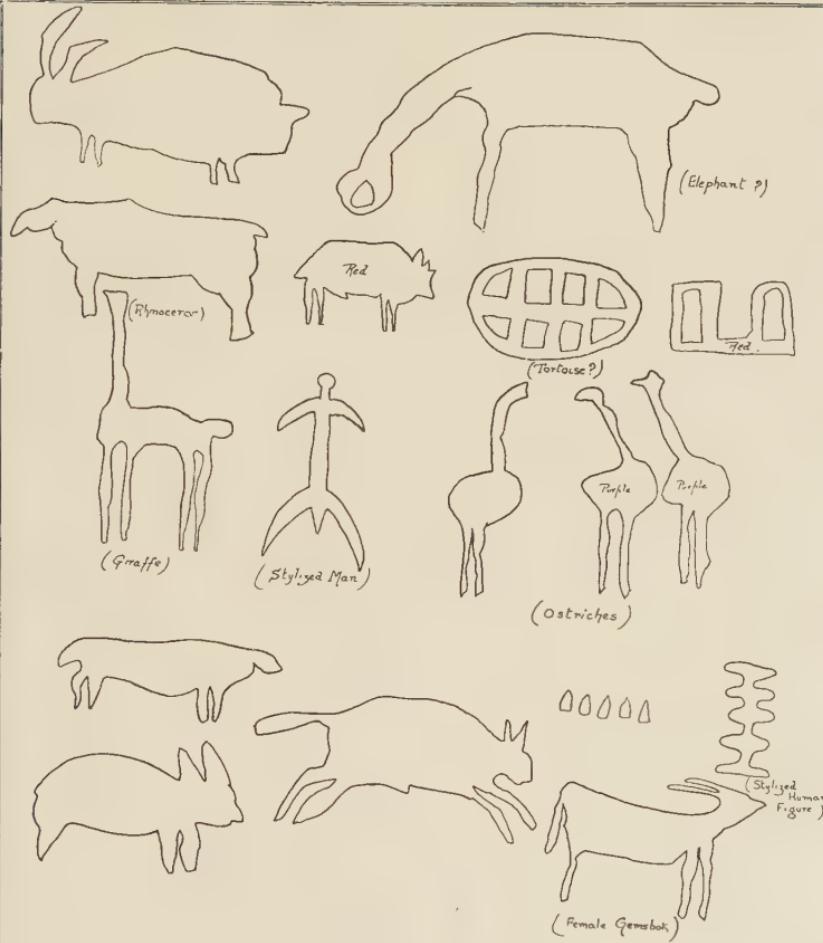
Thus ends all that is known of Alfred Dolman's death. That he died "gamely" is self-evident

from the remarks, which, according to Wolhuter's evidence, he let drop, such as his request for his medicine chest, etc. They have a ring of truth about them, and are remarkably characteristic of the man. On the other hand, other sentences in which he had apparently given up all hope of reaching Kolobeng alive are as improbable as the former are probable. Dolman was a man whom nothing could daunt, not even Death, and his watchword on all his journeys had ever been, "Nil Desperandum" and "Dum spiro spero"—the latter being his family motto.

That he was ill on the journey can be taken as a strong probability, but how he became ill is another matter. He was alleged to have poisoned himself with a poisonous fruit, and yet his knowledge would have surely rendered that unlikely. Yet poisoned he was—and if not by his own hand then by whose?

If he were poisoned by some outside, human agency, then the chances are that it was done after careful premeditation, and it is not outside the bounds of reason to suggest that the same hand that was responsible for administering the poison was also instrumental in causing the second and unexplained bullet mark in the rock near the spot where Moyle found the remains. And if the second bullet mark can be explained away in this manner, the chances are that the bullet which spent its force on the rock in the bush on that December day had first passed through Alfred Dolman's body.

If this supposition was the correct one, then whose was the hand? None but The Greatest of Judges can now know.



Drawings of the Bosjiemen Found upon the Rocks 1849.

The above figures were traced from a drawing stuck between the pages of Deacon's Singhout.

Drawing 1052

CHAPTER VIII

BUSHMAN DRAWINGS

AN added interest is given to Dolman's journey up-country in 1849 by his discovery, on some rocks in the "Mani Mani" Hills in the Kalahari region, of several striking examples of the Bushman's (Bosjieman) art. These sketches were discovered years afterwards in an old sketch-book containing the pictorial record of his expedition, together with a small descriptive note: "I found Bosjieman drawings here.¹ They were cleverly scratched on the face of the rock, and appear to represent the types of game abounding in these regions."

Several works have since been published dealing exhaustively with Bushman drawings;² yet one must bear in mind that at the time that Dolman made the sketches, the pursuit of knowledge in the direction of rock and cave dwellings and their decoration was but in its infancy—M. Bouillet having made the first discovery in this direction but fifteen years before.

The drawings found by Dolman were in all

¹ He does not state the exact place; but a comparison between the date under these sketches and Dolman's journal for this expedition locates them as being found somewhere in the "Mani Mani" Mountains.

² R. N. Hall, in the *Geographical Journal*, Vol. XXXIX, and *Bushman Paintings* by H. Tongue.

probability of no very great antiquity ; but in view of similar rock paintings found elsewhere of undoubted prehistoric origin, they are of great interest, gnus, springbok, ostriches, a giraffe, the stylised human figure and other local animals form a feature which indicate an interesting ethnographic parallel between these Bushman drawings and those of prehistoric origin found elsewhere. Mr. Parkyn, in *An Introduction to the Study of Prehistoric Art*, has drawn this parallel most concisely : " It is interesting to compare the artistic work of these prehistoric hunters with that of existing peoples living a similar kind of life. The most striking and instructive of these are the Bushmen, the aborigines of South Africa, a people living by the chase, and probably quite as uncivilized as the Palæolithic artists. . . . Now reduced to a few thousands they formerly hunted over the southern portion of the continent. This is shown by the discovery of engravings and paintings on the walls of caves, distributed over a wide area, formerly used by them as habitations. . . . Animal forms are chiefly represented and often in a realistic manner. The Bushman engravings are executed by a slight chipping over the surface of the rock, producing a dotted appearance. Recent discoveries in the Madobo Mountains are such as to emphasize still more the similarity of Bushman and Palæolithic art. In these mountains are many caves decorated with paintings of animals, among them being monkeys, elephants, giraffes, rhinoceros, antelopes, lions, snakes and fish. Half a dozen different colours have been employed, white, yellow, red, brown, purple and black. The human form

showing great variety of attitude and action is by no means uncommon."

According to a great authority on African native customs,¹ these Bushman drawings are generally left intact during the artist's lifetime ; but after his death all trace of his skill is cleaned off, as space is valuable and required for the display of other and newer artists' work. This being the case tends to date the drawings found by Mr. Dolman as having probably been executed in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Dolman was by no means the first to discover Bushman drawings in South Africa. His friend Methuen was taken in 1844 to a cave between Daniel's Kuil and Kuruman, where he found some similar specimens, and a much earlier traveller, Barrow, who travelled the Colony in 1797, mentions having seen similar paintings executed by Bushmen on the rocks in the Sneuwberg Mountains.

¹ C. F. Stow.



APPENDIX A

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN FRANK VARDON TO ALFRED DOLMAN

33 OXFORD TERRACE.

Novr. 8th.

MY DEAR SIR,

Now for a little information which may, perhaps, be of service to you.

I would recommend you to get to Algoa Bay as fast as possible, and from thence hire a waggon to take your traps and self at best pace to Graaff Reinet. Here you will find Mr. J. de Villiers a very useful man. Perhaps you will meet with a waggon here, and be sure you buy good horses whenever you can, not well-groomed, hale-fed ones, but tough farmers' nags that have never been shod.

Go to Colesberg as soon as you can and apply to Mr. Draper, mention my name and ask him to introduce you to Fossey, who lives on the Orange River. He will supply you with oxen and probably some horses, though this row with the Boers may have made them scarce. From Fossey's you go to Philippolis, where there is a missionary, Mr. Thomson.

Sabes—7 miles.

Skit Fontein—8 miles.

Kaffir Fontein—7 miles.

Coffee Kuil—13 miles.

Ramah (a Griqua Town).

Majte's River—5 miles.

A salt-pan—15 miles.

Past Kruit Fontein and outspan after 6 or 7 miles, wherever you get plenty of grass.

Move on to a Kaffir village—a stream running near it—outspan on the other side.

Vaal River—8 miles.

Go on 3 or 4 hours and outspan where grass abounds.

Short stage to Campbell's Dorp (Mr. Bartlett, the missionary, is here).

A pool called Don—6 miles.

Go on 3 hours and outspan near grass.

3 hours to Pap Kuil (dangerous to have your oxen loose at night here).

A pool in a large flat—passing a salt-pan on the right—5 miles.

Daniel's Kuil—3 hours.

Kramer's Fontein—1 hour (this is a better place than Daniel's Kuil).

From here to Koning there is no water (10 hours)—outspan half-way and then on to Koning—a pretty place—fine water.

Bok Fontein—5 hours.

Short stage to Kuruman (Mr. Moffat).

Now go on to Metito—40 miles—Mr. Moffat will tell you where to outspan—go the long road—not so heavy.

From Metito go 4 hours and outspan (no water).

Little Chooi—6 hours.

Loharon.

Great Chooi.

Go 4 hours and outspan.

Siklaghole River.

Meritsane River—9 hours.

Go on 4 hours—water in a hole in some thick thorns 100 yards on the left of the road (here I first saw the bastard Gemsbok).

Lillokane River (if water is scarce follow the river to the right, *sure* to find it then).

Molopo—5 miles. (A good place for game—water abundant—look out for buffaloes.) Mind the lions at night.

Rapoitse—8½ hours.

Mabotsa—8 hours (Mr. Edwards is here, and from him procure guides to Kolobeng, Livingstone's place).

The above very rough outline may be of a little use to you, but I hope you will find water more plentiful than we did. I was once 50 hours without water!!! I can give you much more information. I should like to see your battery. I think I can run over if I shall find you at home—let me know. If you would like letters to Moffat, Livingstone, Edwardes, etc., I will give you them with pleasure.

I am glad you have got a two-ouncer, and I hope the barrel is not too short, otherwise in a long shot the ball will drop. My gunmaker reports the conical bullets as failures, but I can't reconcile this with Lancaster's performances. If your gun don't kill a rhinoceros with one ball when well placed, increase the charge of powder. I lost many fine specimens from firing with a weak charge. I hope you will have good sport in Africa ; I'm sure you will if you don't waste your time on small fry (springbok, quagga, gnoo, etc. etc.) on the way in. Be very careful of your horses—husband them for nobler game—elephants, eland, giraffes, etc. Be sure you don't forget the sickles. I'll tell you much more if I see you—near the Windmill I think you said.

Very truly yours,

FRANK VARDON.

P.S.—I have purchased Alexander's work. It is called *Alexander's Colonies of Western Africa*. I don't believe Namaqualand is even alluded to in any way, and the *whole* 2 vols. is filled with an account of the *old* Kaffir War. Is this the work you alluded to ? If *not*, pray give me the correct title of the ones you mean.

Is Cogswell a gunmaker ? Not a pawnbroker, is he ?

An enclosure to Captain Vardon's letter to Alfred Dolman.

RETURN ROUTE—FROM MABOTSA—VIA MIMORI.

A beautiful stream—9 miles.

Ditto—8 miles.

Mimori—11 miles—reedy marsh lovely water (*vide* Harris).

Molopo—18 miles. The source is only 3 miles away—lots of lions—beautiful water.

Lotlokane—14 miles. Water near the white rocks *up* it.

Meritsane—24 miles. Got a little water by hard digging.

Siklaghole—25 miles. Good water by digging.

Great Chooi—20 miles.

Loharon—28 miles. If no water here there is plenty 5 miles to the east of the road. Makkām I think they call it.

Little Chooi—16 miles.

Motito—24 miles.

Matlaureen River—26 miles. Running water.

Kuruman—14 miles.

Bok Fontein—7 miles.

Koning—13 miles.

Kramer's Fontein—30 miles.

Daniel's Kuil—1 hour.

Salt-pan—9 miles.

Pap Kuil—15 miles.

Don—16 miles.

Campbell's Dorp—9 miles.

Vaal River—18 miles.

Kaffir village—8 miles.

Kruit Fontein—12 miles (Gunpowder Fountain).

Los Kop—13 miles. No water.

Orange River—14 miles.

Matje's River—7 miles. Come here straight from Los Kop.

Ramah—5 miles.

Blauw Bosch Ligte—14 miles (Blue bush valley). No water.

Coffee Kuil—10 miles. Water is to left of road—no grass.

Kaffir Fontein—18 miles. Water abundant.

Skit Fontein—7 miles. Water.

Philippolis—15 miles. Saybos half-way—water.

Fossey's—30 miles I think.

APPENDIX B

A VOCABULARY OF USEFUL SENTENCES IN SICHUANA

Given to Alfred Dolman by the Rev. Robt. Moffat, missionary of Kuruman, on Thursday, June 7th, 1849.

Metse a kae ?	Where is the water ?
Motse a o khakala ?	Is the town far ?
A ki sona tsela ea rona ?	Is this our road ?
Likhomu li ha kae ?	Where are the oxen ?
A likhomu li noile ?	Have the oxen drank (water) ?
A ki tshona chotle ?	Are these (oxen) all ?
Re bathu ba kagisho.	We are men (or) people of peace.
Khori ea lona e kae ?	Where is your chief (or) King ?
U 'nthuse (or U enthuse).	Help thou me.
U 'ne mongue go shupa (or kaela tsela.	Give me one to show the road.
A lipolohalo li gona ?	Is there game here ?
Tsehe ?	Which ?
Chakuni.	Rhinoceros.
Tatlua.	Giraffe.
Pohu.	Elk.
Pitse.	Horse.
Tau (or tao).	Lion.
Phiri (or piri).	Wolf.
Makoa a ile kae ?	Where are the white people ?
Lekoa le ile kae ?	Where is the white (or) civilized man ?
Tsamaea u batle likohmu.	Go thou and seek the oxen.

U roalelele likhong (*or* lere Bring wood (fire).
likhon).

A	broad.
E	as in <i>Clemency</i> .
G	is guttural.
É	as ai.

APPENDIX C

SUNDRY MEMORANDA AND MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES CONTAINED IN THE VARIOUS JOURNALS

Receipt for the bite of rabid animals and snakes.

Wash the wound with clear water, and then apply a poultice of moist strong tobacco.

To be changed three or four times daily and washed with cold water until the poison is extracted.

Generally used for two or three days.

Recipe for the cure of distemper in dogs.

Take of powdered opium, 3 grs. } For a full-grown pointer
Take of emetic tartar, 5 grs. } mix.

To be given at night. Every third night repeat.

Keep the dog in a warm place and feed *always* with warm slop, as broth, gruel, etc.

If the nostrils discharge, wash thrice daily with a lotion of alum or sugar of lead (Acct. plumb.) at $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to a pint of water.

Another for a half-grown pointer.

Jalap powder, 25 grs.

Calomel, 5 grs.

To be made into a pill with gum water.

Another for a full-grown pointer.

Jalap powder, 30 grs.

Calomel, 8 grs.

Pill with gum water (given on empty stomach).

Or—

Of gum gamboge, 20 grs.

White hellebore powder, 30 grs.

To be made into 6 balls.

Bog to be kept warm and fed on milk and water.

Waterproofing for boots, etc.

A piece of india-rubber the size of a walnut to be cut into bits and put into a bottle with highly rectified spirits of turpentine.

When used for anything not flexible add three times the quantity of copal varnish. If the mixture is wanted quickly, use æther or naphtha instead of turpentine.

To remove the shine from the barrel of a rifle or gun.

To remove the shine from the barrel of a rifle or gun use hard spirit varnish mixed with finely powdered lamp-black.

To be laid on with a brush.

Composition used in making stars for rockets, etc.

	lb.	oz.	dr.
Saltpetre . . .	8	—	—
Sulphur . . .	2	—	—
Antimony . . .	2	—	—
Gum dragon . . .	—	3	8
Mealed powder . . .	1	—	—

Vinegar, 1 quart.

Spirit of wine, 1 pint.

They are made in the following manner : The sulphur, saltpetre and antimony are well powdered and mixed, and a mixture of spirit of wine, gum dragon and vinegar is poured upon it, just enough to damp it. It is then made into small cylinders, about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. They are then placed on a tray covered with mealed powder, which is afterwards sifted over them till they are covered. They are then left to dry. Before putting in the stars, a little mealed powder is put into the cylinder of the case to blow them out. In a 1-lb. rocket, 3 drs. ; in a 2-lb. rocket, 2 drs.

APPENDIX D

THE ICHABOE ARMS, 1844

“ One evening it chanced as I strolled by the shore ;
This sorrowful ditty the cool night breeze bore,
Distinct o'er the surf with its gruff, sullen roar,
The Penguin’s Lament.

“ Cursed for an age be the pitiless breast
That drove me afar from my home ;
A desperate bird o'er the broad billows breast
In search of a country to roam.

“ Friends ever torture the cold ruthless heart
That robbed my warm nest of its young ;
And made a poor heart-broken penguin depart
From the land where his forefathers sprung.

May conscience’s thorns on his deathbed be strewn
His friends in adversity flee.
Was Martin’s law made for the jackass alone ?
Extends not its mercy to me ?

“ Then Albion, no longer the land of the just,
The penguin’s deep curse shall be heard ;
An’ those miserly wretches lie low in the dust
Who spared not a poor ocean bird.”

Sam Sly’s Journal,
Cape of Good Hope,
by H. H. Methuen.

These verses appear in manuscript on one of the pages of Alfred Dolman’s Scrap Book, and would seem to be in Methuen’s own handwriting.

Methuen and Dolman met at the island of Ichaboe in 1844, when the latter was on his first visit to the Colony in the *Zenobia*.

APPENDIX E

A LIST OF EXPENSES INCURRED ON THE FOURTH JOURNEY (1849) UP TO THE TIME OF HIS LEAVING THE TOWN OF GRAAF REINET

Date.	Item.	£	s.	d.
March 3.	Horse of Brown (livery stables)	.	20	0 0
„ 3.	Kegs for water	.	1	8 9
„ 5	Two muskets	.	1	16 0
„ 7	Ingram's bill	.	5	17 3
	Camp stools	.	0	15 0
	Hansen's bill	.	4	5 6
	Reeler's bill	.	0	12 0
	Hanbury's bill	.	4	18 6
„ 8.	Ungelu's bill for waggon (by cheque)	7	1	0 0
	Thomas' bill	.	7	15 6
	Biscuits, etc.	.	0	17 6
	Onions, basket, etc.	.	0	14 0
	Barn's bill	.	2	6 6
	Foord's bill	.	25	15 0
	Pots, kettles, etc.	.	6	7 9
	Cask of biscuit	.	1	4 0
	Saddle and tobacco	.	4	10 0
„ 9.	Crighton's bill	.	4	14 0
	Hall (senr.) for horses, etc.	.	25	0 0
	Trek-touw	.	2	0 0
	Topp's bill	.	8	16 7
	Brown's bill	.	0	16 0
	Beaumann's bill	.	2	0 0
„ 10.	Forage bill	.	1	9 0
	Butcher's bill	.	0	10 0
	Washing bill	.	1	0 0

Date.	Item.	£	s.	d.
March 10.	Mr. Topp (in advance for Alexander)	2	0	0
	Span of oxen out	1	2	6
	Parkes' bill (hotel)	7	10	0
	Servants	1	0	0
	Total	£217	12	4

Sundries paid for on the road.

.. 10.	Butcher's meat (at Rondebosch)	0	10	0
.. 11.	Meat	0	2	0
.. 12.	Meat, fat, etc.	0	4	6
.. 14.	Sheep	0	7	6
.. 17.	Meat and bread	0	4	7
.. 19.	Forage, 1 muid	0	6	0
	Meat and bread	0	5	0
.. 21.	Sheep	0	10	0
	Eggs and milk	0	1	6
.. 24.	Onions, 1 schepel	0	1	6
	Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ muid	0	3	0
	Oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ muid	0	3	0
	Butter	0	8	6
	Bread	0	2	9
.. 26.	Meat	0	7	3
.. 28.	Sheep	0	10	6
	Bread	0	1	6
	Milk	0	0	6
	Forage, $\frac{1}{2}$ muid	0	2	3
.. 29.	Sugar, 12 lb., and milk	0	4	10
	Meat and bread	0	2	6
April 2.	Meat, 15 lb., and forage, 5 bundles . . .	0	5	0
.. 4.	Meat, 15 lb., and bread	0	7	6
.. 5.	Sheep	0	6	0
	Bread	0	2	3
.. 6.	Two bottles curry powder	0	6	0
	One packet curry powder	0	1	6

APPENDIX E

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Date.	Item.	£	s.	d.
April 6.	Pearl barley, 3 lb.	0	1	6
	10 lb. coffee	0	5	0
	12 lb. sugar	0	4	6
	Lemon syrup	0	2	0
8.	Forage, 10 bundles	0	5	0
	Sheep :	0	10	0
	Milk	0	1	3
,, 9.	Butter, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	0	5	0
	Bread	0	1	8
	Raisins, 4 lb.	0	2	0
	Dried peaches, 12 lb.	0	3	0
	Cheese	0	3	9
,, 12.	Sheep	0	8	3
	Bread	0	0	6
,, 14.	Bread	0	2	0
,, 15.	Butter	0	4	0
,, 16.	Sheep	0	7	6
,, 20.	Sheep	0	6	0
<hr/>				
	Grand total	£	227	12 8

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